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THE BOOKMAN

AMERICAN STYLE

By Stuart P. Sherman

"HAVE we a style that is recognizably American?" If one accepts Buffon's identification of style with "the man himself", and if one then inquires whether an English street urchin can recognize an American at sight, the answer is, yes. The street urchin can recognize us, and by some power of the higher criticism not dependent, as I shall testify, on the cut of our jib, the sound of our klaxon, or any merely sartorial distinctions in which we may garb ourselves.

Some years ago, before the angularities and rotundities of our dispositions had much developed, one of my compatriots, since become an editorial luminary, and I, at the crowded hour in the Strand, were weaving our way through the fog and the London citizenry in what we thought was a complete national incognito. Enveloped in two-shilling cyclists' capes, with ten-shilling knickerbockers and caps and stockings, purchased in Edinburgh, and with an accent studied for a month in the Highlands and a week in Oxford, we were just flattering ourselves that we walked *nube cava amicti*, when a newsboy darted upon us from the rear, extending a pink sheet and crying in dolorous tones, "Terrible accident in the Stites! — Brooklyn Bridge falls! — Thousands killed!" While we were sounding in our Scotch tweeds for the big red coppers, the youth explained with an ingratiating grin that he knew we were "good natured Yankees", then pocketed our gratuity and ran off with his sporting extra. There is only one way to account for his penetration of our disguise: he recognized our style — *incessu patuit dea*, or as Virgil might have said, in American, "You could pipe the dame by the way she operated her stilts."

If an American can so easily be identified in an English crowd, it should seem to follow that an Englishman may by similar tests be identified in an American crowd. And as a matter of fact, on the colorful coast

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of California, where the sea washes up Mexican pottery, Hawaiian flowers and music, Japanese gods, jade, ivory, ginger, blue-and-tawny rugs from China, Russian tea, fire opals from South Africa, and some sun loving Odysseus or other from every land, I have detected the English style in an Australian who was disguised by a good American tailor and an accent leveled by long colonial and American residence. Something more indelible than garb, vocabulary, or accent betrayed him: it was a latent quality of his entire gait and manner as he accosted our American Pierce-Arrow bus, it was some ineffaceable hint of the British Isles in his quiet scrutiny of his fellow passengers, and even in his fugitive contact with our American ticket taker or conductor. Acclimated, naturalized, and settled for life in a grove of eucalyptus by the bay of Monterey, he still retained a distinction amid all the exotic color of the coast. Walking the streets of an Indiana village in wartime, he would have been brought to the attention of the vigilance committee as a suspicious alien.

But let us turn from "the man himself" to his self-presentment in literature. Since a foreign language puts an unmistakable mark on any style, our comparison must necessarily be confined to English and American writers. And we may fairly ask to begin with, whether our transmarine relatives have themselves a literary style that is recognizably English. When William James met in our journals with an article, by an unknown hand, which particularly pleased him, it was, one regrets to reveal, almost customary with him to write in and inquire whether it was by an Englishman. He had a notion, it appears, that certain types of writing are definitely classifiable as not-American. He was probably right.

The following passage on public life, for example, has no contemporary American mark upon it. Possibly it might have been *felt* by Roosevelt in some rare interval of serenity. It could hardly have been *written* by any American later than John Adams. It is actually marked by its breadth and elevation and still more strongly by its balance and discrimination and by its logical and stylistic concatenation as belonging to the great age of English classicism, and, specifically, to Burke:

> It is, therefore, our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth, so to be patriots that we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected; in the one to be placable; in the other immovable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded, that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use.

The following description of the perfected intellect is obviously not-American. No American conceives of a perfected intellect as the object or as "the result" of education. No American expresses such experienced delight in the things of the mind. It is un-American to attempt to see things steadily and to see them whole. It is not in the American mode to present in a single sentence a conspectus of an elaborate analytical process. These are the marks of a mind which has been effectively to school under Socrates — they are the marks of Newman:

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But the intellect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another.

Let us have a case more nearly contemporary. Though it is American enough to attempt "plucking out" the heart of mysteries, it is not American to lay a long meditative siege to them, to sit brooding before a pictured woman's face till all experience seems to glimmer under her half closed eyelids. It is not American to listen to the fall of one's phrases nor to imitate in the structure of a sentence the smooth gliding swell, the poising arch, abrupt break, and long creamy subsidence of a shattered wave. These are the marks of Englishmen infatuated with the music of their seventeenth century and decadent Latin, modern euphuists, who weigh words like gold dust, and who are studious to preserve in the modern industrial world something of the "cadence, mysticity, and unction" of the Middle Ages. These are the marks of Pater:

If, in a voluntary archaism, the polite world of that day went back to a choicer generation, as it fancied, for the purpose of a fastidious self-correction, in matters of art, of literature, and even, as we have seen, of religion, at least it improved, by a shade or two of more scrupulous finish, on the old pattern; and the new era, like the *Neu-Zeit* of the German enthusiasts at the beginning of our own century, might perhaps be discerned, awaiting one just a single step onward — the perfected new manner, in the consummation of time, alike as regards the things of the imagination and the actual conduct of life.

These three specimens are, I think, all easily recognizable as by English writers. Without going back of 1776, one could readily extend the exhibit by adding, for instances, specimens of Johnson, Reynolds, Landor, Macaulay, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Ruskin, Stevenson, and Mr. Chesterton. All these writers show traits due to a common classical ancestry and to an unbroken English tradition. Though several of them have given their names to stylistic excesses — as the "Johnsonese" vocabulary, the "Macaulayese" antithesis, the "Chestertonian" paradox — most of them are truly representative men, that is, men whose individual genius expresses with emphasis and splendor a spirit common to all classicists of George III's time, or to all Edinburgh reviewers, or to all neo-romantic Tories, or what not. Many of them have been widely influential in America. In the earlier numbers of "The North American Review" one can find specimens of "Macaulayese". A description of the Milan cathedral in a short story by Henry James published in the 'sixties contains perfectly constructed "Ruskinian" sentences. Henry van Dyke has worn the "Stevensonian" velvet jacket in his day. And every clever young journalist has tried now and then to write a "Chestertonian" column.

But now if we look around at home, what have we done in the last hundred and fifty years when we have tried to express ourselves? What styles have we invented which confess a representative American outlook as "Johnsonese" or "Macaulayese" confesses a representative British outlook? We can distinguish the styles of Franklin, John Adams, and Webster from one another but not, with any assurance, from that of some

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British contemporary. Franklin, for example, was for the greater part of his life a colonial Englishman, and though he struck out many phrases and maxims saturated in the color and spirit of the American provinces, and though he is a genuine source of our most vital native tendency, his homely idiomatic material style associates itself with the realistic bourgeois movement of early eighteenth century English prose, and does not steadily distinguish itself from the gait of Defoe. Most of the able statesmen and orators from John Adams to Webster represent, stylistically, an essentially undifferentiated American classicism, which did not fit with the closeness of a personal garment, nor with the distinction of a national garment, and which has, for better or for worse, disappeared. Among the older romanticists, Poe and Hawthorne, most musical of our prose writers, perfected, as a dominant trait of their styles, the cadence of the later English "Gothic" novels; but since their time no American prose writer has had the ear to sustain their melody. So complete, indeed, is the present exclusion of musical elements from our prose, that whenever one of us discovers a stray cadence in his work, he joins the Poetry Society.

The research for a distinctive American style may fairly be said to begin with Emerson's first essay on "Nature", of which the gist is this: Discover, become, and express yourselves and nothing but yourselves. It was an injunction congenial to the spirits of a people who were then scrutinizing their own bosoms for new theories of government, religion, and social intercourse. Emerson himself and his more intelligent friends knew from experience of what immense assistance classical models are in this great business of self-discovery; but the main Emersonian impetus was toward a fresh exploratory contact with nature, and its not infrequent consequence was a self-reliant "blurting out" of whatever whim for the moment possessed the disciple. "Hundreds of writers", Emerson declares in a passage which called for revolt and indicated its direction, "hundreds of writers may be found in every long-civilized nation, who for a short time believe, and make others believe, that they see and utter truths, who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously on the language created by the primary writers of the country, those, namely, who hold primarily on nature. But wise men pierce this rotten diction and fasten words again to visible things."

The first step — and some phenomena of the season suggest that we have not yet progressed beyond the first step — the first step in the search for an American style was a rather excited research for the rudiments — for words and images; logical concatenation, melody and harmony could wait. Emerson is not always Emersonian; sometimes he weaves, sometimes he flows. But he made himself a style, called Emersonian, of which the effect is like that of a man in moccasins dashing into a dense wood with sharp little ax, leaping from log to log, and calling out his discoveries to his followers, with sharp little cries. It is definitely American. Here are some specimens recognizable as not-English:

> Whilst we use this grand cipher (Nature) to expedite the affairs of our pot and kettle, we feel that we have not yet put it to its use, neither are able. We are like travellers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs.

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The bird is not in its ounces and inches, but in its relation to Nature; and the skin or skeleton you show me is no more a heron, than a heap of ashes or a bottle of gases into which his body has been reduced is Dante or Washington. .

The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign — is it not? of new vigor, when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run unto the hands and feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy. I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds.

Emerson and Thoreau worked in the same vineyard, sometimes in the same garden; and they so freely exchanged tools and horticultural ideas that one cannot always distinguish the original possessor. "I would not subtract anything from the praise that is due to philanthropy", says Thoreau, "but merely demand justice for all who by their lives and works are a blessing to mankind. . . . I want the flower and the fruit of a man; that some fragrance be wafted over from him to me, and some ripeness flavor our intercourse. His goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity, which costs him nothing and of which he is unconscious." Those sentences might have been written by Emerson. But Thoreau has a nonchalant and phlegmatic swing — a better all-day gait than Emerson's. He goes nearer the ground, adheres more strictly to the homely material manner of Franklin; and he so regularly comes to his writing desk with the taste and stain of wild grapes on his lips and with spoils of his rustic truancy, that one can hardly find a complete paragraph of his that is not marked Thoreau's and "made in America":

Yet, for my part, I was never unusually squeamish; I could sometimes eat a fried rat with a good relish, if it were necessary. I am glad to have drunk water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to an opium-eater's heaven.

We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a taste of that musty old cheese that we are.

I have a great deal of company in my house; especially in the morning, when nobody calls. Let me suggest a few comparisons, that some one may convey an idea of my situation. I am no more lonely than the loon on the pond that laughs so loud. . . . I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horsefly, or a bumblebee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the north star or the south wind . . . or the first spider in a new house.

The piercing of "rotten diction", the fastening of words to our own "visible things" — this special pioneer quest of the American stylist, led by Emerson, followed by Thoreau, was pursued with immense and devouring gusto by Whitman and all his tribe:

Habitués of many distant countries, habitués of far-distant dwellings,
Trusters of men and women, observers of cities, solitary toilers,
Pausers and contemplators of tufts, blossoms, shells of the shore.

. . . . . .

The wood-cutter's song — the ploughboy's, on his way in the morning, or at the noon intermission, or at sundown;
The delicious singing of the mother — or of the young wife at work — or of the girl sewing or washing — Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else.

"Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else." The conviction which underlies the Emersonian theory is that everyone has a style. In a sense, of course, the theory is sound, since style, speaking broadly, is only a comprehensive term for the total effect conveyed through all the various means by which a man reveals that he

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is himself and not someone else. And Providence, with infinite ingenuity, has contrived in some way to distinguish every one of us, if only by our thumb prints. When without resort to these, a man "gives himself away" by everything that he is and says and does, we say that he has a personality, meaning a distinctive personality. When such a personality, happening to be a writer, marks his diction, his images, his speed, breathing intervals, and emphasis, his ideas, point of view, and temper as unmistakably belonging to him, we say that he has style, meaning a distinctive style. Whose "song" is this?

> So I finally opened the conversation myself. I said:
>
> "The mosquitoes are pretty bad, about here, madam."
>
> "You bet!"
>
> "What did I understand you to say, madam?"
>
> "YOU BET!"
>
> Then she cheered up, and faced around and said:
>
> "Danged if I didn't begin to think you fellers was deef and dumb. I did b'gosh. Here I've sot, and sot, and sot, a-bustin' musketeers and wonderin' what was ailin' ye. Fust I thot you was deef and dumb, then I thot you was sick or crazy, or suthin', and then by and by I begin to reckon you was a passel of sickly fools that couldn't think of nothing to say."

Nothing so strikingly demonstrates the presence and the power of a distinctive style as its complete metamorphosis of any foreign substance which is cast into it. A play of Molière, for example, cast into the distinctive Anglo Irish style of Synge and his friends becomes not a French play with Irish costume but an Irish play with an Irish soul. Mr. Untermeyer, a clever mimic, has recently demonstrated that many of our contemporary American poets possess distinguishable personal styles by casting into them and transforming an ode of Horace, so that it reappears as recognizably the work of Mr. Sandburg or Mr. Frost — to mention two of his successful metamorphoses. We have therefore a variety of American styles; and that these are American you can judge by the shock that you feel in finding strains of Mr. Lindsay's "Congo" in the latest long poem of Mr. Masefield.

In similar fashion an ingenious person could doubtless translate, say "Pilgrim's Progress", into a half dozen of our rustic sectional idioms, that of Tennessee, or Maine, or Georgia; and if he were sufficiently ingenious the version would be stamped not merely with the obvious marks of dialectal difference but also with subtler distinctions in the processes of thought and the shades of feeling. Since the gait and total effect of any work in these provincial idioms is readily distinguishable from that of Anglo Irish, Lancashire, or other provincial dramatists, we have manifestly several American styles which are more than personal styles.

Interest in these provincial styles has, beyond spelling and vocabulary, affected the character of what, for the moment, we may call "Standard American". Nothing perhaps in our literature is more remarkable than the immense abundance of our studies in "local color", the work of innumerable novelists and short story writers. An impulse passes from them to the poets, making for a new intimacy of expression. If, eliminating prose writers who spell like Joel Chandler Harris and poets who spell like James Whitcomb Riley, we examine writers who employ standard American spelling, like Mr. Frost and Mr. Robinson, we find styles which have been formed in part by listening to the infrequent slow speech and harkening to the cau-

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tious, difficult, inexpressive soul of the New England farmer. "Something there is which does not love a wall": that is the way the farmer would take hold of the thought; and that is about as far as he would get with it. Poets who listen to the calliope, the saxophone, and the Chicago "Tribune" betray still other subtleties of the national soul, into which I cannot now enter.

I have made many more collections and reflections for this article than the stringent editor of THE BOOKMAN will allow me space for. I should like to dwell on the fork in the stylistic road, where one group of our native explorers branches off into the periphrastic Fifth Avenue style, which seems, at any rate, to fit them "like a glove", while the other group goes careening through Main Street on a "flivver", the entire stylistic baggage on the running board, naked to dust and derision. Both groups, singular to relate, are still animated by an inherited "Emersonian" desire to be themselves. Both are moving toward that consummation without clear prevision of the end, with little acknowledged guidance, blazing the trail as they go, without any fear of trespass, rather with strengthening sense that nothing in all the wide forest is marked *Verboten*, and cheering one another from time to time with their marching song: "Get your effect, and with God be the rest." I wished *inter alia* to compare our aristocratic with our proletarian slang, and to inquire which is the more savory. But I will summarize our main tendency toward a universal American style, cutting across all dialectal differences, by remarking that John Adams or Chesterfield would probably have said: *"Suaviter in modo fortiter in re"*; James Russell Lowell or Disraeli might have said, "The iron hand in the kid glove"; but Theodore Roosevelt said: "Speak softly and carry a big stick"; and in an American novel of the season I find: "The wallop in the velvet mitt". It sounds like "home".

For the recreation of the curious, I will add an exercise in the higher criticism, which consists in detecting the American soul in each of the following specimens:

The American Joke

A white man cannot drink the water of Mono Lake, for it is nearly pure lye. It is said that the Indians in the vicinity drink it, though. It is not improbable, for they are among the purest liars I ever saw.[1]

The Life of the Mind

He saw that she had instantly understood his motive, though the family dignity which both considered so high a virtue would not permit her to tell him so. The persons of their world lived in an atmosphere of faint implications and pale delicacies, and the fact that he and she understood each other without a word seemed to the young man to bring them nearer than any explanation would have done.[2]

A Bit of National Color

There floated from somewhere the scent of boiled corned-beef-and-cabbage and the clatter of dishes on the American plan.[3] (*Quoted from memory.*)

Pragmatic Distinctions

The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The trust magnate "estimates it". The rich malefactor hands you a cigar and denies that he has bought the P. D. & Q. The Caliph merely smiles and talks about Hammerstein and the musical lasses.[4]

Eternal Pathos of the Babe

The greatest and most wonderful thing in the world is a baby. Not so much for what he is, though that's astounding enough, but for his chemical and explosive possibilities. He's a marvellous little machine, an infant dynamo, and he has juice enough in his storage battery for a seventy-two-hour run, but

[1]Mark Twain in "Roughing It"; [2]Mrs. Wharton in "The Age of Innocence"; [3]O. Henry; [4]O. Henry in "Strictly Business".

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the moment that is gone he goes out like a blown candle, *muy pronto*, unless he has connected up with his surroundings.[5]

Circumstances Over Which We Have No Control

"I like this very much myself," he will explain. "It's great stuff. I wish I could use it. That part about the bobbed hair is a scream. But none of it would mean anything to the farmer in Iowa. Won't you show me something again that isn't quite so sophisticated?"[6]

Picturesqueness of Labor

In those far-off times, in the city where I lived, all the Hod-carriers were colored men — usually great, shiny fellows with immense knots of muscles in their legs and arms. The Irish had already become lawyers, city detectives, saloonkeepers, gang bosses, and Todsaufer for breweries. These colored men, in summer, liked to work with their chests bare. Swarming up the ladders in long files, each with his heavy hod on his shoulder, they made an exotic, Egyptian picture. One could fancy them descended in a direct line from the Nubians who carried the hod when Cheops built his pyramid.[7]

Something Always, Always, Sings

It was flattering too — to have two personal slaves at once — the barber and the bootblack. He could have been completely happy if he could also have had the manicure girl. The barber snipped at his hair and asked his opinion of the Havre de Grace races, the baseball season, and Mayor Prout. The young negro bootblack hummed "The Camp Meeting Blues" and polished in rhythm to his tune, drawing the shiny shoe-rag so taut at each stroke that it snapped like a banjo string.[8]

The Nuance

For the bumptious and silly sides of them will fatten his soup — the other sides won't. So he goes on, until his world is one vast nauseous Pullman smoker full of Rotarians, Fraternians, Boomers, Realtors, and Baboons getting off one damn fool remark after another.[9]

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[5]Woods Hutchinson in "The Saturday Evening Post"; [6]Heywood Broun in "Pieces of Hate"; [7]Editor of "The Smart Set"; [8]Sinclair Lewis in "Babbitt"; [9]Anonymous in the September BOOKMAN.

ENTR'ACTE

By Amanda Benjamin Hall

"PIERROT, shall we always play?"
"Pretty dullard, why pretend —
Was there ever a game that didn't end?"

"Pierrot, what comes after hope?"
"Wait till I scratch my head and think —
Why, pain is the dregs of all good drink!"

"But surely life is real, Pierrot. . . ."
"My cauliflower, how can I know?"

"Pierrot, what is the end of love?"
"Death follows love, delicious fool. . . ."

"Pierrot, what a bitter school!"

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"THE STARCH OF PURITANISM"

By Jean Carter Cochran

With Sketches by Frances Delehanty

"THE households of conscientious Presbyterians forty or fifty years ago, let us say, had a certain rigidity, due mainly to the starch of Puritanism" — so ran an article in a recent number of "The Atlantic Monthly". And then the writer went on to describe how the minister and his family — but particularly the minister — only unbent at Thanksgiving time or Christmas. After describing the toys that the minister had made in secret with his own hands the writer comments as follows: "How it was done, is a mystery. It was all a piece of magic. It had no relation to reality — to the life of a Presbyterian minister, a theologian and a disciplinarian. It seemed to indicate even in our puppy dog stage, that something must be confining, must be restricting in a very serious manner, a character that otherwise would have been the freest, the most happy, and the most companionable in the world. It was a misfortune that in some instances was tragic. And yet if I could be a boy again, I should choose to be a boy in that house."

If I could be a girl again, I would choose to be a little girl in a Presbyterian manse, but for far different reasons. Alas and alack, what a dreary picture does this writer give of his particular family and how unfair it is to the life of the Presbyterian manse as a whole! Would that I had a magic carpet and could transfer this person with the gloomy memories back to the manse as we knew it over thirty years ago, and have him meet the jolly crowd of Presbyterian clergymen that often gathered around our table, allowing him to listen to their anecdotes of bygone ministers; or let him loose some stormy evening among the manse children when they were playing menagerie with their father, when he took the leading part of kangaroo or giraffe. The writer might then have a different story to tell about the dreary effect of Puritan Presbyterianism.

Our village with its white church on the hilltop, its old brick manse with its incomparable view, has lived its life like many quiet country places unmarked by the historian or antiquarian. Yet for over two hundred years it has helped to make history, and lit-

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erature too, for the famous linguist, Dr. Elias Riggs, spent a part of his early life in our midst and showed his opinion of the intellectual attainments of our village belles by choosing his bride from among them.

We are told that at the early age of nine he started his study of Greek and at thirteen he took up Hebrew. The wise saw is undoubtedly true that runs "as the twig is bent", for at the time of his death he was familiar with nineteen languages and had a bowing acquaintance with many more. With all those languages at his finger tips how could he help translating the Bible into Armenian, Bulgarian, and Turkish? It was thus that our village bore a modest part in influencing the modern literature of three races.

Other prominent men have been educated in our midst at Dr. Fairchild's school — now nothing but a memory; and many of the clergymen who have been pastors of the white church have since become famous for their oratory.

In those days the intellectual life of the village centred around the school and the manse. Our shoes might be shabby and our hats out of date, but we were always surrounded by books and the minister's library was a strong factor in the life of the community. The manse was a rendezvous for all the clergymen of the Presbytery, and I for one know of no better fun than to have been born in a minister's family and to have picked up the anecdotes that gathered around the old house, or the stories of men and of books that were recounted at the manse table; for search the wide world over (I have done this literally) one can nowhere find a merrier set of conversationalists than a party of clergymen when they relax with congenial spirits.

The good dinners our mother used to serve may have had something to do with it. The greater part were drawn from the manse garden; the jellies, salad dressing, and whipped cream were not taken out of jars prepared by the manufacturers but were made by the minister's wife herself — and all I can say is, the day before the ministers' meeting the manse children found the kitchen the most attractive spot in the house. The ice cream was made of real cream from our own Jersey cow and the strawberries would have been called sunkist in these days, for they were larger and sweeter than any one could buy in the market. Old John the minister's man saw to that; having worked in a London market garden, he knew what kind of a berry God meant the strawberry to be.

After the soup had taken off the first pangs of hunger, and the roast chicken had begun to fall apart at the touch of the minister's carving knife, the fun would commence.

"That was a very heated discussion that we had this morning over the first candidate. I have never seen the Presbytery take so long or be so wordy," the minister remarked on one memorable occasion as he deftly cut the drumstick from a plump chicken. "I grew so tired that I went into the cemetery for a breath of air and I found old Mr. Bardwell sitting on a tombstone. 'What is the matter, are you ill?' I asked anxiously. 'Oh, no', he replied gravely, 'but they don't talk here' — and I knew just how he felt."

So did all the other ministers, apparently, from the shout that followed this sally, and the ball was quickly caught up by one of the visitors.

"This manse must have been quite a stirring place when old Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox lived here," said a venerable guest. "You know he had ten children and his son Bishop Cox was

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"I went into the cemetery for a breath of air"

born in this house. Judging by the father they must have been a lively crowd — he would never have stood without tying."

"As we are all Presbyterians I can tell one of the stories about him," replied our minister. "One day he was asked how many children he had and he answered, 'Ten; five of them are wise, and five of them are Episcopalians.' My people have never forgotten how he tried to set some of the boiled eggs, left over from the breakfast table, under a hen. He wasn't as good a farmer as he was a preacher; in the pulpit he was unsurpassed."

"I have been told", said the venerable guest, again taking his turn, "that once Bishop Cox remarked to his father that he would like to have him preach for him but he had some doubts about his ordination. 'God forgive me for being the father of a fool,' was the old man's swift response. I am afraid if it had been left to the Cox family there would have been little hope of church union. Things look brighter nowadays; that kind of denominational bickering is becoming recognized as un-Christian."

"Did you ever hear of Dr. Cox's original way of praying? Everything he did was original for that matter." The minister's wife now took her turn, from her end of the table. "At a meeting of synod I heard him pray, 'Let us all be united, an *e pluribus unum* church'; and at another time he was pronouncing a benediction and he finished in this way, 'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost — I hate that word Ghost; *Pneuma* should be translated Spirit every time — Amen.'"

After the laugh had subsided, the minister's wife again took the floor: "However, we owe Dr. Cox a great deal; a friend has told me of a meeting of the American Board she attended in the days when the New School Presbyterians supported the American Board. It was the annual meeting and

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the Board had closed the year with a debt of sixty thousand dollars. It seemed a very great debt to the missionary leaders and it had brought its depressing influence into the meeting; but William E. Dodge was there and his courageous spirit was helping to change the atmosphere. Then suddenly Dr. Cox rose up and with a loud voice as if calling to a great distance exclaimed: 'Who art thou, O great mountain of sixty thousand dollars? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain' — and to all intents and purposes it did."

"Speaking of Dr. Cox and his benediction reminds me of Dr. McCosh's famous one at Princeton," volunteered one of the clergymen. "My boys tell me that one day at chapel he forgot to give out a notice that the second German class had changed its hour of recitation; so knowing that the students rushed out directly after the benediction he finished his prayer in this manner: 'And, O Lord, we ask Thee to bless this great and noble institution of learning, its students here gathered together, and not only them but the faculty, especially the assistant professor of German, whose class will meet at half after nine this morning instead of ten o'clock as usual.' "

In this way our dinner would proceed until the dessert was finished and the ministers would be forced to push their chairs back and hurry away to another two hours of solemn conclave at the church. I have no doubt the afternoon session went more smoothly for the good dinner and the laugh that was served with all the courses.

It was not only at the manse one picked up these titbits about well known men who had been born or had been sojourners in our neighborhood. Our village took a just pride in its past and if you had the time and tact you could draw from white haired old ladies stories of other times; for old villages, like old families that are to the manner born, do not feel it needful to shriek their pedigree to every newcomer. To do this properly one must have some time together; twenty minute calls were correct between next door neighbors when one ran in to borrow a cup of flour or an egg; for formal calls one must stay an hour; but when one went visiting to a friend one took one's sewing and spent the long hours of a summer afternoon in cosy chat. The queen of the village old ladies was Miss Nancy Thompson, whose Revolutionary ancestry, and the fact that she was as hard to locate as a humming bird (for she often flitted away on visits without saying goodby), made her reminiscences doubly valuable.

When one called on Miss Nancy one was treated with a courtesy that charmed one on the spot; as the acquaintance grew the spell became more potent. Having discussed the weather and the latest presidential candidate — but never health, that subject was tabooed by delicate Miss Nancy — one skilfully turned the conversation to the view from the hilltop church, then by easy stages one asked about the various ministers, and then indifferently if it were true that Dr. Thomas Hastings had once been pastor there.

"Oh, yes, my dear," Miss Nancy would reply. "His wife was a cousin of mine. The hilltop church was his first pastorate. I can remember him well and the sermons that he preached — they were very fine — but I never guessed how famous he was to become. They say that even now when he is President of Union Seminary" (this was some time in the 'eighties) "he often refers to his first charge and

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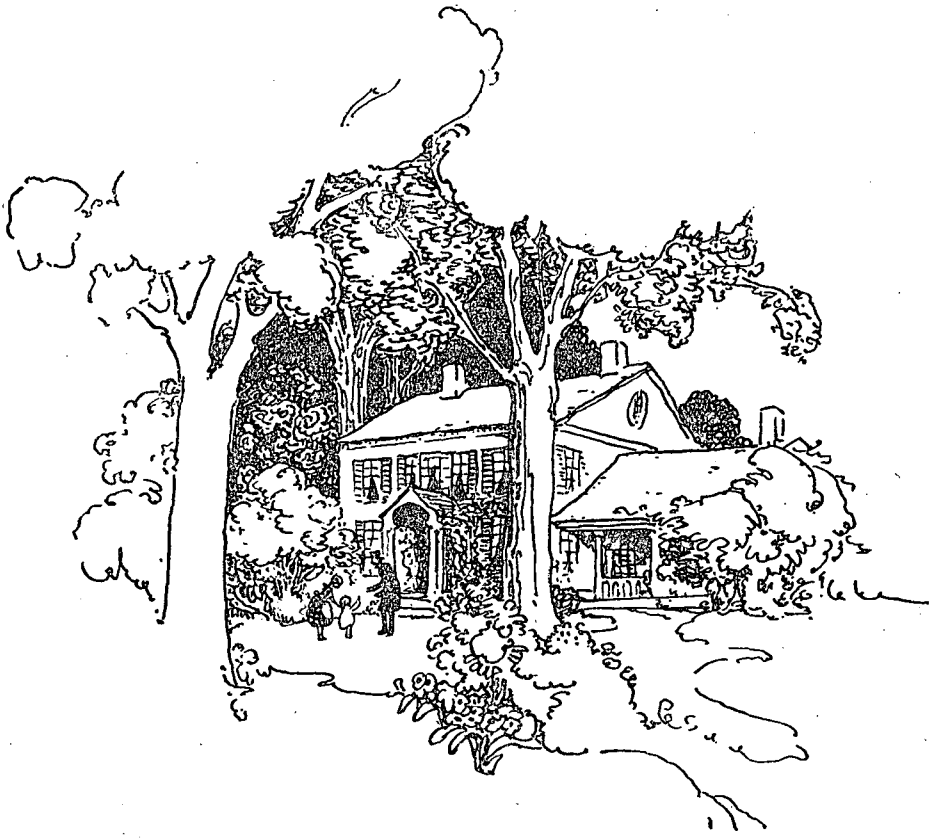

The Manse

tells the students anecdotes about our village. When he came here first he was very much astonished to hear the farmers quote Greek and Latin when they talked to him. You see they were educated at Dr. Fairchild's well known school, and were drilled in the classics as well as in manners — Dr. Fairchild took care of that. If a pupil came down untidy to breakfast with unblacked shoes he would say, 'You are very slovenly; go to Mrs. Fairchild and have your shoes blacked'; and the boy hanging his head in shame would go. In more serious offenses he would send the boy down the hill to the minister with whom he had an agreement. The minister always received the culprit in silence and had him sit in the study beside him while he wrote his Sunday sermon; but he never spoke to the boy nor allowed the boy to speak to him. It seemed to work well in those days judging from the results."

"Is Dr. Hastings an interesting teacher?" you ask, going back to your former subject.

"Indeed he is," with an emphatic nod of the head. "He teaches the young men a great deal that does not come out of books, at least not out of theological books. Many of his pupils, though worthy enough I dare say, have come from plain families and their manners are not above reproach.

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Dr. Hastings has to give frequent talks on etiquette. I remember that once he was lecturing to a class on pulpit gestures and he warned his students to be careful how they used them. He told the story of a young minister who, preaching as a candidate, pointed directly at a woman sitting below and said in strident tones, 'Is your old man dead?'* Now the woman had recently lost her husband and she was not only startled but indignant at being addressed in this fashion. Needless to say the young man did not get the call."

How delightfully Miss Nancy laughs at this story; the dear lady seems quite unaware how Presbyterian ministers were to be pitied for the something that was "confining" or "restricting" them.

"I remember how Dr. Hastings told us that once he was speaking in prayer meeting and that his father, the hymn writer, was in the front pew," Miss Nancy continues. "Dr. Hastings gave out a hymn and said, 'We will omit the verse that reads, "Grief and sorrow, pain and woe, darken all our earthly joys", because I don't believe it.' Then he glanced down and saw the hymn was written by his own father. 'Oh, forgive me, Father,' he continued impulsively. 'I did not know that you wrote that hymn.' 'That's all right, my son,' his father responded. 'I don't believe it now myself.' "

By this time the shadows are lengthening under the elm trees on the lawn, so you are forced to fold up your work and bid a reluctant farewell to sweet Miss Nancy and her fascinating reminiscences. She looks like a picture framed by the old doorway, as you turn at the gateway to wave a last goodby. With a sigh of contentment over the good time you have had, and regret at the thought that the next time you come she may have flitted to some fortunate relative, you hurry your footsteps to almost a run, for the manse supper hour is six o'clock. Nevertheless, the day being warm and the walk long, you simply cannot resist stopping a minute at the squire's to beg a drink at the well. There the water is so clear and cool as it comes up in the "moss covered bucket" that you drink deep draughts from a tin dipper, with never a thought of microbes to haunt your dreams. By this time the bright eyes of the squire's invalid wife have spied you from the window; she is the village saint who bears her years of suffering with never a murmur. You simply must not pass without a word with her, and of course an invitation to tea follows. But without permission from headquarters you feel that is impossible, so you hurry off again. In a minute your hasty walk quickens to a run, for you see the village stage lumbering up to the post office and you know that six o'clock must have struck.

"Where in the world have you been?" is the first question to greet you as you enter the dining room where the family are already gathered around the supper table.

"At Miss Nancy Thompson's," you pant, knowing that no other explanation is necessary. "Please pass the bread, I am famished, you mustn't expect me to talk for at least five minutes."

These are the recollections that cluster around our village, that could boast, if it would, of the fact that men like William E. Dodge, Vice Chancellor Pitney, Dr. Theodore Cuyler, and many others were educated under the shade of its maples, in the old school on the hill.

*See *Ephesians* 3: 9.

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When I think back over the years, my memory is rich in racy anecdotes — and some more serious — about the ministers of an older period. May I add one more personal reminiscence before I close my defense? It is about the first and last time that I ever heard Dr. Cuyler preach. The large auditorium at Northfield was packed with several hundred students from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the other eastern colleges and universities. Dr. Cuyler arose, grey and bent with the weight of his eighty years upon him. When the tottering figure stepped forward, one wondered what message this aged man could have for the young life of the country.

"I always like to speak to college men." His trumpet tones, untouched by age, rang out to the far corner of the building, and his youthful audience clapped. "Why? — because I'm a college man myself!" (Loud clapping with a few cheers.) "What college? — Princeton!" (At that all the Princeton men sprang to their feet and gave their college cheer over and over again.) "What class? — 'Forty-one." (Wild cheers from all the colleges separately and in unison for at least three minutes.) It was, therefore, some time before the applause died away so that the old man could go on with his sermon, but when he did he had secured his audience's attention and it did not waver throughout his masterly appeal. One understood then what he had meant when he told a friend, "I would not change place with the angel Gabriel before the throne, as long as I could preach the gospel." During the week that followed his address, one never saw the old man walk out alone; there was always a group of admiring college men with him, like flies around a honey pot.

The men of Dr. Cuyler's generation are all gone; the places that these sturdy pioneers took in our village life have never been filled; but what we like best to remember about them is their straightforward, simple integrity, their lovable humanness, and last but not least their unfailing sense of humor.

I leave it to my readers to decide whether I have proved my point that the Presbyterian ministers of a former period were not seriously "restricted" or "confined" and that the majority of them were not "inclosed in a crust, due mainly to the starch of Puritanism". All that I can say in closing is — the people of our village know what *they* think!

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XIV: EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

With a Caricature by William Gropper

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY is a slim young person with chestnut-brown hair shot with glints of bronze and copper, so that sometimes it seems auburn and sometimes golden; a slightly snub nose, and freckles; a child mouth; a cool, grave voice; and grey-green eyes.

With these materials, she achieves a startling variety of appearances. When she is reading her poetry, she will seem to the awed spectator a fragile little girl with apple blossom face. When she is picnicking in the country she will be, with her snub nose, freckles, carroty hair, and boyish grin, an Irish "newsy". When she is meeting the bourgeoisie in its lairs, she is likely to be a highly artificial and very affected young lady with an exaggerated Vassar accent and abominably overdone manners. In the basement of the Brevoort, or in the Café de la Rotonde in Paris, or the Café Royal in London, she will appear a languid creature of a decadent civilization, looking wearily out of ambiguous eyes, and smiling faintly with her doll's mouth, exquisite and morbid. A New England nun; a chorus girl on a holiday; the Botticelli Venus of the Uffizi gallery. . . .

She is all of these and more. A contradictory young person! And the real Edna St. Vincent Millay, beneath all these disguises? That is hard to say. She does not give you any help by what she tells you of herself. Her speech is another series of disguises — of fictions, if you will. In the last few years there has grown up an Edna St. Vincent Millay legend, a sort of Byronic legend, which the younger generation is pleased to believe in. She accepts it; doubtless she is flattered by it — as any of us would be, the more flattered, the more untrue it was! — and perhaps she tries after a fashion to live up to it. She is certainly not the person to spoil a good story, especially if it is about herself, by prudish denials. As to that, she has a proud maxim: "I am that I am." Yes, she is what she is. Which leaves the matter where, doubtless, she prefers it to remain — in mystery.

The Edna St. Vincent Millay legend is based on her poems — or, to speak more exactly, upon one particular book of poems, the one entitled "A Few Figs from Thistles". Its title gives an indication of its cynical optimism. Previous to this volume she had been known as the author of "Renascence", and had gained the devout admiration of a few poetry lovers, but no popular audience. With the publication of "Figs from Thistles", she became the poet laureate of the younger generation. The first poem in the volume is as follows:

> My candle burns at both ends;
> It will not last the night;
> But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends —
> It gives a lovely light!

The second poem utters the same gospel of impulse:

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Sketched by William Gropper

Edna St. Vincent Millay

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Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses
stand:
Come and see my shining palace built upon
the sand!

The younger generation is not excessively interested in literature as such; and in spite of its æsthetic pretenses, beauty of a high order can pass by without its acclaim. The postwar state of the young mind is individualistic and egocentric. If these boys and girls hail Edna St. Vincent Millay as their poet, it is because she seems to be writing about them. The postwar youth, who cherishes no illusions as to his own stability, honesty, or fidelity, is glad enough to find this comparison of himself with the tame old fashioned kind of lover:

Oh, Prue, she has a patient man,
And Joan a gentle lover,
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth, —
But my true love's a rover!

Mig, her man's as good as cheese
And honest as a briar,
Sue tells her love what he's thinking of,—
But my dear lad's a liar!

. . . . . .

Cold he slants his eyes about,
And few enough's his choice, —
Though he'd slip me clean for a nun, or a
queen,
Or a beggar with knots in her voice. . . .

Joan is paired with a putterer
That bastes and tastes and salts,
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth, —
But my true love is false!

The postwar mood of girlhood, the mood of freedom which was dramatized outwardly by bobbed hair and knee length skirts, finds itself pleasantly expressed in this volume:

And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday —
So much is true.

It is a mood of freedom gaily maintained even in the midst of what might seem an emotional bondage:

Now it may be the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose;
How shall I tell, unless I smell
The Carthaginian rose?

Or, as it is more earnestly but not less gracefully put in another poem:

Oh, think not I am faithful to a vow!
Faithless am I save to love's self alone.
Were you not lovely I would leave you now:
After the feet of beauty fly my own.

This attitude toward life is summed up in the sonnet with which the volume apropriately ends:

If you entreat me with your loveliest lie,
I will protest you with my favorite vow.

Not every poet can have a legend. There must be *something* in his personality, as well as in his poetry, to stimulate the imaginations of his fellows and make them project their own wishes, sensationally, upon him. Yet it is not his fault; and it may be his misfortune. The Edna St. Vincent Millay legend has distracted attention from work of hers that is more beautiful and more deeply sincere. Some of these poems, just quoted, are after all a kind of *vers de société*, not less so because the society with whose emotions these poems politely and playfully deal is the bohemian society of fellow artists. Here are, truly enough rendered, the superficial emotions of a creative artist at odds with life and love, half fearful of some desperate and fatal trap, half proud of his escape. But this light laughter has a forced note in it, and this pride of escape is a regretful and at best a grim pride. Love is dealt with more honestly, even though cruelly, in another poem, the concluding sonnet of "Second April" — in which the poet repudiates with cold anger the lover's "mouth of clay, these mortal bones against my body set", and "all the

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puny fever and frail sweat of human love".

In this fierce Manichæan denunciation of the body and the poor joys it has to offer, we find the real attitude that underlies these frivolities — and it is far from being a frank acceptance of the facts of life. It is not modern, it is something very ancient — an austere religious idealism, none the less austere and none the less a religion because it now has artists for its priests. It is a belief in something beyond this mortal life — the immortality, in this instance, of art. And it is not as a woman that the poet speaks here, but as a human being and a creative artist. Her mortal lover, with his dream of a warm earthly happiness to which she as woman must minister, is pushed aside. "You shall awake", he is told,

> from dreams of me, that at your side,
> So many nights, a lover and a bride,
> But stern in my soul's chastity, have lain,
> To walk the world forever, for my sake,
> And in each chamber find me gone again!

In a sense it is a rebellion against sex, and — since women are by social custom more the servants of their sex than men — against being a woman: a triumphant escape into an impersonal realm of art, which resembles heaven in that there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. Another woman poet, Anna Wickham, has expressed quaintly the same rebellion:

> I hide my breast in a workman's shirt,
> And hunt the perfect phrase.

But it is, as found in real life, not so austere a state of mind as might be imagined. In these feminist days it is not unusual to talk to a girl in forgetfulness of the fact that she belongs to the other half of the human race; but it is nevertheless not yet so commonplace that one does not feel a thrill to discover in a girl the capacity for such a broadly human relationship. Edna Millay is, eminently, such a person, the most delightful of companions — a gay and whimsical comrade, heartfree if not carefree, keen, generous, and braveminded.

The poetic scorn of mere human nature has its origin, of course, in the fact of the transiency of life. Life is pitiful because — as poets more than other people are given to reminding themselves — it comes inevitably to an end. "This flawless vital hand, this perfect head, this body of flame and steel" — shall die like any other: "it mattering not how beautiful you were."

Meanwhile, awaiting death, the poet has brave things to say: "the sands of such a life as mine run red and gold even to the ultimate sifting dust". . .

> In me no lenten wicks watch out the night;
> I am the booth where Folly holds her fair,
> Impious no less in ruin than in strength. . .

But still the thought of death recurs. Therefore —

> Suffer me to take your hand.
> Suffer me to cherish you
> Till the dawn is in the sky.
> Whether I be false or true,
> Death comes in a day or two.

And again, for a more sufficient solace against the thought of death, comes the hope of that immortality which art offers to those who serve her well:

> Ah, when the thawed winter splashes
> Over these chance dust and ashes,
> Weep not me, my friend!
>
> Me, by no means dead
> In that hour, but surely
> When this book, unread,
> Rots to earth obscurely,
> And no more to any breast,
> Close against the clamorous swelling
> Of the thing there is no telling,
> Are these pages pressed!

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It is in such poems as these, in which the thought of death makes life more sweet, more beautiful, and more to be cherished moment by moment, that Edna Millay is at her best and loveliest. She has the gift of seeing things as though with her last living look. Her poem "Renascence" embodies the strange fantasy of one dying and coming alive again to look once more upon the earth. Another poem, "The Blue Flag in the Bog", relates a still stranger fantasy — the destruction of the earth, and of one sadly watching it burn, from heaven. "Now forevermore good-bye, all the gardens of the world!" In both poems it is a child who sees the beauty of earth so poignantly; and it is thus that Edna Millay sees it, always, with the eyes of a child — and thus that she salutes it, as one who is about to take leave of it forever.

All her early life was spent on the coast of Maine, and her young mind seems to have been filled with an infinity of impressions of the sea: "The sticky, salty sweetness of the strong wind and shattered spray"; "the loud sound and the soft sound of the big surf that breaks all day." She began to write poetry as a child, encouraged by her mother, who is a poet of real if unfulfilled talent, and a woman besides of vivid, humorous, and tolerant personality. But it wasn't of these familiar scenes that Edna as a child wrote; it was, as in a poem to be found in the files of "St. Nicholas", of "the road to romance"! It was only, perhaps, when she had trodden the road away from childhood that she looked back and found it so beautiful:

Always I climbed the wave at morning,
Shook the sand from my shoes at night,
That now am caught beneath great buildings,
Stricken with noise, confused with light.

It was the child who climbed the wave at morning, and not the adult wearied with city noise, who wrote "Renascence". That poem, comparable in its power and vision to "The Hound of Heaven", was written during her eighteenth and nineteenth years. It was submitted in a prize poem contest and published among other poems in "The Lyric Year", in 1912. It is now generally remembered as having won the prize; the fact is that it was passed over altogether in the awards.

This strange, lovely, mystical poem aroused in literary circles curious speculations as to its author, who was imagined as a child mystic. A poet, now better acquainted with her, wrote a solemnly congratulatory letter such as he might have written to young Christina Rossetti, or to Santa Teresa herself. He was much puzzled by the irrelevant and frivolous missive he received in return — dealing chiefly with the elated purchase of a pair of red dancing slippers. She was, it seemed, a real nineteen year old girl!

The year following she entered Vassar. She graduated in 1917 with an A.B. and a reputation for brilliant scholarship. She had written two plays at college and acted in them — "The Princess Marries the Page" and "Two Slatterns and a King". And now her first volume of poems was to appear.

The volume, "Renascence", included together with the title poem some quietly notable new ones. These showed no signs of influence by any of the jazzy contemporary movements in poetry; they were not cubistic nor post-impressionistic, they were not in free verse, nor intended to be chanted to revival tunes; the lines were chiseled, the rhythms classical — she was so old fashioned, even, as to write sonnets. The new poems contained nothing so

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astonishing as "Renascence", but they showed a marked individual talent, and they maintained for her the respect of lovers of poetry.

She came from college, ambitiously, to New York, and settled in Greenwich Village, where rents were — in those days — low; in a very tiny room on Waverly Place, hardly large enough for a bed and a typewriter and some cups and saucers; a room, however, with the luxury of a fireplace, for which Joe the Italian brought, every few days, staggering up the stairs, a load of firewood at ten cents a precious stick. Here, on the floor, hugging the fire, she sat, remembering the coast of Maine: "the green piles groaning under the windy wooden piers"; "robins in the stubble", and "brown sheep upon the warm green hill" . . . remembering these, and making of such images poignant poems, only, as always happens with young poets, to get them back again from magazine editors who were "already overstocked with poetry".

A poet can, of course, live almost exclusively upon tea and coffee. But one must have cigarettes once in a while. Also, it is pleasant to have real cream, instead of condensed milk, in one's coffee. So, remembering her acting experience at Vassar, she went to the theatrical agencies, seeking a job. She was sent to the Provincetown Theatre on Macdougal Street, and acted in a number of comedies, and presently had some of her own plays put on. But the Provincetown Theatre, at that time, was very much an art-for-art's sake institution, paying neither actors' salaries nor authors' royalties. It was a happy moment when she was given a small "part" in one of the Theatre Guild productions, and a salary.

But there were no more "'parts", and no more salary; and meantime she lived on bread and coffee, or, for a change, bread and tea; except when, according to the happy bohemian custom of the Village, someone dropped into her tiny room on Waverly Place with a delicatessen dinner of pickles, olives, cold roast beef, potato salad, and, if he were a true friend, a bottle of cream — honest-to-God cream! — or on those other exceptional occasions when somebody had the money to pay for a dinner in the basement of the Brevoort.

When they dropped in, laden with packages from the delicatessen, or with the elate air of one who is going Brevoorting, they might find her crouched brooding on the floor of an unswept and disorderly room. She was not brooding over some shattered romance — for romances are always shattered, so why trouble about a thing like that? — but over a batch of manuscripts just come back from some magazine. . . . She *ought,* no doubt, to make use of her knowledge of shorthand and get a job as a stenographer; or even go to work at the ribbon counter of a department store. If people didn't want beautiful poetry why should she starve writing it? A fair question! . . . But to go to work, in that dull mechanical sense, would be a final surrender of her pride as a creator; it meant giving up being a poet. It would be spiritual suicide; and if it came to that, why accept the ignominy of doing drudgery for people who don't care for poetry? Why live in such a world at all?

On the other hand, why not? She had had no illusions about the world. It was an ugly and absurd place. She had never supposed otherwise, nor had any serious hope of its ever being made much better by her revolutionary friends. But, ugly and absurd as

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it was, the poet could find beauty in it. That was what poets, apparently, were for — to squeeze this toad of a world with unflinching fingers until it gave up the jewel, of which — as all children who read fairy tales know — it is the venomous guardian! Perhaps she had better stick it out — which, upon further consideration, she decided to do.

In this tiny room might be seen, at times, her charming younger sisters, Norma, who had also come to New York, and Kathleen, on her vacation from Vassar — and sometimes the three of them could be persuaded to "harmonize" an old song of their own, Edna taking a throaty baritone:

Oh, men! Men! Men!
Oh, men alluring,
Waste not your hour
(Sweet hour!)
In vain assuring.
For love, though sweet,
(Oh, tho thweet!)
Is not enduring.

Ti-di-dee and ti-di-da!
We must take you as you are,
Etc.

A pleasant scene to remember. . . .

Edna Millay's later career includes the publication of "Aria da Capo", a very remarkable play first presented by the Provincetown Players; "The Lamp and the Bell", which was the Vassar play for 1921; "A Few Figs from Thistles", already mentioned; and "Second April", in which her poetry has come to full bloom. "The Poet and His Book" is among the great lyrics of our language; and the volume contains, besides this poem, more than one that will go into the anthologies. In the meantime her work has happily found a wider recognition. She is at present in Europe, with her mother; she is finishing a fantastic prose romance, and — one learns with regret — is not anxious, in spite of the moth-eaten and rusty aspect of that part of the world, to return to her native land.

IN COVENTRY

By James J. Daly

MY friends, the leaves, who used to entertain me
On summer afternoons with idle chatter,
Are dropping off in ways that shock and pain me.
I wonder what's the matter.

My friends, the birds, are quietly withdrawing;
The meadow larks are gone from fence and stubble;
Even the crows are gone; I liked their cawing.
I wonder what's the trouble.

My friend, the sun, is here, but altered slightly;
He acts more coolly than he has been doing;
He seems more distant, and he smiles less brightly.
I wonder what is brewing.

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AN ENGLISH IMPRESSION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

By Edward Shanks

THERE is always an immense difficulty in making any useful judgment on the literature of another country; and between England and America a second and very subtle difficulty is added to the first, which is that the first is inevitably masked by our common language. Language is indeed one of the determining factors in the character of any literature, but there are others — racial traits, social conditions, climate. Both peoples derive from the same tradition in poetry as in politics. The founders of American independence were in most respects indistinguishable from English Whigs; but the conditions under which their political ideas developed were very different and since that original parting of the ways new differences have supervened. The English Whigs became in some mysterious way the Liberal Party. The American Whigs, as I understand it (and if I am wrong I do but prove my point the more), became the Republican Party. Now an Englishman who attempted to interpret a Republican platform under the impression that Republicans and Liberals were very much the same thing would arrive at some extremely curious results. And, as a fact, educated and intelligent Englishmen do mostly realize how little they understand of the American system of politics and how little, without long and close study, they can ever hope to understand. The position is the same in the sphere of literature; but here, where unchallengeable facts are so scanty and where opinion counts for so much, it is harder to realize that the difference is so important. Yet in this difference probably lies the key to many misunderstandings.

When it was suggested to me that I should make a comparison between the younger writers of England and America, these reflections passed through my mind. I hesitated and was afraid. And eventually it seemed to me a more modest and reasonable enterprise to attempt to set down, as truthfully as possible, a view of the position which American literature holds in England today. If I attempted to estimate the precise value of the poetry of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, I might, through want of understanding, commit the most atrocious blunders. But if I say what many people here think about Mr. Lindsay, I shall be on the relatively safe ground of facts. If, as is quite likely, our chief failure with regard to American literature is in our ignorance of it, then no doubt what I have to say will successfully mirror that ignorance. My endeavor at all events will be to be objective, to state what I believe to be facts. Of course, no critic can speak save for himself. But this article is to consist of impressions, not of judgments. When I give an opinion of my

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own, perhaps you can take it as a not uninteresting fact that such an opinion exists.

Many kinds of American books come over here. There are in England innumerable readers of the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Zane Grey, and other authors who hold a similar position. Jack London is still immensely popular with our larger public. Now in reading many of these books we are doing no more than continuing a very old tradition — a tradition that began, perhaps, with Fenimore Cooper. Most persons, all the world over, like from time to time to read stories of adventure and excitement; and in some parts at least of the American continent adventure and excitement lie closer to ordinary life than in any part of England. It would be a vast pity if the "Wild West" story were to perish from among us; and of course it will not perish. And Jack London (if I may express this opinion in passing) was a writer of genius, though sometimes one could wish that he had used his genius in some other way.

But American writers inferior to these have also their place here. Indeed just as American film manufacturers hold the English market in their grip, so American authors look very like capturing the market for that kind of popular fiction which resembles the film. This is of course purely a matter of commerce but it has its importance. The reason for it, or so at least I am told, is that American writers of fiction are paid in their own country prices so enormous that they can afford to sell their English rights at cutthroat rates. One cannot open a cheap English magazine without finding two or three stories in which obviously Broadway has been altered to Piccadilly or Harvard to Cambridge. This is a silly and stultifying business, for what may happen in (or should I say "on"?) Broadway does not happen so naturally in Piccadilly and the customs of Harvard are, of course, not those of Cambridge. It annoys me to read, for example, of a young man walking down Piccadilly and meeting the daughter of the president of the bank in which he is employed — for in England banks do not have presidents but chairmen and managing directors. There is no elevated railway in London and it is disconcerting to find one spanning the Strand. It is disconcerting to find doings which would be perfectly normal at Harvard placed in the campus at Cambridge, where there is no campus. But these alterations are always made, it seems, by ignorant and slovenly subeditors; and the readers of these papers, who are not well informed to begin with, get their minds horribly confused.

Moreover, I do object to the wholesale introduction of American turns of expression into common English speech. Do not take me as affecting any would be snobbish contempt for what may fairly be called the American language. I should find it hard to get through the day without telling my dog that I would knock his block off if he didn't cut out the rough stuff — which I have always fondly believed to be sound, idiomatic American. I do not even despise cockney, which is very likely the future speech of educated people in this island and which, if it proves so, will probably give us a richer and more musical tongue than any we have had since Elizabethan times. But I do object to the ignorant and mechanical effacement of genuine local peculiarities. It does hurt my feelings when I find (as I do find) the

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accent of Gloucestershire being ousted by that used among elementary school teachers in Birmingham or the accent of Sussex being degraded into that used among elementary school teachers in London. It would seem to me equally a pity if the speech of Virginia gave way to the speech of Chicago, though heaven forbid that I should attempt to judge between them or even to point out in what they differ. Let us by all means pick up from anywhere any expressive and assimilable phrase; but let us avoid everywhere as if it were the devil the wholesale adoption of a manner of speech which has grown up in different circumstances and breaks with all our traditions. Perhaps you can judge from my fears and my indignation that one kind of American literature enjoys among us every sort of triumph.

But it is also a fact (and it is best to be plain about it at once) that American literature of a more serious, a more ambitious, and a better kind is not often equally triumphant here. Of course I have heard English opinions on American literature as a whole expressed in every variety, from the highly contemptuous to the highly appreciative. There is said to be a college at Oxford where nothing else is read or allowed to be worthy of praise. There the quads do echo with arguments on the respective merits of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Carl Sandburg; and only those American poets are neglected who are generally received in England. But I think it may be taken with fair safety that that college is exceptional. On the whole English opinion is not so enthusiastic. And there was once an American poet and critic who hinted, in an English paper, very politely and inoffensively but also very firmly, that the real reason why the English treated American poetry with (as he wrongly imagined) condescension and contempt was to be found simply in jealousy. This is a symptom of the misunderstanding produced when national differences are masked by a common language.

It is this jealousy, he went on to say, if I remember correctly, which makes English critics demand of American authors that they should be distinctively and even crudely American. They pretend that American literature which has not a native tang to it is merely feebly imitative of English models and not worthy of English notice. Now the charge of jealousy I do flatly deny: whatever our guilt may be it is not that. And when I first read the continuation of the charge I denied that too. But there is something in it, more truth than I could see in it at first. The quality of "Americanism", if such a word may be used, is one that we do very often particularly look for in American literature; and this bias of ours cuts now this way and now that. We find in one writer native characteristics, local color, things our own writers are without; and the fact awakes our interest and our appreciation. We find in another traces no less obvious of "Americanism"; and they strike us somehow as being slightly grotesque and incongruous. If the American literary world felt inclined to argue with us, it might say that we do not know what we want, with more justice than that we are jealous.

The indecision in our attitude goes back a good deal further than the present day. Longfellow has been for many years the most widely popular in England of all American poets. He is still with us, and I imagine with you, the introduction of most young

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boys to poetry. But, for all his themes, for all his Hiawatha and his "forests primeval", there is little in his work which betrays in what continent he was born and reared. So too is it with many of his contemporaries and associates. Literature at that time passed across the Atlantic far more freely and with far less fuss than ever since. Longfellow was then, for us, an English poet who lived on that side and Tennyson was an English poet who lived on this. We thought, certainly, Tennyson the better of the two; but we also thought both of them better than some of their English contemporaries. It was with Whitman, I believe, that the idea of "Americanism" entered the field of literary criticism; and it was Whitman's fate to be rejected and accepted as "characteristically American".

It depended of course largely then on whether you thought Whitman a good poet or not. But if he was anything at all he was a new kind of poet; and he asserted and his readers believed, that this new kind of poetry was the characteristic contribution of America to the literature of the world. And he was able to give a certain definite reality to his assertion. He had a great national event and a great national hero to celebrate, and these things made concrete his celebration of a great national idea. "I hear", he proclaimed, "I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear, those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong. . . ." He left you under no doubt that he himself and what he had to say were distinctively American. And if you were exhilarated by a barbaric yawp sounding over the roof of the world, you praised him for it: if, on the other hand, it grated too much on your delicate ears, you blamed him for it. But, again, you praised or blamed him as "the poet of America"; and that at least was indubitably right, for Whitman's poetry was a thing which it is most unlikely any set of circumstances could ever have produced in England. It was indeed the first expression of a new civilization: the differences which had grown up under the cloak of a common language had at last become articulate.

But a poet does not *necessarily* express the civilization in which he has been brought up; and while this is true of good poets, it is true with unusual force of bad poets. Bad poets, of whom there is no lack anywhere in the world, are generally forced to produce a mixture of the trite and the exotic: to be trite it is their nature and to cover that with a veneer of the exotic it is their cunning. There are American poets (some of them domiciled in England) and English poets (some of them domiciled in America) who would be no better than nuisances whencever they came or wherever they went. Let us dismiss them from the argument: they have no relevance to it whether they derive the stuff they retail from the Greeks or the Victorians or the latest mountebank of Montparnasse. But among the American authors most admired by lovers of poetry in England is Robert Frost; and of Mr. Frost one commonly thinks without remembering his nationality. It does not in the least matter that the setting of most of his work is New England. That is just a local peculiarity; and one feels that it might just as well have been Kent, if Mr. Frost had happened to be a native of Kent. When Mr. Frost writes of the colt in the mountain pasture:

> And now he comes again with a clatter of stone
> And mounts the wall again with whited eyes.

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And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
Whoever it is that leaves him out so late
When everything else has gone to stall and bin
Ought to be told to go and bring him in.

— when Mr. Frost writes that, he is writing a new kind of poetry but it is not distinctively American. He is not expressing a new civilization but rather certain of the still numerous things our two civilizations have in common. And no better proof of this can be found than the undoubted fact that our own Edward Thomas learned so much from him. And Edward Thomas's poems make one of the most beautiful descriptions of England and of a man's love for his own native soil that we have.

But the question of "Americanism" and what we make of it is a more interesting point for my present purpose. What better illustration could there be at the present day than Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, whose reputation in England is much greater than that of Mr. Frost? I have noticed that many Americans show signs of annoyance when an Englishman praises Mr. Lindsay. One of our reviews once spoke of him in high terms and received an indignant letter from an American poet who compared him with Mr. Kipling and said that he had the same free and easy facility, the same preference for ragtime rhythms, the same tone of vulgar optimism, the same desire to preach a gospel, as the author of "Mandalay". I hold the opinion, heterodox no doubt, that Mr. Kipling with all his faults is a pretty good poet; and therefore the comparison, to me, is not so damaging as might have been wished. I also fail to see why the desire to preach a gospel should be damning in itself. Most good poets have it: even Verlaine had it. But my point is that the irritation displayed by this gentleman is not an infrequent thing. Many Americans are bored by Mr. Lindsay; and when they hear one of us remarking that he is the only poet in America today they begin to see red.

My further point is that a number of English readers do think and say this. Mr. Lindsay, so far as I know, was first spoken of in this country by W. B. Yeats who returned from a transatlantic visit full of enthusiasm. Two more dissimilar poets could not well be imagined. A characteristic line from Mr. Yeats is:

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

A characteristic line from Mr. Lindsay is:

Rallying the trusts against the bawling flannelmouth.

But Mr. Yeats came back and told us that Mr. Lindsay had genius. Later on, Robert Nichols also came back and said the same thing. Finally Mr. Lindsay himself crossed over and repeated the statement, which by that time we had already come to believe. And his visit to England proved the esteem in which he is held here. His photograph appeared in the morning illustrated papers, an honor not often accorded to a foreign author, though Anatole France recently received it when Charlie Chaplin announced that he liked him for reading in bed. I am told that any insignificant English author gets more attention in New York (this is a point to which I shall recur) than Mr. Lindsay in London. But here we are very moderate in our attentions to authors: if all the winners of the Nobel Prize landed in a body the British public would not turn over in his sleep. Mr. Lindsay re-

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ceived, by comparison, an ovation; and there is no doubt that our interest in him is a real thing.

Also there is no doubt that our interest in him is largely caused by what we think to be his "Americanism". As I have said, if Mr. Frost had been born in Kent instead of New England, he would still have been very much the same sort of poet. But if Mr. Lindsay had been born in, say, Nottingham (I do not know any exact parallel for Springfield, Illinois, a town on which I have heard him speak at some length) he could not very well have been the same sort of poet. How could he? The social conditions and the spiritual atmosphere are different and it is out of these that he makes his poetry, not so much out of the ordinary response of every human being to the influences of nature.

I have read Mr. Lindsay's "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan!" and I have heard him recite it; and, in common with many other Englishmen, I think it a great poem. It expresses a political sentiment, which is a good thing to do. It does more: it expresses political sentiment itself, the feeling a young man has for political causes and those whom he thinks the leaders of his nation. What does it matter if Mr. Bryan should have been a charlatan or a common demagogue? Mr. Lindsay did not think so when he cheered himself hoarse in 'ninety-six; and it is his impulse to cheer which he has embodied in this poem. And the close of it is a lament so noble and so affecting that one easily forgets that it is made up out of names familiar to us in newspaper headlines or of names that no Englishman has ever heard before. I do not think this thing could have been done in England, just as no Englishman could ever have played the part of President Roosevelt or of President Wilson. The conditions are different, the atmosphere is different. Mr. Lindsay may not express the whole of American civilization, but it is that civilization and no other which permits him to do what he has done.

This, I assert, is a strong and a legitimate claim on our interest, a claim to which in some degree we have responded. But though, as I have admitted, we do ask for "Americanism" in American books, do we always understand it or like it when we have got it? There is a recently developed branch of American literature concerning which this question may be asked with especial force. I mean that school of writers which attempts to portray the life of the American small town. Possibly you recognize no such school; but in my mind, for what that is worth, these writers inevitably group themselves together. The best known of them in this country is undoubtedly Edgar Lee Masters, whose "Spoon River Anthology" made a little sensation here some years ago and whose more recent "Domesday Book" has been a good deal discussed. Another is Sinclair Lewis, whose "Main Street" was published here not long ago but has hardly repeated the amazing success it had across the water. And there is Sherwood Anderson whose stories I have been reading lately.

Now the American small town, though it is obviously an outstanding phenomenon in America, is, as far as I can judge, something to which we have no parallel. One thing about it is immediately clear: the American writer hates it like poison. When Willa Cather, who is not one of the specialists on the subject, brings one of her artist heroes home to be buried in his native place she gives rein to

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her feelings. To this attitude we have something of a parallel. A few years ago there was a rage among English authors for abusing and satirizing the middle class Nonconformist household, where the young were suppressed and systematically bored, where all interests centred around the chapel, and where illiberalism of mind was tempered only by a dash of hypocrisy. A conspicuous example of this genre was Stanley Houghton's play, "The Younger Generation". Mr. Bennett took a hand in it. The watchword of the school was "Down with parents!" and while it lasted they got a good deal of fun out of it. But the English chapel group is only a section of a community. It is not a community in itself, it shades off at the edges, it is open to all kinds of outside influences; and it bears only the smallest relation to the "small town" as depicted by American writers.

That small town is, I think, to speak frankly, a puzzle and rather a bore to English readers. It is clearly a question of importance in the country of its origin. I know a lady from Colorado, now married to an Englishman, who when she read Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" burst into tears: it reminded her so much of home, which she hoped she had left behind her forever. But we are too unfamiliar with its character, too little touched by its influence, to take much interest in these detailed descriptions of it. Perhaps if many of us had been brought up in and had escaped from, or hoped to escape from, such surroundings, we might more easily sympathize with Mr. Lewis's heroine and laugh more at the young man who could imitate the noises made by a hen. But we do not. It is too remote from us. We gaze on it a minute as a curiosity and then begin to think of other things.

Mr. Masters and Mr. Anderson, of course, are less photographic and more artistically ambitious than Mr. Lewis. Mr. Masters goes for the truth about human nature; and the poet will find the same fundamental things true about humanity whether in LeRoy or in Birmingham. Mr. Anderson is out not so much to describe a particular phase of society as to write good short stories. There is a touch of Chekhov about him. But in both these writers I cannot help feeling too much insistence on things that are local and temporary and which besides mean nothing to us. They are, so far as we are concerned, if I may use the word without offense, provincial. There is no harm in the use of a local setting. No one that ever I heard of has complained of the setting of Mark Twain's stories or of O. Henry's stories. But there is an obvious difference between filling in your background with local details and making your picture all background.

This contrast may throw some light on our confusion as to what we really want from American literature. For there is no doubt that we are confused. We like Mr. Lindsay, as we like Whitman, because he is American, because he could not have been anything else. On the other hand, I have heard it alleged as a reason for admiring Mr. Hergesheimer that, if you did not know, you could not tell that he was American at all. Very likely, apart from his scenes, one would not know, and for the very good cause that he has followed with great fidelity two English authors—Mr. Conrad and Mr. Galsworthy. But, and very largely on account of this fact, Mr. Hergesheimer has enjoyed a great success in England, though none of his later books have redeemed the promise in parts of "The Three Black Pennys".

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So, it is fair to say, the two sides of our confusion cancel out and do at least relieve us from prejudice. And so far as our demand for "Americanism" goes, is it not perfectly justified? The literature of a people is in very large part determined in character by the particular form of civilization which that people enjoys. Your civilization is necessarily different from ours. Climate, political institutions, social structure, the vast distances, the association of countries so dissimilar as the New England farms and the western desert, all these combine; and in face of them it seems almost ridiculous to insist on so obvious a fact. Therefore when American writers come before us, it is only natural that we should ask what it is that they have which is peculiar to themselves. If they have nothing peculiar, if what they offer us might just as well have come from London or Paris or Munich, they stand under strong suspicion of not being in touch with the life they claim to portray: they are under suspicion of having merely imitated other writers. This, of course, is not invariably so. Mr. Frost and, in part, Mr. Hergesheimer are exceptions. But generally speaking it is so. Since the Civil War it has been increasingly probable that any good American writer would be distinctively American, that his work would show signs of having been produced in another atmosphere than ours — just as the writings of, say, Anatole France and Gabriele D'Annunzio have been obviously produced in another atmosphere. And the more recent American authors who have had the widest popularity here, who have pleased all sections of the community, Mark Twain and Whitman and O. Henry, have all passed this test.

There is another test that they have passed. Their subject is humanity, as it is embodied in the American people, certainly, but still humanity. I have said that the poetry of Whitman and of Mr. Lindsay could not have been produced elsewhere; but it expresses feelings fundamentally comprehensible by, and interesting to, the members of other peoples. It is not concerned solely or preponderatingly with superficial and temporary things, as is so often the work of the American small town writers and of the English opponents of Nonconformist household tyranny. I imagine that it is very natural that this limited concern should often appear in a relatively new and rapidly developing civilization. I am pretty sure that it is what English readers are thinking of when sometimes they commend an American writer on the ground that "you would never know he was an American", just as the same persons are thinking of what has satisfied them in Whitman and Mr. Lindsay when they condemn some other writer for not being "American enough".

Art indubitably crosses frontiers; but there is equally indubitably a frontier to be crossed between the American and the English peoples, though I do firmly believe that they are better fitted to understand one another than any other people to understand either of them. And the art that is to cross frontiers must be art of a particular kind. It must be built on large lines and it must go pretty deep into human nature. Much that is very good of its sort never does so. There are excellent English writers who will never be fully appreciated in America; and I should be astonished to learn that there are not American authors whose merits I am incapable of understanding. But in the end it seems likely that the position we are in, with

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two divergent civilizations expressing themselves in a common language, may have a happy result. Every literature needs to be fertilized from time to time from the outside; and how many times multiplied are the opportunities of fertilization when every writer has free access to another literature without being obliged to know a foreign language! Certainly, as I have said, our common language often masks the differences between us to an extent that is positively dangerous; but this danger will inevitably be discovered. And then — this kind of prophecy is a not unamiable amusement — the two literatures will exist side by side, each conscious alike of kinship and of independence, freely exchanging such discoveries as are suitable for exchange. The literature of America which, it is no offense to say, is, in its independence, a comparatively recent thing, dating at the earliest from the Civil War, will have assimilated its prodigious and constantly arising new materials, will have grown richer, more even and more fruitful; and the literature of England will learn from it without pretense and without affectation.

I have, I find on looking back at it, written an exceedingly impertinent article. But the impertinence, though at first I hardly realized it, was implicit in what I set out to do. My object was to make a *compte rendu* of a very large subject, to give evidence, as it were, on a point at issue, and my ignorance of the subject, if it should betray itself, was to be not the least significant detail in evidence. I do not flatter myself that anyone will derive signal profit from what I have said, but there may be something useful in what I have not had the wit either to say or to know.

HERE ARE GRIEFS

By David Morton

THESE thin, soft rains of autumn fall like tears,
Staining the earth as tears a woman's face;
Here are the griefs of all the sorrowing years
That find no balm in any time or place.
These fields that had been happy in the sun,
And wide and beautiful with evening light,
Are grey with drifted rain, — and one by one
Frail, stricken leaves are falling through the night.

How does the heart take home such things as these! —
Holding the blinded field, the wet grey wall,
The twilight and the thin rain in the trees,
So intimately near that, all in all,
The whole world seems most like ourselves for grief;
Tears in the rain, woe in the stricken leaf.

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CHILDREN AND POETRY

By Grace Hazard Conkling

POETRY for children, according to many teachers in our schools, consists of "Hiawatha" and "The Lady of the Lake". I know of a school in which children of from seven to ten years of age were pursued by the rhythm of "Hiawatha" during an entire school year. I should not have been surprised had their spelling lessons been based on Indian names, so thorough and so naïve was the teacher of this class in English. When it was time for "The Lady of the Lake", it was the same story. So many lines a day; careful study of the metre; more careful study of the diction; attention given to location, to the period, to costume, to the conventions of the day. "Be sure to look up any word you don't know." Excellent advice. During the experience one child asked, "Is there any other poetry?" As the school year drew to a close another inquired of her mother, "Who *was* Walter Scott?" I believe that there was a determination in the mind of that little girl never on any account to read anything else that he might have written. Much of the poem was memorized, as the small students were required to "give" it as a play in June.

There was one variation in the course of the routine I describe. The children left off following the fortunes of Ellen long enough to learn to recite some verse called "Candlelight" signed "Anon."

In another school of which I know, "Evangeline" was substituted for "Hiawatha", and the youngsters had to memorize "The Psalm of Life". One after another they stood up —

Tell me not in mournful numbers . . .

It might have been the inauguration of a movement to abolish children.

After they had finished "The Wreck of the Hesperus", they learned Tennyson's "The Brook" and their experience of poetry for that year was concluded. For how many of them was it the conclusion of any further experience of poetry?

I am not speaking of the schools of twenty-five or thirty years ago but of certain schools today. I should like to know whether the classes of which I have spoken are exceptional. In how many English classes is there any element of variety, of surprise? In how many will ballads, folk songs, folk games be made use of? Poetry belongs to children: their minds are full of imagery: they invent names for things as soon as they can talk at all, revealing names which evoke the inhabiting spirit of the objective world. In how many classes is there allowed them opportunity to invent anything whatever? They are naturally rhythmic: their muscles ripple with energy: their bodies are aware of a music of motion. Must they move to the metre of "Hiawatha" or of any other one poem? Must they live and breathe rhymed maxims? Tell me not in mournful numbers.

Something makes me think of Ste-

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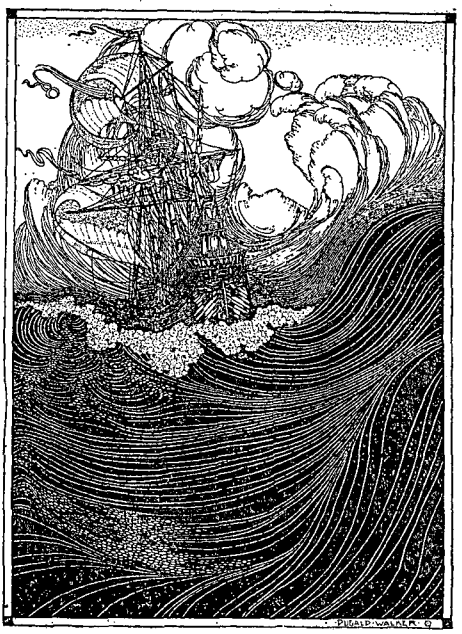
venson. Can it be the rhymed maxims?

> A child should always say what's true
> And speak when he is spoken to,
> And behave mannerly at table;
> At least as far as he is able.

A convenient summary, even admitting the humor of the last line. No wonder teachers and parents too like "A Child's Garden of Verses". They know how to appreciate in R. L. S. that quality described by Henley as "something of the Shorter Catechist". They feel at home in the "Child's Garden", for it is for grown ups. It is written by a grown up who is pretending himself a child again and who is having a wonderful time pretending. Memory illumined and idealized by imagination, humorous, wistful, always self-conscious; the memory of the man who said, "Children are too good to be true." Why should girls and boys be interested in this game of pretending, this study of the child surviving in all of us? Why expect them to share adult enjoyment of "A Child's Garden"? "But", you object, "children do enjoy these poems." Do they? Judging from the experience I have had, they like R. L. S. at his most imaginative, in that poem about the wind, for example. They like questions to which they may supply their own answers, and questions too which need not be answered at all. They like mystery. R. L. S. is often too explicit. He writes as he feels children would expect him to write. The reason that children have his book at hand to read, in school and out, is, I submit, because their parents and teachers, stirred by enthusiasm, give it to them. It seems to be the only book of verse some grown ups know about.

I have always wondered what "A Child's Garden of Verses" would have been like if it had been written by J. M. Barrie. You remember that young David in "The Little White Bird" was allowed to interpret whatever happened through his own imagination. David was allowed silences. He had time to think, time to watch his mind spinning dreams. Barrie has faith in children.

The usual attitude toward children is patronizing and sentimental. There is no belief in their capacity. They are underestimated. Adults approach them with positive distrust, with the idea merely of teaching them to conform. But surely the problem of education in respect to art must concern the child's own creative impulses. For children have distinct creative power. Granted that the quality of it will vary, should there not be faithful



From "Rainbow Gold", Sara Teasdale's anthology of verse for children

study of conditions conducive to the growth of the child's faculty and the conserving of his power for use in the

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world of adult life? Education must not blunder, must not kill the artist in him. I know that in schools of the conventional type there are many sensitive and gifted teachers wholly occupied with the development of the child mind and eager for its full flowering. But wanting the child to know the best there is to be known, school days are crowded with more than can be assimilated. There is a kind of pathos in the well meant efforts of such teachers to supply beauty in various forms, pictures, music, poems. It all results in something very like cataloguing. These efforts develop good taste, they are directed toward what we call culture, but in that very endeavor to kindle imagination and fill the mind with beauty, the fact is lost sight of that nothing, after all, can take the place of genuine creative expression. Appreciation should be bound up with the child's own urge to make something new, to express. It will not do to wait until discipline has been undergone, examinations passed, habits formed, before listening with sympathy to children. By that time they have little left to say. Initiative has been lost, originality blotted out by the ideas and by the actual language of others.

Why should there exist such fear of childish impulsiveness? Their taste is better than ours in that it is without prejudice. They are severe critics more often than not. I don't know why they should care for poetry in books very much. They have the reality always with them. It is as natural a thing for them to improvise beautiful speech as it is for them to invent graceful and original movements in their dances and games. I understand that there do exist certain schools of a revolutionary type where experiments are based on the actual need of children for expression, and where they not only may but *do* construct and create of their own free will. I doubt whether many of the children so trained or so liberated find their way into the colleges. The average college freshman appears to have small desire to create anything. It is not the fault of the freshman, but of schools where the only idea of training toward artistic expression is to require compositions or themes reflecting a scrutiny of the weather and of the seasons, or describing the "Origin of Hallowe'en" or "Something I Did in My Vacation".

I could face with equanimity the prospect of children growing to maturity without having made the acquaintance of much of the usual school curriculum, if they could be sure of keeping their natural gifts unspoiled; if they could keep their fearlessness and quaintness of observation, their precise and at the same time daring imagery, their honest dislike of sham, their responsiveness to rhythm not monotonous but infinitely varied.

Too much of any one thing, whether R. L. S. or Longfellow or neither, will keep them away from their own spontaneous music. I believe they may be taught to appreciate poetry in some degree by letting them try to make it. Most people never stop to listen to them, but they are there. They will respond, if you catch them young enough. I know of a little boy of three and a half who was overheard singing a song of his own . . .

> Where does the dark go?
> The dark goes to the moon's house:
> Stars go to the moon's house
> 'Way far underneath the blue sky . . .

And then, "He likes poetry!" they said, finding it unusual. So they read him "Hiawatha".

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Shouldn't "Hiawatha" be read? Not first, but last. I have often been asked what poems should be read to children. Of course I don't know. The children know. It is an adventure. I cannot agree with a recent writer who says, "Children, not yet having achieved individuality, are pretty much alike. And they like the same things." How easy to say so! But one never knows what will reach them. I have read all kinds of things to them, from the picture:

Without a word of warning, there
In the autumn sky Mount Fuji stands!

to:

Saint Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!

and the "Ode on a Grecian Urn". A teacher says to me, "Children simply cannot understand Keats in the Odes: particularly in the 'Grecian Urn'." I think they can. I know that they can see the "little town by river or seashore" as few grown up people have ever seen it. Keats! Have you ever read them "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" or "I stood tiptoe" or the "Faery Songs" or "Meg Merrilies"?

I have read them much Walt Whitman. They understand crossing that ferry, and they love the catalogues of objects with the occasional adjective flung at them. They know what objects really are. But they can appreciate too the line:

Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul.

Imagination carries children far beyond experience; their emotions are not bounded by it. Defend them from obviousness. Will you read them Eugene Field when there is William Blake? And Shelley?

And they understand images: H.D.'s "Oread" for example: and they like

From "Rainbow Gold"

Amy Lowell's "Dolphins in Blue Water" and Richard Aldington's "The Faun Sees Snow for the First Time". Among other writers of today, I know that they ask for Robert Frost and W. H. Davies, and "Peacock Pie" by Walter de la Mare.

The same adverse critic of the children from whom I quoted just now, says further, "Children have about as much appreciation of the beautiful and feeling for art, as savages." I cannot agree. I think of a child answering to her name, "Don't call me in such a lonely voice!" I think of another saying, "I woke up toward morningbreak and thought a long time." I have faith in those thoughts not yet consciously shaped, not yet finished. I want them expressed some day. You remember the incident of the artist in "Don Quixote"? He was asked what he was painting and replied, "That is as it may turn out."

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THE CRYSTAL BOX

Fragments of Autobiography

By Hugh Walpole

II: CATHEDRAL PIECE

IT has happened that I have spent all my youth under the shadow of English cathedrals. English cathedrals are the sport and plaything of men like Frank Harris and his kind — men who detest English tradition and think it stuffy, reactionary, and snobbish. In some ways they are right; there is no snobbery, I firmly believe, quite so stuffy and reactionary as the snobbery of the élite of English cathedral life. And this I say with a full consciousness of men like Canon B——, Bishop W——, Archdeacon Salt, men whom I have known, beneath whose shadows, so to speak, I have grown up, saints of God, men of marvelous purity of life and thought. But such men as these have not been of the cathedral sets at all, they have been childlike men, leading lives that were half lost in mist of faith and hope and charity — "the men like little children" whom Christ said we were to be.

My first cathedral was the Cathedral of Truro in the County of Cornwall, and this is the one that I shall always love most in my heart although it is neither the oldest nor the most beautiful — it is in fact nearly the youngest of all the English cathedrals, my father being its first precentor. It was when he was precentor there under Benson its first bishop that he met my mother, who was a Cornish lady, Barham by name, Foster and Carlyon by family, so that on my mother's side I am related to almost every family in the South Country.

I was only six years old when I was brought from New Zealand where I was born to Truro. That is thirty-two years ago and it may be only romantic memory that forces me to fancy that my aunts, so quiet and so dignified, my cousin so pretty, my uncle the Archdeacon a little like Mr. Pickwick, and all the others lived in a world far more sweetly colored and sweetly toned than the world of today. Not more interesting. Not nearly *as* interesting — but the telephone and the halfpenny illustrated paper and the cinematograph have brought China and Peru to the very doors of the sleepiest quietest little towns in England. Have they gained or lost by the change? The question has been asked a hundred million times in the last few years. It is platitudinous indeed to ask it. But something at any rate has gone from the world that the world will never see again. That is certain.

I lived with an aunt in Truro for several years and had nothing but love and kindness and charity. I go back now to Truro whenever I have an opportunity. It is with the country that surrounds it the spot I love most in the world, save only London.

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It is one of those English towns into which the country lanes are forever breaking, where the river is lazy and fringed all the way to the sea with deep purple shadowed woods. The lanes are thicker with primroses than any other lanes in the world; the biscuits are sweeter, the bells softer, the knockers on the doors brighter, the canon's smiles broader, the animals' noises on market day more vociferous, the rooks in the elms more tempestuous, the sun hotter, the old maids kinder, the puppies and kittens and babies really young for a longer time, the gardens more shady, the circulating libraries more behind the times, the midday siesta more thorough than in any other town in England.

I at least will always believe so whatever anyone else may say.

II

My second cathedral was Canterbury. I went to school in Canterbury and I lived there for several years with my godfather who was a canon of the cathedral. I was very happy there both at school and with my godfather. I remember very little of my years there — I was recovering I suppose from my years at S ——. I remember a great mulberry tree in my godfather's red walled garden that, unlike most mulberry trees of my acquaintance, actually bore fruit. I remember reading Fielding right through in a strange glazed set of his works with gold tops that was in my godfather's library. I remember too an awful day when I was discovered with "Tom Jones". The book was taken from me and I was told that I must not read it until I was grown up, I who had, alas, already spent two years at S ——! I had finished the book by the time it was taken from me and I remember feeling confused and bewildered. For the first time I was aware that there were things in life that one must not know until "one was grown up". But *what* things? For the first time a great curiosity sprang up in me and I watched grown ups with eager interest. I had absolute faith in their wisdom and knowledge but now they were not only wise and learned but mysterious — another order of beings. And that sense of the marvelous superior mystery in my elders continued until long after I was grown up, continued in fact until the war and the persons who "managed" the war killed it once and forever.

It was in Canterbury, too, that I first felt afraid of what a cathedral could be. I went one winter half holiday to an afternoon service. It was snowing heavily outside and I sat in the back of the nave and felt warm and cosy. I suppose that I fell asleep; in any case I woke suddenly to find the cathedral lit by a kind of ghostly whiteness, some shadow perhaps from the falling snow or caused by my imagination. Not a soul seemed to be about, the pillars of the nave hung, gigantic, above me and there seemed to be whispers on every side.

I walked a few paces down the horrible echoing nave and then I ran. In my confusion I could not find the opening to the great west door and stood there fumbling in the half darkness, my heart clapping like a muffled bell. It seemed to me then that the church was full of creatures. What kind of creatures, I did not dare to turn my head and see. I could hear their voices, could see them pressing one against the other down the nave — the creatures of the cathedral, so much more real than the people who sat in rows down the nave on a Sunday morning. When at last I found the handle, turned it, and was out safely

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in the precincts, I was three-quarters dead with terror!

It was from that moment I think that I began to be sure that cathedrals had lives of their own and very often wicked lives too! The first impulse to that was given me, perhaps, by Dickens's "Edwin Drood", so impressive a book because no one knows its end — but I shall never now lose the belief that cathedrals have a contempt for the "human beings" who worship in them, or, so often today, pretend to worship in them.

However that may be, and I have certainly both Victor Hugo and Huysmans behind me in my superstition, it was not until I went to Durham that I really learned anything about English cathedral towns. I lived for seven years in Durham, going to the school there as a day boy. My father was head of a college for training schoolmasters and we lived in a house tacked onto the great ugly main building rather as an underpaid governess is tacked onto a large overpopulated family. The college stood on a hill and a weedy, neglected, tumbled garden ran from it down to the river. Everything about our house and that garden seemed to me odious and I grew up, through those seven years, discontented, ugly, abnormally sensitive and excessively conceited. I have often enough been called conceited since then but I am beautiful humility itself today compared with myself in that Durham town. No one liked me — not master, boys, friends of the family, nor relations who came to stay; and I do not in the least wonder at it. I was untidy, uncleanly, excessively gauche. I believed that I was profoundly misunderstood, that people took my pale and pimpled countenance for the mirror of my soul, that I had marvelous things of genius in me that would one day be discovered.

I believed indeed profoundly in my dreams. I wrote endless historical romances filled with countless figures; I read innumerable novels, going to the old deserted town library and burrowing in the dusty shelves, finding, when Fielding and Dickens and Scott and Jane Austen were wrung dry, long forgotten stories by Bage and Holcroft and Miss Ferrier and Mrs. Radcliffe and Maturin — reading myself sick with them all.

I must have gone a little mad at that time. I think and see myself now in retrospect as a sort of "Mariana in the Moated Grange", dusty, disheveled, creeping away from school as early as possible to rush to the town library, seize three grubby volumes, hurry home by deserted streets, bury myself in the tangled garden were it fine enough, or hide myself in my bedroom from the wet and the cold.

In vain at school masters tried to drive some order and method into my muddled novel-confused head. I could learn nothing accurately, nothing at any rate that they wanted me to learn. Had they asked me for the plot of "Hermsprong" or a list of the characters in the "Waverley Novels" I would have astonished them with my talents. Instead they demanded from me Greek accents and algebraic roots. I know that they hated the very sight of my long, bony (I was thin in those days), complaining body.

Behind all this the cathedral hung like a disapproving, snobbish rich relation. I fancied (and I think with some justice) that the cathedral set despised the Walpole family who were connected with incipient schoolmasters instead of rotund and elegant canons. I know that we gave one Christmas, in our poor relation of a house, a dance for the children of the Upper Ten;

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and a dreadful failure (at least to my morbid imagination) it was! All the little daughters of the canons seemed to me to go about with their noses in the air, criticizing all our arrangements, our coffee cups, our ices, and our little festive decorations. I adored my father and mother and was proud as I could be of everything that they did. I longed to pull the hair of the little girls and kick the posteriors of the elegant little boys. Our party was a failure and I would have burned the town down if I could!

The world of my novels became during this time so real to me that the world of school and cathedral and family faded into thin air. I remember once, when a stout overgrown boy was trying to command me to do something or other and I refused, that he threatened me with some dire penalty and I, sticking my chin in the air, replied: "Rot! You can't do anything! You're not real!" A silly enough remark, but I so obviously believed it that it struck him considerably and he walked away, puzzled about himself, metaphorically pinching himself to see whether he were there!

I was so crazy at this time that, for hours together, I played an absurd game on a small bagatelle board, pitting authors against one another! Walter Scott would play Dickens; and Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James; and I would solemnly put the scores down on a slip of paper and add them up at the end of the week.

I burst out in the middle of the family meal one day with the remark that Hazlitt was improving and would probably, if he played well on Friday and Saturday, beat Congreve in the month's total! When I should have been struggling through a line of Æschylus I was wondering whether, with a little cheating, I could push Walter Scott to the head of the list. I hurried down early in the morning before breakfast to finish a game, and how great was my joy when a cold kept me at home and I had a whole day of literary bagatelle in front of me!

All this time I was writing, writing, writing.

"Amado the Fearless", "Charles the Bold", "The Trump of the Grave", "In the Name of the King", "The Doom of the Halberts" — all of them historical romances. Mine was the true artist's impulse then, pure and undefiled! No one read my stories. I had no hope of gain for them. I wrote simply because I could not help myself. Two or three years ago, when it was the fashion to publish juvenile efforts, I opened a drawer and searched through my romances. They were of a desperate badness that makes my cheek pale now when I think of them. No merit of originality or form or narrative to be found in any of them anywhere, and yet I may say with truth that I was far prouder of them than I have been of any of my eternally disappointing later works!

Behind all this romantic nonsense the cathedral's shadow hung. My childish belief that cathedrals had their own secret and mysterious life was confirmed forever during these years. Durham is I suppose one of the world's most beautiful works. Hanging high in air, perfectly proportioned, pearl shadowed and sky defended, it is enough for anyone's romantic dreams. And yet romantic though my mind was, it was the sinister revengeful spirit of the thing that I seemed most strongly to feel. Built originally for the worship of God, it appeared to me to have become pagan and heretic through its history of blood and crime — yes and still more through the mo-

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saic of small intrigues, plots, and meannesses that through the years had encrusted it.

It had for the most part developed only the worst and most sordid and cynical side of human character and was glad of it. I can still hear the rustle of the silk dresses of some of the ladies of the cathedral set as they walked out, very ostentatiously, before the sermon of some canon whom they personally disliked. Everybody disliked someone; everyone was intriguing against someone else. When a saint like Bishop Westcott preached I felt that the spirit of the cathedral hated that so good and perfect a man should have his place there. There were many good men, splendid and devout women who served there at one time or another and worshiped God, but the cathedral threw them out when it could.

There was one day when in the middle of the morning Sunday service a madman rushed up the nave, stood on the steps of the choir, and shouted that the cathedral was cursed and would suffer a judgment. As he passed our seat, hustled away by the indignant vergers, I caught a glimpse of his face, satisfied and happy at his protest. He seemed to me less mad than anyone else in the place.

What I needed of course was plenty of cold baths, an enthusiasm for football and cricket, and someone to take the conceit out of me. I had my baths and, just at the end of my time, a sudden passion for Rugby football did a lot for me. And my conceit has in later years been on many occasions assaulted. But that was a queer time; and whenever now I meet a hobbledehoy pimply boy with boots too large and a lost and bewildered air, I feel a deep sympathy for him that would I know insult him were I to suggest it.

The worst of it was that during all those seven years I learned nothing whatever. I do not wish here to attack our English public school system that has been often enough attacked in the last few years. I simply repeat the statement that I learned nothing of any sort or kind. I am therefore today one of the most ignorant human beings in the world. I will suddenly say something in conversation so naïve and simple that I seem to my better educated companions little more than a lunatic. Three hours a week for seven years I was supposed to learn French. When I went up to Cambridge, nearly twenty years of age, I could not speak a French sentence accurately nor read the simplest French book. For three hours a week for seven years I was supposed to learn chemistry and physics. To this day I know nothing of either. The war taught me some geography — I certainly learned none at school. I was kept in, half holiday after half holiday, over the business of Greek accents. I cannot remember that, on a single occasion, anyone worried at all as to whether I could spell accurately in my own language or work out a simple sum in mathematics.

The English are I suppose the most unimaginative race in the whole world, and that is one of the reasons why they are at the same time so great and so irritating a people. Our self-satisfaction comes not so much from the pride attributed to us by foreigners, as from a national inability to imagine the virtues of qualities that we do not possess. The masters at Durham school during my time were perhaps as unimaginative a group of men as were to be found in the whole of Europe. Honest, courageous, upright, neither mean nor intriguing, they did not afford the studies for the

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figures in "The Gods and Mr. Perrin". But they simply believed in doing things as they had always been done. H —— with his passion for meticulous accuracy, L —— with his sudden almost maniacal rages, K —— with his virginal hunger for our success in games — these were good men but about as fitted to interest growing children in the beauty and wonder of life as Miss Bates was to deal with Mrs. Morris!

In fact, during those years I did not wonder. I took my home and my family for granted, my discontent and unpopularity for granted, and, above all, my religion for granted. I was to be a clergyman when I grew up — that was settled. My only two anxieties were whether I should ever be clever enough to pass those examinations that make one a clergyman and, secondly, if I did pass them, whether I should have time among my clerical duties for the writing of stories. My religion, too, was settled. When I was nineteen years of age I still saw quite clearly in my mind's eye God, exactly like the Bible pictures of Moses, with a long beard and dressed in a kind of nightgown, sitting on a hummocky, billowy cloud listening jealously for any sins committed by me. Behind him and coexistent with him there was a kind of Olympia White City with streets of gold, jeweled doors, crowds of angels, and Jesus Christ on a throne in a wide open courtyard. He was, in my mind, very kindly and understanding as contrasted with the ill tempered Jehovah on the cloud outside, and when I had done something wrong I in a sort of way managed to slip past the hummocky cloud and put my case to Jesus Christ and feel, at once, that I was understood. Indeed the one thing of real value that I got from these unhappy years was a sense of the living beauty and wonder and wisdom of Christ's character. I got it in the main I think from an old drunken Scotch gardener whom we had for a time, who, in the middle of the most awful indecencies and obscenities, would suddenly, his dirty old hat cocked on one side of his head, his grimy finger pointing, begin to talk of Jesus Christ as though he were just round the corner and might at any moment appear in our disheveled garden and take pity on our barren and sterile little orchard. "Don't you heed what they tell you, Laddie," I can hear him saying to me now. "The Lord Jesus is a sight kinder than the clergy make Him out to be — and He'll come and have a drink with you any time you ask Him."

And this is enough of this rather dreary time. Dreary, but in no sort of way hopeless. I had not forgotten Miss Julie's Crystal Box and, like her, never went up to my room at night without thinking that perhaps it would be there shining on my bed. Wonder was always just round the corner and, although I was uncouth, awkward, selfish and conceited, I loved my family, tried to obey orders, recognized my muddleheadedness and general messiness of mind.

Those years, twelve to eighteen, are the hardest in life perhaps for all boys who are not quite of the normal build. In these days with our Freuds and our Jungs and now our Coués we pay so much more attention to individuality than even ten years ago we did. We are in danger now perhaps of overdoing it. I don't know. Everyone must have his or her growing time, and a painful time it must be. That cheery proclamation of octogenarians: "Ah there's no time like youth!" is one of the falsest things in the world. I

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can say, now at thirty-eight, that every year of my life has been happier than the last. I have a friend of sixty-three who says that the time between sixty and seventy is marvelous, and I have another friend of seventy-eight who says that he never knew what real happiness was until he was over seventy; but I have heard very few defend the years between twelve and eighteen.

Most of my unhappiness at that time was my own fault, but I didn't know how to change it. I only knew that I was awkward and in the way, like a young calf who has strayed into a ladies' tea party.

(To be continued.)

FLAPPER

By Maxwell Bodenheim

A JINGLE and a folk song
Embrace each other in your talk.
The simple earth of your heart
Is thronged with giddy plans
Concerning stalwart men and yards of cloth.
Your mind is theatrical
And troubled, like an Italian opera
Censored by odds and ends of thought.
Your mind is merely emotion
Vainly striving to be discreet.
Because you are twenty years old
Life is still a pleasant tenor voice
Bounding from a shrouded singer,
Who promises you romantic gambles
With human outlines in filmy costumes.
Truth and falsehood to you
Are simply slow and quick vibrations
Held by an ache within your heart.
With impudently kicking feet
You greet an imaginary applause
And with the energy of your youth
You pay for the illusion of footlights.
Philosophers and intellectuals
Regard you with scorn and sneering amusement.
Tell them that their heavy skill
Might be powerless without your background.

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PHOTOPLAY WRITING AND THE PHOTOPLAY MARKET

By Alexander Van Rensselaer

A SURVEY of the photoplay field leads one to believe that there is a deal of misinformation regarding the moving picture industry going the rounds, and that — perhaps because the moving picture producers have not overtroubled themselves to correct false impressions — this misinformation has taken root in the minds of a great many people and appears to be growing rapidly. One who looks into this state of affairs will find that the most recurrent belief is that writing photoplays requires no special training or talent and is about the simplest method of acquiring a fortune.

"You see, I am just a school-girl, needing money", says a letter enclosed with a scenario; "and my English teacher thot mabe I could make some thru using my English comp's for photoplays so I sent you these two — the first two I've ever sent outside of Pleasant Mountain." And another letter says:

I send you my first Photoplay and i am sure it will be Alright it is very plain to me the business is therally over done most of the photoplays are not worth much and they are filling up with anything i think my Scribble is much better than the average.

And a third:

I have heard so much about the tremendous sums paid for photoplays I would like to take a shot at the Game. Please give me some idea of what a photoplay is. And what is a continuity? Am I writing anything like it?

But the inexperienced writers who have taken "a shot at the Game" have not often, you will find, met with the instantaneous success they anticipated. An ambitious, persevering writer reports:

I would state that I have been *submitting* manuscripts to moving picture concerns for seven years. I HAVE NOT SOLD ONE. Of course I am going to do so SOME TIME. Further, following my high school training, wide travel (New York to Nagasaki and six years in regular army in the Islands), and TWO short story "courses", a regular reader of THE BOOKMAN, and bearing the reputation of "a story *telling* fool", yet as I said before, I just CANNOT GET THEM TO STICK.

A more discouraged individual complains:

Between three years of living in a country at war with plenty of relatives and friends wounded, killed, etc. and three years in the Photodrama GAME and nary a sale, I am a nervous man and find myself restless, irritable, and I don't know what.

And another, with less nervous and irritable tendencies but just as discouraged, comes a bit nearer to the truth. He writes:

I was told to do my own selling to Producers. Well, I have sent dozens of stories out and have come to the conclusion the Producers don't buy outside stuff despite the wailings of the Gods that be. They don't have to buy outside. Nearly four long years playing the GAME and I tell you it is a devil of a game. Have invested my all in it and at last I am disheartened.

As a matter of fact, producers will

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tell you that they do not buy much "outside stuff", that is, unsolicited material. The reason, they say, is because it has been found that not one person in a thousand who write for the movies shows in his work any appreciation of the requirements of the so called silver screen. As many as two hundred unsolicited manuscripts are received in a day in the offices of large motion picture concerns. Of these manuscripts, it is said, not more than .001 per cent are worth considering. And of those worthy of consideration, only a very few are accepted and paid for.

Because of the tremendous demand for picture stories — and it is generally acknowledged everywhere that there is a greater demand for motion picture stories than for any other form of the literary art — practically every producer has to depend for the most part upon his own staff of scenario writers. At the same time he is constantly on the lookout for good stories, whether they appear in the form of unsolicited manuscripts or are published in magazines or books. Besides the staff of scenario writers most producers employ a number of people who spend their time reading and reporting upon every story that is published in magazines or in book form. When one of these stories is found suitable to the needs of a particular company, the scenario editor of that company communicates with the author and makes him an offer for the picture rights to the story.

Asked why so many of the unsolicited manuscripts are rejected, a scenario editor gave these reasons: (1) the great majority are obviously written by uneducated people who have no knowledge of human nature and who are lacking in ideas and the ability to write clearly; (2) they are submitted in continuity form; and (3) they are good stories but totally unsuited, for one reason or another, to the screen requirements.

It would seem unnecessary to have to explain that ideas and an intimate knowledge of human nature form the basis of every photoplay just as they are the foundation for every short story, novel, and drama. If one will take the trouble to analyze various photoplays he will probably discover that the plays depend upon actions and reactions, causes and effects. One character does something that is resisted by an opposite force. This opposition, or reaction, to the original impulse brings about a complication, or crisis; and this complication is solved by further actions and reactions. Unless an author is sufficiently acquainted with human behavior to know how certain natures react to various forces and incidents the chances are, scenario editors will tell him, that his stories and photoplays will bring him a great many more rejection slips than checks.

Photoplay producing has come to be such a complicated and scientific business, that only one who is thoroughly familiar with the mechanical details of photographing a moving picture play can write a continuity. The continuity is a complete description of the properties used and of the action in every scene of a photoplay. It contains all the directions necessary for casting, staging, directing, and photographing the scenario. Writing continuities is an art in itself.

There is a story about a young and successful author, a short story writer who wrote with more or less regularity for the popular fiction magazines. He wanted to get his stories into moving pictures. So he took a correspondence school course in photoplay writ-

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ing. When he had completed the course he wrote a story that was immediately accepted by a magazine. At the same time, with the knowledge acquired from the correspondence school course, he worked out a continuity for his story and submitted it to a number of photoplay concerns, all of whom rejected it. Some months later, after the story had appeared in the magazine, he received an offer for the picture rights to the story. The scenario editor who bought the story had also read the continuity. He sent for the author and told him that had he submitted the original story instead of the continuity it would have been purchased. The continuity, he explained, distorted the plot and gave no idea of the excellence of the story. Incidentally, this author — like so many experienced fiction writers — has never been able to master the art of continuity writing.

Most scenario editors agree that the only satisfactory way to submit a scenario is in story form. Some editors even refuse to read a scenario in any other form. An editor said not long ago that an unsolicited continuity had practically no chance of being accepted. This same editor advised submitting a story to the magazines before sending it to a photoplay concern. A published story suitable to the screen is more desired and better paid for than an unpublished story.

There are many reasons why certain deserving stories are unsuited to the photoplay market. In the first place, between ten and twenty million people are said to attend the movies every day, and not the same ones every day. This gigantic audience is made up of all types and all classes, the rich and poor, the society man and the day laborer, the educated and the uneducated. Where the so called legitimate theatre makes no attempt to please every taste and all degrees of intelligence — the Columbia Burlesque attracting one type of people, the Hippodrome another, the New Amsterdam Roof a third, etc. — the moving picture theatre is open to everybody. "The photoplaywright's first and most difficult problem", said a scenario editor, "is to produce stories that will appeal to everybody without either offending the intelligence of the educated or overtaxing the mental capacity of the uneducated."

Then the personalities of the stars must be considered. Many excellent stories are rejected by producers because they cannot be adapted to the peculiar personalities of the stars in their respective companies. Most of the stars in the film world require plays of a special type. Charles Ray, for example, might make an overwhelming success of a play in which Charlie Chaplin would be a miserable failure. John Barrymore does one kind of thing and Douglas Fairbanks specializes in another. Mary Pickford would probably not draw very large crowds to see her in a picture written expressly for Theda Bara. And so it goes. If a company has only a man "lead" it is quite useless to submit to that company a girl heroine story. It is a good plan for the would be photoplaywright to study the personalities of moving picture stars and to analyze the plays in which they appear. Much can be learned in this way. And, then, the photoplaywright can make a story for a particular star. Stories written especially for some star are, it is said, always in demand — when they are well done.

The cost of productions cannot be overlooked by the young author. Producing even the simplest motion pictures is an expensive business.

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Costume dramas, spectacles, pictures requiring trick photography, double exposures, etc., and "stunt" pictures of the breathless melodrama type are best left to the professional continuity writers and scenario editors. A careful perusal of the photoplay trade papers will give some idea of the kind of stories the producers are looking for. For instance, here is a notice clipped a short time ago from "The Editor":

METRO PICTURE CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York, N.Y. J. E. Brady, editor, says he is interested in modern stories with a good outstanding theme, dramatic or melodramatic, with some heart interest. He does not at present want costume material, or purely war stories, or Western of the cowboy or Indian variety. He likes stories with an American atmosphere.

As the "photoplay stage" — the space in which occurs the main action of a play — comprises a range of fifteen feet, the author may not, so to speak, spread his characters all over the lot or write a photoplay that could be produced only on the stage of the New York Hippodrome. Of course there may be occasional scenes here and there, in a ballroom, on the beach, in a city square, or where you will, but the vital action of the story must take place within the fifteen foot range.

Another cause for rejecting certain scenarios, editors say, is that they contain so much that cannot be photographed. It is well to remember always that the photoplaywright tells his story solely by means of action. The thoughts of his characters and their natures are shown in terms of action. The short story writer may represent his characters as carrying on a train of involved thought, but the photoplaywright is limited in this respect and therefore takes care not to make his characters too subtle or complicated for their natures to be revealed through their actions.

The photoplay with an unlimited number of dramatis personæ is pretty sure to be returned to its creator. Producers seem to think that the number of chief characters should be kept down to five.

The general misunderstanding regarding the prices paid by producers for photoplays is widespread. A concern which is backed by a number of the best known moving picture companies wrote in one of its recent advertisements: "The motion picture industry *must* have new scenarios. . . It is willing to pay fortunes for these stories; it is ready to crown the successful scenario writers with fame and maintain them in luxury." The spirit may be willing but the flesh seems to be pretty weak. However willing the motion picture industry may be to pay fortunes for stories and to crown the "successful scenario writers with fame and maintain them in luxury", the fact remains that the industry rarely pays large sums for stories and that there are a number of successful scenario writers who have not been crowned with fame or even maintained in luxury. Once in a while, and rather of a long while at that, $25,000 or $50,000 or maybe a bit more is paid for the picture rights to a story. As a rule the most successful sales are nearer $2,500 or $5,000, and the *average* sales are somewhere around $500. A few, very few, prominent authors, who are featured, have royalty arrangements with producers. It is said on good authority that Lasky paid only $7,500 for the picture rights to "The Sheik", one of the best selling moving pictures of 1922.

The preparation of the photoplay manuscript is not an immensely important matter. Scenario editors do

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not seem to be so particular about the appearance of a manuscript as are magazine and book editors. Only a short time ago a scenario editor announced that he would read every manuscript submitted to him whether it was typed or handwritten, whether it was on colored paper, legal paper, or wrapping paper. Be that as it may, a number of editors confessed that the manuscripts which first catch their interest are those neatly typewritten in double spacing on white paper, about 8½ x 11 inches. The most satisfactory and pleasing arrangement of the reading matter seems to be to devote the first page to the title, the name and address of the author, a classification of the photoplay — Feature comedy-drama suggested for Thomas Meighan, or Two reel comedy, or whatever it is — and the size of the cast. The next pages as a rule give the following data in the order stated: a very brief synopsis, from 250 to 1,200 words, sketching the theme of the play; the character cast — a list of the important characters with a description of each; and the scenario or working synopsis of the play — this is generally written in story form and requires as many as six or seven thousand words, sometimes more, to do it justice.

The scenario, editors say, does not have to be a finished short story. It does not go into the details necessary to the short story, nor does it have the literary polish. As a rule it has a certain amount of individuality, and moves logically, swiftly, and progressively along a single channel. It contains very little dialogue. The first part of the scenario, the introductory paragraphs, is called the premise. This is followed by the complication, which is the story proper, dealing with the incidents that lead up to the climax. Finally comes the solution, which is the dénouement, the conclusion to the story.

Titles are subject to change more or less without notice. But if the photoplaywright is able to head his scenario with a compelling, artful title so much the better. A fresh, suggestive title is pretty sure to arouse the curiosity of an editor and divert his interest to the story under it. Short titles are said to be best. The usual title contains not more than seventeen letters. Why seventeen? Because only a very few of the electric signs used above the entrances to moving picture theatres are large enough to accommodate a title of more than seventeen letters.

When a scenario is accepted it is sent to the studio where the continuity writer prepares the continuity for the director. The scenario editor or the director or sometimes the star may make changes in this continuity. A few directors work from the scenarios themselves. It is said that D. W. Griffith, who staged "The Birth of a Nation", "Orphans of the Storm", and other successes, directs his productions without the aid of a continuity, carrying the details of the story in his mind and working out the development of each scene as he goes along. Mr. Griffith has a remarkable memory and there are probably few other directors who are capable of successfully directing photoplays in this unusual manner.

After all the scenes have been "shot" or photographed, the films go to the "cutting editor" who assembles the scenes and fastens them together in the desired order. A number of photographs are taken of each scene and it is the duty of the cutting editor, sometimes assisted by the director and others, to select the best of these when assembling the film. When the films

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have been arranged to the satisfaction of the cutting editor the "title man" writes the necessary titles and has them inserted in the right places.

Moving picture producers have frequently been accused of plagiarizing unsolicited manuscripts and published stories. "Beyond question there is chicanery in the motion picture business," wrote an authority on the subject a short time ago. "On the western coast some little shyster company starts up each week, puts out a flaunting sign, gathers up bushels of scripts, and disappears. Other companies, while advertising that they will pay good prices for stories, have stuff written up in their own studios from ideas gratuitously obtained." There are tricksters in every trade, but there seems to be less chicanery in the photoplay industry today than when the above was written. However, there are ways of protecting scenarios that have not been copyrighted. The Authors' League of America, for instance, conducts a registration bureau for the registration and protection of non-copyrighted scenarios.

Published books and short stories are submitted to motion picture concerns by the publishers, through literary agencies, and by the authors themselves. The best time to submit a story to a photoplay concern is just after it has been accepted by a publisher. In such a case a letter is generally sent with the manuscript stating that the story has been accepted by such and such a publisher and is scheduled for publication on this or that date. The photoplay producer, if he decides to buy the picture rights to the story, can then arrange to release the picturization within a reasonable time after the publication of the story so that the picture will profit by the publisher's advertising of the published story.

When an author sells the picture play rights to a story that has been, or is about to be, published it is customary for the producer to include a clause in the contract providing that the name of the author and the original title of the story shall be shown on the screen with the picturization of the story. A number of photoplay producers do not care to feature the name of a young or not very well known author, with the result that more than one author has seen the photoplay taken from his novel shown on the screen under a new title and under the names of the producer, director, photographer, continuity writer, and title man, the author himself receiving no credit.

An author of a copyrighted work sold to a producer has also the right to demand that the producer mention the author's name and the original title of the story in all bill posters, circulars, and other publicity matter distributed by the producer to advertise the picturization of the story. It seems only fair that the author of a story from which a motion picture has been made should receive full credit for having created the story.

Sometimes advance proofs of a story scheduled for early publication are sent out to several producers simultaneously. This is a perfectly legitimate procedure. But when an author does this he is generally expected to notify all the companies to whom he has sent the proofs when he has accepted an offer for the picture rights to the story.

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MEMORIES OF MADISON CAWEIN

Incident to Otto Rothert's "The Story of a Poet"

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

"POETS to right of me, poets to left of me, poets all round me volley and thunder," wrote Madison Cawein to his friend Dr. Cottell, on one of his visits to New York in those reputedly quiet days before the New School announced its arrival in a blare of Prefaces.

This was in the autumn of 1905, when Cawein came up from Louisville bringing with him his beautiful wife to whom he had been married but two years. The whole visit is a vivid memory to me, as it was the occasion of my first meeting with Cawein, with whom I had been corresponding for some time. As this meeting followed almost immediately upon my own arrival in New York, it chanced that through the Caweins I met several others of the poet battalion to whom he refers.

First meetings are likely to stand out sharply above subsequent meetings, and my first visit from the Caweins is signalized by the double memory that they came bringing Bliss Carman with them. Were ever two poets more unlike than these? Cawein was of medium height and of rather slight build, but beside the towering slimness of Carman he seemed undersized and stocky. He was several years younger than Carman, but as he was already growing grey and showing a tendency to baldness, while Carman's mass of tawny hair was never more luxurious, the odds were, if any, in favor of Carman. Cawein was barely forty at this time, but severe illnesses had told on him, and with his naturally serious temperament he seemed then, as always, fully ten years older than he was. This strain of the contemplative which later grew into a tendency toward brooding, was offset by the exceeding vivacity of Mrs. Cawein, whose beauty was so radiant and whose youth so infectious that she dominated the situation and set the mood for the entire company.

The Caweins had just come from Washington where they had been entertained at luncheon by President Roosevelt, in company with the Attorney General of the United States, the Assistant Secretary of State, and one or two Ministers. The President had "talked of poetry eloquently and quoted it profusely" and had paid Cawein the compliment of reciting with gusto the finest stanzas from his poem, "Noëra", which he had cut from a magazine some time before and which he and Mrs. Roosevelt were, he said, in the habit of reading over every autumn. He also quoted some lines from "Indian Summer" beginning, "The dawn is a warp of fever." Thus to have poetry put above matters of state had so delighted Mrs. Cawein and filled her with pride at having a poet for a husband, that in her impulsive way she told us the whole story, sketching the luncheon group

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with graphic touches and throwing the President into relief. During the recital, Cawein sat back with an indulgent smile, knowing that he could never stop this flow of spirits but much embarrassed at being the subject of it. Occasionally he would put

Cartoon by Wyncie King. Louisville Herald, March 26, 1912

in a deprecating word when Mrs. Cawein's enthusiasm got the better of her reserve, but this was always counterbalanced by the encouragement which Mr. Carman and I supplied, for what is more refreshing than unabashed frankness?

Cawein's modesty about his own work was equaled only by his enthusiasm for that of his fellow poets, and it happened on this occasion that we had a particularly fruitful subject for it — the work of the trio then living in close comradeship down on Washington Square: William Vaughn Moody, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Ridgely Torrence.

This turn of the conversation came about naturally enough from President Roosevelt's admiration of Robinson and his enthusiastic article in "The Outlook" on "Children of the Night". All sorts of tales were flying around of the consular positions offered to Robinson which he had steadily declined, finally to accept a position in the New York Customs House which kept him at the centre of things and gave him more or less freedom for creative work. Someone of the group also told the characteristic tale, related to him by one of Robinson's close friends at Harvard, that when the poet first read the President's eulogy of him, he paced the floor exclaiming, "I shall never live it down, I shall never live it down!" Not that he lacked appreciation of the President's enthusiasm, but he felt that a sudden flash of this sort in the limelight would react and be harmful in the end to his work. Happily, this has not been the case. It would take much more than this to stay the tide of recognition of such work as that of Robinson.

This was long before the publication of "The Town Down the River" and Robinson's reputation still rested upon "Captain Craig" and "Children of the Night", but Moody had published "The Masque of Judgment" and "The Fire-Bringer" and was then at work upon his prose play, "The Great Divide". The Caweins had learned the plot of the play from Ridgely Torrence and the fact that Moody intended, in the sudden recognition by the woman of something finer in one of the three men, to show a case of "predestined love". I remember well that Mr. Torrence, later in the winter, told me a good deal of the progress of the play and the idea Moody was working out in it, and I remember equally well that when it came to the boards it was not interpreted by Henry Miller as Moody had intended, and the idea of inherent

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affinity and instantaneous recognition of it on the part of the man and woman was lost sight of. On the evening of the Caweins' visit we deplored the fact that a man of Moody's genius should turn from poetry to the writing of prose plays, which we felt to be more or less of an expedient move, and we discussed at some length the likelihood of a play with so romantic a plot making a success on Broadway. It comes to me now, as a curious instance of the circle life tends to make, that when "The Great Divide" was finally produced, it was in company with the Caweins, again on a visit to New York, that I first saw it.

This period of Cawein's life was far and away the happiest and most prosperous, both in a literary and material way, of any in his career. The widest recognition had come to him both in England and America — Edmund Gosse had written him some three years before, offering, wholly unsolicited of Cawein, to edit and introduce in England a selection of his work (the volume issued in 1902 under the title, "Kentucky Poems"). The edition of his complete work in five volumes, illustrated by Eric Pape, was then preparing and the early period of stress, of repugnant occupation, of slow breaking of his hand to his art, was well behind him.

Just what this period meant and just what Cawein overcame in his long novitiate to poetry, we can best learn from "The Story of a Poet" by Otto Rothert, published by the Filson Club of Louisville, Kentucky. This book, which makes no claim to being a biography but rather a sourcebook for future biographers, is stored and overstored with material pertaining to every phase and period of Cawein's life. Some three years ago when Mr. Rothert, who is secretary of the Filson Club and the author of certain volumes of original research in Kentucky history, outlined to me the projected book upon Cawein, I recognized its value but feared that Mr. Rothert might include too much that was merely local and ephemeral. His idea was to present Cawein from every angle, as his contemporaries saw him, as the critics saw him, as he saw himself, this last being revealed by the publication of letters from the poet to his friends. Aside from these features the book was to have a bibliography not only of Cawein's own volumes but of all books having reference to him, including all anthologies having extracts from his works, and was to be furnished with an index to all poems that he had written — some 1,500 — that the reader who would locate a specific poem might know at once in what one of Cawein's numerous volumes it appeared.

Does this sound a bit heavy and hint that the author may be taking his subject too seriously? So I feared and so I tried gently to intimate to Mr. Rothert, but he would have none of it. The historian in him was unleashed; he would run down every scent, every clue, that when the real biographer of Cawein came, he might lack for nothing that should give faithfulness to his picture.

This was the projected book, the advance opinion. Here is the completed book — and my apology to Mr. Rothert. Not that I shall take back everything: the book does the very things I feared, but it is significant and delightful in spite of them. There is too much space given to what the Louisville press said of Cawein, too much to the tributes of local friends, too much to the prose articles by Cawein himself, chiefly book reviews which have no permanent value; but

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when all this is said, when one has done his own excising of the inessential matter in the book, so much that is important remains that the lover of Cawein and the student of American poetry is deeply in Mr. Rothert's debt for a book that not only presents Cawein himself in every phase but flashes so many lights upon his period and upon the personality of his contemporaries. Nearly all of the poets who made up the group of the 'nineties and whose work in many cases still continues, pass through the pages of the book and make it a delightfully intimate chronicle to one in close touch with the period in question.

Having set himself the task of following Cawein from his birth to his death, Mr. Rothert omits nothing that had to do with his development, including the little understood matter of his early occupation. There is nearly always something in the life of a poet to give a picturesque turn to his career, and with Madison Cawein it was his early struggle with circumstance and the occupation into which it thrust him which is certain to be seized upon by the future biographer as holding this element. Misfit occupations of poets during the period of apprenticeship to their art are almost universal, but it is rarely that one hears of one so incongruous as that of Cawein. Keats listening to surgical lectures while fairies came in on a sunbeam, was in congenial surroundings as compared to Cawein who wrote his first six or seven books, in sheer despite of his environment, while cashier in the Newmarket poolroom of Louisville, an establishment in which was transacted a legalized business of betting on horses and selling auction pools on races.

To soften this a little, one must remember what horses meant to Kentucky in the old days and that no opprobrium attached to a southerner for staking something on a favorite, bred in his state. It was somewhat different, however, to be an accountant and cashier of these stakes. How, one will ask, did so exquisite a spirit as Cawein — for he was an exquisite spirit — come to be associated with such an environment? Why did he not sweep streets or dig ditches rather than make a truce with the mammon of unrighteousness?

We are the creatures, one may reply, of exigency rather than of choice. Cawein's father, poor, and struggling under the burden of a large family, was in process of self-education from a compounder of patent medicines to the full status of a physician, a status which he finally attained with the right to prefix "Dr." to his name. He had managed to give Madison a course in the Louisville Male High School, but it was necessary then for the embryo poet to turn his hand to the first thing that was available, which chanced to be the position in question. The fact that young Cawein was an exemplary youth who never gambled and who fled to his room at ten o'clock to court the muse made him all the more desirable to his employers, who were later described by Cawein himself as "gamblers of the old type, affable, agreeable gentlemen, and proud of having a poet in their employ".

"It was there", continues Cawein in relating the experience, "that James Lane Allen, John Fox, Jr., and James Whitcomb Riley looked me up. I was 'behind the bars', as it were, the brass bars of the cashier's desk, and they thought it a strange place to find a poet. At the time, Allen had written his 'White Cowl', Fox had written a

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few brief stories of little significance, and Riley several books that had made him famous. I had just begun writing and publishing." This was the beginning of a long and intimate friendship with Fox and Riley, to whom many of the letters in Mr. Rothert's volume were written.

The connection with the poolroom cannot be lightly dismissed, for it bulks large in the annals of Cawein and shows of what fibre he was made. His early letters are filled with his repugnance to it — then why did he stay? That he might have money to publish the poetry which he was writing at night and on Sundays and which had already drawn the attention of men like Howells. From the very outset he knew what he would do and be — no devotion more singleminded was ever given to poetry — but he knew, too, that he had a long way to go before he would master his craft and be able to command publishers. To bring out books at a publisher's risk, until the poet had gained his audience, was an unheard of thing in those days; and how should a poet gain an audience if he could not bring out his books? Cawein sums up the situation in a boyish outburst in a letter to Howells, who had hailed his first little volume, "Blooms of the Berry", with a warm review in "Harper's":

> Working as I do — an assistant in a large betting establishment here in Louisville, in other words, in a gambling house, you can imagine what encouragement in associates and surroundings is mine to the inspiration of poetry. God! how I have longed for a change, and to this end have toiled, crushing down from eight A. M. to nine and ten P. M., sometimes, that aspiration which will struggle uppermost and will not let me be; but to give entire way to it, would be to sink into want and perhaps into beggary, so I try to parcel my time between work and poetry.

And to another friend he writes:

> I myself have entered upon a position in an occupation which is wholly alien to my nature and temperament; in fact were it not for strongly exerted will power, a position that would soon tend to annihilate all of the poetic in me — simply to be able to publish my works, by which I am certain to lose hundreds.

This raises the old question as to whether the end justifies the means. Cawein thought it did, or rather the impulse to poetry was so strong that he could not give up the surety and competence until he had established himself in his art. He had embarked on a wide sea, he could not let go of the plank that kept him afloat. His frugality during the six years of this connection enabled him to leave it with sufficient funds to invest in Kentucky lands which yielded a good return, and in stocks which he bought and sold successfully both for himself and for clients until the last year of his life, when the tide turned; but to poetry henceforth he devoted the chief part of his time and grew daily more sedulous, restrained, and critical, bringing the craftsmanship of his work into harmony with his vision.

The directness of his observation, the touch of the realist that had drawn Howells to him in the beginning and that Stedman had urged him to cultivate, dated back to his childhood, when he went on long expeditions with his father gathering medicinal herbs and learning the names and habits of the least known plants and flowers. All experience, in the retrospect, is seen as an orderly working out of one's genius, and Cawein the naturalist informs the inner spirit of Cawein the poet. From the outset he was the intimate, almost the mystic comrade of nature. "God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear," might be said of him as of Abt Vogler. He had the ecstatic sense

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of the visible world; the mystery of it, the marvel of it, never left him. Beauty was his religion and he spent his life learning the ways and moods of nature and declaring them in poetry rich with imagination. One speaks now of his later work, when he had chastened his too affluent fancy and had grown to have the inner vision which lifted his work into the realm of imagination. Cawein had too ready a gift of verse, was by nature too facile, too prolific; but few poets grew in restraint and refinement of taste as Cawein grew during the middle period of his work. While nature was his theme, he had within this field infinite variety of subject and a wide diversity of form. Having the eye of the naturalist and the vision of the poet, he was always seeing some new revelation in nature: one is amazed at the constantly fresh point of approach which he was able to bring to a subject seemingly exhausted by him. One might explore the Kentucky woods and fields with a volume of his poetry as a handbook and find the least regarded flower minutely and exquisitely celebrated, while the tiniest creature shared in his sympathy and love. The tree toad and the rain crow inspired his two most perfect poems, except perhaps "The Twilight Moth", a poem catching in words that delicacy which words almost profane.

Looking back upon Cawein's life as a poet, traced so minutely by Mr. Rothert, and recalling what I have so often heard him say, the incident of Howells's early recognition of him stands out as much the most important thing that ever came to him. When someone asked Charles Kingsley the secret of his life, he replied, "I had a friend." Cawein felt that way in regard to Howells, and it is doubtful if any salutation to a young poet ever came so opportunely or had such salient results. Not that Howells stopped at this one commendation; it was frequently reiterated. In "The North American Review", after the collected edition appeared, he wrote one of the finest and most delightful appreciations of which a poet ever had the good fortune to be the subject. Looking it up in Mr. Rothert's volume, where everything is to be found, one smiles to note how well certain passages of it fit one's own experience in keeping up with the poets one has hailed at the outset. Speaking of Cawein's former books, Howells says:

> I did not always respond audibly either in public or in private, for it seemed to me that so old a friend might fairly rest on the laurels he had helped to bestow. But when that last volume came, I said to myself, "This applausive silence has gone on long enough. It is time to break it with appreciation. Still", I said, "I must guard against too great appreciation; I must mix in a little depreciation, to show that I have read attentively, critically, authoritatively." So I applied myself to the cheapest and easiest means of depreciation and asked, "Why do you always write nature poems, why not human nature poems?" or the like. But in seizing upon an objection so obvious that I ought to have known it was superficial, I had wronged a poet who had never done me harm, but only good, in the very terms and conditions of his being a poet. I had not stayed to see that his nature poetry was instinct with human poetry, with his human poetry, with yours, with mine. I had made his reproach what ought to have been his finest praise, what is always the praise of poetry when it is not artificial and formal. I ought to have said, as I had seen, that not one of his lovely landscapes in which I could discover no human figure, but thrilled with a human presence penetrating to it from his most sensitive and subtle spirit until it was all but painfully alive with regrets, with longings, with hopes, with all that from time to time mutably constitutes us men and women and yet keeps us children. He has the gift which I do not think surpassed in any poet, of touching some smallest or commonest thing in nature and making it live from the manifold associations in which we have our being, and glow thereafter with an inextinguishable beauty.

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Well worth while, such words as these, and Cawein had so much of the child in his nature — he was so unaffectedly pleased when the worth while things were said of him and yet was so little of an egoist — that one of his friends, stating in this book the fact that the appreciation of Howells and that of Gosse gave him two of the keenest thrills of his life, says that Cawein told him he escaped to the woods to indulge his first exuberance before meeting his friends; he was afraid he might say foolish things unless he "cooled off". One has known poets who might advantageously "take to the woods" for a similar reason.

Cawein never talked of his own poetry, never read it aloud unless urged to do so, yet he had deep faith in it, the faith that goes with reverence and humility. But of the work of others how enthusiastically he could speak, what ungrudging praise he could give! How those deep hazel eyes, set far back under his brow, would glow and darken over something beautiful he had found in the work of his fellows! Never was a finer spirit than Madison Cawein, never one more generous. Nor should one think his generosity was mere good nature. He knew a poet when he saw one. In 1911 after the publication of Miss Branch's "Rose of the Wind", he wrote from New York to a friend that he had met Anna Hempstead Branch "who surpasses, as poet, all other women in England or America". If this is too strong, it comes much nearer being the truth than a weaker statement would have been.

His friendship with Riley kept the boy alive in him when the cares of the man were too insistent. His letters to Riley, in Mr. Rothert's volume, show a very different side of him from that revealed in letters to other friends. That Riley should have had this influence when he was twenty years Cawein's senior, shows what temperament will do — some of our friends are stimulants to us and some are narcotics. Riley envied Cawein nothing but his wife. Mr. Young E. Allison, who adds a charming reminiscence to Mr. Rothert's books, says:

> Riley, who was apparently never disturbed in a single heartbeat by the presence of women, had a great admiration for Mrs. Cawein's full, dark beauty and invariably said, when asking me about the Caweins, "Well, he's luckier as a man than any poet has a right to be." Once he said to me, "It doesn't do a poet any good to live in the presence of beauty such as Madison Cawein has in his wife. A poet has just got to make his own beauty by the sweat of his verse. If it is there before him all the time, he is in danger of forgetting how to work it out in a new way every day."

Is not this a glimpse into the soul of Riley, the paradox of the lonely man whom all the world loved?

Cawein's letters to his poet friends, of which Mr. Rothert prints a great number, are rich in allusions to all the literary life of his time and tempt quotation. Unfortunately, toward the end of his life when financial disaster and ill health overtook him, they cut to the heart with their poignancy. It was evident to all of Cawein's friends on his last visit to New York in the late autumn of 1914, that he was fast succumbing to illness and depression. He had come to stay with his old friend Clinton Scollard, while he attended the session of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It chanced that one of the monthly meetings of the Poetry Society of America fell during his visit, and Mr. Scollard brought him to the Society. Shortly before this time Cawein had sent me the manuscript of a poem which was about to appear in one of the magazines. Knowing he would not object,

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and not expecting him to be a visitor at the Society, I had given it in to be read. It was that bit of nonchalant tragedy, "At the End of the Road":

This is the truth as I see it, my dear,
Out in the wind and the rain:
They who have nothing have little to fear —
Nothing to lose or to gain.
Here by the road at the end o' the year,
Let us sit down and drink of our beer,
Happy-Go-Lucky and her Cavalier,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Now we are old, oh, isn't it fine,
Out in the wind and the rain?
Now we have nothing, why snivel and whine?
What would it bring us again?
When I was young I took you like wine,
Held you and kissed you and thought you divine —
Happy-Go-Lucky, the habit's still mine,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Oh, my old Heart, what a life we have led,
Out in the wind and the rain!
How we have drunken and how we have fed!
Nothing to lose or to gain.
Cover the fire now; get we to bed.
Long was the journey and far has it led.
Come, let us sleep, lass, sleep like the dead,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Cawein did not seem to feel the drama of the situation as those felt it who looked at his face, so visibly ill and so eloquent of suffering. Before the next meeting occurred, he had been released from what had become a hard tenantry of life, leaving in the hearts of everyone who knew him his gentleness and tenderness as an ineffable testament. Time must try his offering, but there will remain a sufficient body of beautiful work to carry his name to the future and to justify the passion with which he devoted his life to poetry.

SUSTENANCE

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

"FEED me with words, with all rich words," you said.
"Beauty and Truth and Faith are good as meat.
I who have sucked a cold white stone would eat,
Nourished of what is ever more than bread!
Bring me red gold, respin the purple thread
Raveled of old at Argos; at my feet
Lay roses out of Pæstum, and the sweet
Wines of the south, till I am surfeited!"

So cried you in the Silence, and were mute,
Since all I had was utter dearth and drouth —
Ashes of laurel, dust and dead sea fruit —
Not even bitter water for your mouth!
"Feed me with words," you said. . . . What words have I,
When Time has drunk and feasted, and gone by!

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THE LONDONER

Lord Northcliffe and the "Times"---The Prime Minister Sets a Fashion in Autobiographies---Lord Russell---W. H. Hudson---Mencken in England---Other Visitors---St. John Ervine's Plays---Three American Books---Heart to Heart with the Author of "Up Stream".

LONDON, *September* 1, 1922.

THE illness and death of Lord Northcliffe have been the principal topics of conversation here for several weeks, and it is to be noted that the English papers have been more reticent upon these matters than their American rivals. Also, it is remarkable how strong has been the outburst of praise for a man who has latterly received a good deal more condemnation than encouragement for his efforts to set right the world of British interests. Northcliffe had, it is clear, the power to arouse admiration among his enemies. He also had enormous energy, and so he may be said to have touched life at many points. In spite, however, of the several valiant efforts which have been made to establish his reputation as that of a master intellect, familiar with all literatures, heading his way straight toward the best, I do not think he had a particularly intellectual type of mind. The reading of his own papers left him little opportunity for the cultivation of his intellect. He kept a watch over even the little domestic journals which are published by his firm, and noted their defects with the enthusiastic eye of the true fanatic. He participated actively in the general management of the business until the last. When, during the war, his papers demanded fiercely that every unmarried man should be conscripted for the army, whatever his work and his state of health, it was discovered that by strange accident the printing works responsible for the production of some of the Harmsworth weekly journals had appealed for a number of "indispensable" single men. Rival papers were delighted to have this weapon against an annoyingly powerful and successful competitor, and made much of it. That morning, one who telephoned to the works asked rallyingly, "What's it like down there?" The reply came, in a savage whisper, "It's hell. The Lord's here!" The indispensables were dispensed with.

It must not be forgotten that although Northcliffe carried the art of "sacking" his journalists at a moment's notice to a high pitch of eccentricity, he was not niggardly in his payments to good men. He did much to raise the rates of pay to journalists, and a good deal of the difficulty which has arisen in the book publishing world as the result of high pay to printers has been caused by the fact that printing rates have been dominated by the scale payable to printers in newspaper offices. With their scale high, book printers have been forced to pay equally high rates to their compositors, and as newspa-

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pers are run upon a large scale, and as books are printed in numbers beneath the notice of such a man as Northcliffe, the horrors of the situation have been acute. High printing wages were thus very largely due to his determination that they should be sustained. Impulsive, rather a spoiled child, accustomed to deal only in many thousands or even millions, he was ever impatient, ever changing, captious, sincere, genuinely panic stricken at any reverse, vehemently attached to the French, and extraordinarily convinced of his own unquestionable insight into affairs and the popular mind. I am told by those who saw him up to the last that his shrewdness was amazing, if fitful. But he received a great shock at the beginning of the year. During his world tour he heard, wherever he went, of one book, and one book only. And so when he returned to England he took steps to have this book read aloud to him. When the reading had been completed he thought deeply for some time. The book, he was told, had been more widely read than most books; it still had an immense daily circulation. "Amazing!" said Northcliffe. "What do they see in it? Baffling! There must be something I haven't grasped about the popular mind!"

Interest now centres about the "Times" and its destiny. There is no doubt that Northcliffe's death assures the continued existence of the "Literary Supplement"; but there is immense possibility of trouble over the daily. For one thing, there are two wills in existence, and for another, the conflict for the control of a paper which has so singular a standing as the national newspaper is bound to be penetrated by motives other than the merely economic or personal. There are supposed to be several possibilities, one of those mentioned to me being that Lord Cowdray may buy the paper and install J. A. Spender as editor. I do not think this is a probable event. Another story is that Sir William Berry may get it. If that is so, then the policy of the paper would be changed, for Sir William Berry is a supporter of Lloyd George, and so the paper would almost inevitably be transformed into another of the innumerable organs of the Prime Minister. Another notion is that Lady Northcliffe may like to keep the "Times" for herself, in which case its present policy, with certain economies, would probably continue. A wild tale goes that the editor in such a case might be J. L. Garvin. But I must not forget that these speculations will have only an academic value by the time the words are in print, for they are written when all is still uncertain, whereas they will be read when all has been settled. It is sometimes difficult to remember that what is fresh news here when I write may be excessively stale by the time it reaches the reader.

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It is Sir William Berry who, as the owner of the firm of Cassells, has bought the Prime Minister's personal story of the war. Huge figures having been named as the price of this book, it began to be discussed whether the amount would be liable to supertax, and if so, what the author would do about it. For an author may make much money out of a book, and may come out of the transaction no richer than he went in, owing to the various taxes to which he is successively liable. But all doubt has been set at rest by the announcement that the proceeds are to be given to charity. Our only interest, therefore, will be to see how the Prime Minister deals with his

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foes, both here and abroad. A pamphlet recently issued here by General Maurice is said to call imperiously for answer, so scathing is its attack upon the Prime Minister's claim to have won the war. It is possible that the book may be a disappointment, for we do not know how Lloyd George writes; or how far his hand may be tied by political emergencies and commitments; but it can hardly fail to be a stimulating document. Would that it could be truly outspoken! That, I fear, is too much to hope for. An outspoken book, if published, would carry such a crop of challenges, in the law courts, if not on the field, that the author would have his hands far too full with such matters to have any attention left for the conduct of affairs of state. These, I presume, are still supposed to come first with the acting Prime Minister. But perhaps Lloyd George dreams of retirement?

The announcement of the Prime Minister's autobiographical work has created a stock of new announcements of a similar kind, and it would be hard to name a member or ex-member of the government who is not supposed to be writing his memoirs. I do not expect that half of them will take to the work, and of course if they do they will find it a good deal harder than Parliamentary conversation. There seems to be no doubt that something piquant will eventually come from Mr. Churchill, who was a writer before he learned to speak; and I cannot imagine that the Lord Chancellor will remain unrepresented. He too wrote in his younger days, and if I remember rightly he wrote better in those days than he does now. I judge only from one or two recent reviews of his, which have been colorless. Another member — not of the government, but of the House of Lords — has a book of reminiscence announced. This is Lord Russell. The book should cause something in the way of a sensation, for Lord Russell is the brother of Bertrand Russell and the husband of the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden". He is one of the nobility who has seen the inside of a prison, as his brother did during the war; and he has had other experiences of an unusual kind. In one case he was actually hissed as he left the law courts on the first day of a trial; but the second day told a different story, and Lord Russell won his case. All this, I imagine, and much more, will appear in the book, and as Lord Russell is an authority upon the divorce laws of England he will probably take this opportunity of outlining his scheme for their very necessary reform. The divorce law here is like the library and dramatic censorships. Like them, it penalizes the honest and lets the vicious flourish.

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The career of W. H. Hudson, who died a few days ago, has been a long and difficult one. After many years of neglect, which was so acute that Hudson had at last to accept a Civil List pension, he finally received the recognition which was his due. That superbly quiet unstudied style, which was so careful and so free from gesture or gesticulation, was not the sort of thing to cause a furore. Nor were the subjects about which Hudson wrote the subjects about which English curiosity is unlimited. But gradually, through the efforts of his friends, through the cumulative effect of genuine appreciation and recommendation, and especially — I am inclined to believe — through the characteristically generous recognition at last given to him in America, the tide

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turned. Hudson was able, as he did at the first possible moment, to relinquish his pension. He did not need much money, and his books began to bring in more than enough for his purposes. He became something of a classic in his lifetime. It was as though everybody tried to make up for earlier neglect, as sometimes happens; and he died as quietly as he had lived, in much honor. I often saw him in other days — a tall, closely bearded man in a soft hat and a long overcoat which accentuated his considerable height and marked thinness. A keen, rather birdlike face showed the quality of the man as nothing else could have done. His manners were perfect, and his gentleness and courtesy impressive. Even in days when things must have been going hard with him, Hudson was never bitter. He came and went, sweet and gracious, with notable distinction. He remains and will always remain a happy memory. It is a strange thing to recollect that another man who is now regarded as a living classic author — Joseph Conrad — had for many years much the same experience of neglect as Hudson. With him the turn came earlier, and the popular reward has been greater; but the fact remains that both men had many years of serious struggle, when they were doing their best work, while their names were perfectly familiar to all who read books, and their books were known only to a few. The vagaries of fortune in this respect are past understanding. Failure in the worldly sense is always regarded by those who write of it as an entirely creditable thing, due to an inability to compromise, and this may be true. It seems to me, however, that it may be due less to refusal to compromise than to some temperamental disability which puts the writer out of the main stream of current literature. Well for literature, perhaps, that this should be so; but the popular writer is not the hireling so many suppose. There is something to be said for the popular writer's sincerity, if not for his work.

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Since I last wrote, we have had a visit from that sturdy champion of America and W. L. George, Mr. Mencken. He came in like a lion, with a roaring assertiveness, and we found him a perfect lamb. In fact he won all hearts by his mild and agreeable demeanor. Whether he will now go home and write unkindly we cannot of course tell. Stranger things have happened. But on the face of it, Mencken is a kind, modest, and God-fearing creature, perhaps a little tired, but not at all rough. His roughness lies, it is evident, in his pen, rather than in his tongue. His talk to English people, as I find the talk of most Americans to casual English people to be, was of Prohibition. He thought Prohibition was as good as dead already, and if that is so, then I think that it may be a good thing. But last night I saw several sailors from United States ships walking the streets of London laden with great mysteries that looked exactly like bottles of whisky. I do not know if Americans talk of Prohibition to English people under the impression that this is the only aspect of America in which we are interested, but if they do, then they are mistaken. We talk of it because we are not sure what to talk about, and we think it amiable to show sympathy. But Mencken debouched upon sterner stuff, and told anecdotes of a pleasant kind, and altogether showed himself less anti-English than Mr. Hearst. And I am told as a matter of fact that Mr. Hearst

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is not anti-English at all. It is only his fun. He loves the English, and spends his holidays in England in preference to any other spot on the earth. This is good. "It is all very well to dissemble your love; but why did you kick me downstairs?"

Another visitor to these shores is Francis Brett Young, the English author. He has been two years in Africa, and he has a new novel on African life in the press. We also have Gilbert Cannan with us for a brief space. His conversational tales of Africa, through the whole length of which continent he recently traveled, are rich and engrossing; but I gather that he is unlikely to use the experience he has had in a novel for some time. As he says, he wants to get his experience into focus, and this will need a lot of time and a lot of thought. In the meantime, Cannan has finished at last the novel, "Annette and Bennett", which completes the trilogy begun with "Three Pretty Men" — called in America "Three Sons and a Mother". Having put this book to press he is leaving England to return to the United States, where he is to lecture in the southern states on the drama. His Byronic poem, "Noel", some parts of which have been published, is completed, and will appear this autumn. It would be amusing if Cannan were to travel by the same boat that brings Hugh Walpole to America, for Walpole is due to start shortly and will probably be in New York before these words appear. The two are old rivals, and as great a contrast to one another as could be imagined. In fact I can think of no two writers who differ more from each other. I once heard a man debating which of them he would sooner push off the top of a pillar, supposing there to be room only for himself and one other person. I forget now who was permitted to stay; but I am sure that the man who debated would have been the first to go. I think he would have pushed me off before either of the others, and I am quite sure that there would in that case have been something of the Holmes-Moriarty touch about our encounter.

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I was not able to go the other night to hear St. John Ervine's new play, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary", read aloud by the author; but I am glad to know that this play is to be produced in America and in England during the coming season. It is a comedy, of a kind that Ervine should do very well, although hitherto his plays have been of the variety known as "serious". The revival here of "Jane Clegg", which was hardly expected to run very long, in spite of the admired acting of Sybil Thorndyke, has been very popular, and the play has continued to run for several weeks beyond the time allotted to it in the actress's announced plans. This is the more to be remarked because the English theatregoing public — far more than that of America — hates and neglects any play which is in any way realistic or unpleasant in theme, or lacking in a sentimental culmination. Ervine remains the most robust critic of the drama that we have, and his letter bag, as the result of these vivacious articles in the "Observer", is a sight for the recipient's horrified gaze. Strangely enough, many of Ervine's correspondents suppose him to be an old man, wise in the ways of the theatre through long and Archer-like contemplation of the vagaries of dramatists. This is not the case and I can imagine that those readers who attend Ervine's highly popular lectures must receive severe shocks when

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the exceedingly youthful round face of the dramatist heaves in sight. For one who is remarkable in print for truculence, Ervine is a most mild mannered man. In that perhaps he resembles Mencken. Neither of these men looks as if he could hurt a fly. Give each of them a pen, however, and the flies know what it is like when winter comes.

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Among American books which I have recently read are "The Lay Anthony" by Joseph Hergesheimer, just published for the first time in England; "The Fair Rewards" by Thomas Beer; and "Up Stream" by Ludwig Lewisohn. The first named is not of a character to rouse much comment here, and indeed I question whether any book of Hergesheimer's has ever quite given English readers as much pleasure as the earliest to be introduced to them — "The Three Black Pennys", which had a really distinguished press. "The Lay Anthony", the issue of which is the result no doubt of the general interest in American fiction, has a thinness which would never have won for its author a reputation in this country. It is also obscure and melodramatic in a degree which we should not tolerate in a home product. Even the passages of fine writing lack something of authenticity, and the total effect is disappointing. "The Fair Rewards" has remarkable qualities. Chunks of it are vivid and altogether startlingly candid. If the author had more narrative gift I believe he could be transplanted with effect, for his quality in impressionistic scenes is excellent. Unfortunately this raw stuff is not sustained by a progressive interest, and the good work goes for nothing. The book's weakest parts are those devoted to English persons. The Englishwoman who is introduced uses phrases which are not English. They are as impossible to English ears as the American passages produced by English novelists. It is in the sense of familiarity with theatrical life in America that the book scores heavily to an outsider. Its air of almost impertinent satire of real persons is delightful; and the psychology of it seems all right. Only somehow the characters appear to be transcripts from life rather than real people of the author's creation. They are recognizable, and the climax has its own horror; but in default of the narrative gift the people wax and wane like close ups. One forgets, one loses interest. Nevertheless — and of course I do not know how the book strikes those who are best able to form a true estimate of its authenticity — there is something decidedly unusual in the author's talent, and I wish his vigor could have been so exercised as to give "The Fair Rewards" a chance here.

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"Up Stream" struck me as astonishingly good for quite some way. It is so well written, and its narrative is so definitely of universal interest, that the later portions, which express a state of mind produced by abnormal circumstances to which we have here no exact parallel, and which we did not experience here during the war, disappointed me. It was not that they were not written with an impressive passion; it was simply that they seemed to destroy the effect of universality enjoyed by the first two-thirds of the book. Here, for example, although there is certainly a prejudice against Jews, feeling does not run anything like so high as the author suggests that it did and does in the United States. And, in another

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sense, we had nothing quite comparable to the fierce heat of racial feeling during the war that the author ascribes to America. What Mr. Lewisohn does is to give the air almost of persecution mania. It is impossible for English readers to understand this. When so many of the chief positions in the State are in the hands of Jews, it is clear that the obstacles to success which the author claims to have encountered at the outset of his career are something foreign to English life. Therefore, while a number of cultured people who care to know what American life is like may have read the book with respect for the author's gifts and sympathy with his struggle, the gaps in understanding and sympathy must widen when the book reaches the war period. This is a fact which I greatly regret, for the earlier parts of the book had, as I say, produced in me the sense of universality, and I feel sure that if it had ended as it began the book would infallibly have increased the mutual understanding of the two countries. It is worth noting that Mr. Lewisohn writes with a sincerity and originality — an air of having thought for himself — which gives "Up Stream" unusual importance. The book has such dignity and such an appeal to one's feeling for the growth of a man's mind that it would have been bound to assure itself deep respect in England. Only the later portions, written under the stress of strong emotion, of a time when circumstances were exceptional, make "Up Stream", for English readers, ephemeral. They stamp it as of its time. The universality and the timelessness are gone. I am very sorry. I speak only from one point of view, the view of the common person who cares for real life either in the raw or in literature, and I must be understood as expressing that point of view only when I say that the book seems to me to begin and to go on as a masterpiece on the tragic theme of man's history, and to end as a piece of passionate special pleading, the perspective of which has gone to ruin. The book as a whole is one of the best things I have seen coming from a living American. If it had all been as good as the best of it, "Up Stream", perhaps under another title, which would have made its human story perceptible at a glance, might have made its way into international literature as an unforgetable record.

SIMON PURE

DAY LABORERS

By Babette Deutsch

CLAYED boots, grimed hands, stained faces, eyes
Narrowed from fear or fight or weary guess —
Clogged clothes like earthen armor, strong with sweat:
They slump like waiting soldiers, starved on lies,
Half fuddled by a potent bitterness.
Death is the frankest foe they will have met.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

ONE rarely takes a person to the theatre without discovering in him some wholly unsuspected shortcoming. Most people, indeed, are likely to be annoying in the theatre. They undergo a mysterious transformation the moment they take their seats. Complexes, long hidden, manifest themselves. Nowhere, for instance, does one discover so readily a man's inherited intellectual prudery or prurience. Nowhere is the delusion of greatness so prevalent as in a theatre, especially in the lobby after the second act. At a first night this delusion is practically unanimous both in front of the footlights and behind them.

No one is so humble that he does not consider himself competent to tell the world, on the spur of the moment, what is wrong with the play at which the dramatist has toiled for a year. Not only does he see the playwright's mistakes, but he takes them bitterly to heart.

This unreasonable resentment on the part of a disappointed audience is rather an astonishing state of affairs, when one considers it dispassionately. Perhaps it is due to that transformation which takes place when most people enter a theatre. Few people are quite their natural selves in a theatre. Nine persons out of ten are, without knowing it, affected by the old Puritan tradition that the playhouse is a place of sin, the pulpit of the devil, the rival of the church for the ears of sinners. Possibly because of this most people, deep in their "unconscious", vaguely consider an evening in the theatre in the light of an adventure. There is in the heart of nearly every audience just a trace of furtiveness. That, in a generation beset with rolled stockings and home-made gin, is surely an anachronism. It could be explained no doubt by a psychoanalyst much as a biologist explains the whorls on our palms and fingers as physical heritages which have persisted since the time we were apes.

It is an attitude of mind whose pernicious effects are not superficial; they attack the fundamentals of the drama. More evils of the present day stage can be traced to it than to any other one source. It tends to make for artificiality, exaggeration, and distortion: surely the three worst evils in the drama as a sober form of literary expression. Because the average theatregoer cannot quite outlive the idea that the joys of the stage are forbidden fruit, he expects those joys to be highly seasoned. To put it simply, he expects too much. Therefore, in nearly all cases, he takes the theatre either too seriously or not seriously enough. On the one hand we have the man who, in his soul, regards the theatre as a rural adolescent regards the forbidden side show at the county fair. On the other, we have the man who looks upon it as an agency which pan-

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ders to the salacious appetites of his neighbor, and which must consequently be sterilized and uplifted. These two types — as familiar as they are absurd — are the extremists. Between them come those who go to the playhouse relying on the author to plunge them speedily into convulsions of laughter and keep them that way; those who expect to be not only "helped" but ennobled; those who hope to be unspeakably shocked, and so on. A play, to meet any such demands, must of course be strained and false. Most of the plays one sees in the early season when the managers launch their best bets, are of that type. And most of them, paradoxically enough, fall unmourned by the wayside.

For despite the average man's general attitude toward the theatre, he is after all a grown up man. He thinks he likes a play of distorted sentimentality, like "Wild Oats Lane" (one of the month's offerings), but he really does not. Forgetting that he himself is more or less to blame, he resents an insult to his intelligence, even in a theatre. The wise playwright is he who understands this. And why is it so difficult to understand, with successes like "Liliom" and "He Who Gets Slapped" and "The First Year" and "Anna Christie" on recent record? Even "Lightnin'" was legitimately, adultly amusing. Potash and Perlmutter are genuinely comic creations. They, like Lightnin' Bill Jones, rise straight out of their setting of hokum. The plays reached their tremendous prosperity because of the mature and honest artistry with which their central figures were conceived. Cheap plays do succeed, of course; but not because of their cheapness. They are usually written with the warmest sincerity by men who themselves have cheap minds. To write a potboiler (and know you are doing it) is about the most difficult job in the world. It is not the way successful plays are written.

Yet every season writers of real

MARY BOLAND

One of "The Torch-Bearers". No one in all stage history has been able to play a titterwit quite so perfectly as Miss Boland. Titterwit is a new word which we hereby coin and dedicate respectfully to her.

worth waste their time, and somebody's money, by deliberately writing down; and because they honestly think they have to do so to reach the theatre public. Even a writer of Galsworthy's sincerity is not free from the taint. It is almost incredible that the mind which produced "The Forsyte Saga" would also produce a play like "The Fugitive" or even "The Skin Game". One feels that Galsworthy takes his leftover plots and uses them up in plays because he really believes there is no public in the theatre for the things he cares about. Arnold Bennett must be conscious of wrongdoing when he writes a play like "The Title" or "The Love Match". Booth Tarkington was negligible as a dramatist until he began to write his plays as

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honestly as he wrote his books. He has behind him plays like "The Country Cousin" and "Up from Nowhere" which, after "Clarence" and "The Intimate Strangers", it seems almost indelicate to mention. Incidentally, "Clarence" was a conscious revolt on Tarkington's part. He told Mr. Tyler that at last he had written a play all by himself and that, for once, he was going to be ugly and refuse to have a word of it changed. The Tyler offices were gloomy during the rehearsals of "Clarence", but the play made everybody connected with it rich.

Thomas Beer is a writer of sophistication, as his occasional caustic essays on the lower classes show. He is a troubadour of vigor and fertility, as shown by his contributions to what he calls (in his essays) "a weekly periodical of prodigious circulation". Yet this able young man, accustomed as he is to standing before the public, apparently believes that in the theatre he must become as a little child. He was responsible for a play called "The Plot Thickens", adapted from the Italian, scarcely worth mentioning here save as an exceptionally pat case in point. The English title tells all anyone needs to know about the play. Indeed it might serve as the generic title for the type of story that most writers, even those of proved ability, seem to think they must write for the stage. Even though the tender minded majority are abashed by the atmosphere of the playhouse, regard it as the nursery of the arts, and are never quite natural in it, one can only be astonished when an emancipated soul like Mr. Beer gets down on the floor and pretends to believe in Santa Claus.

One would expect, too, that a godless philosopher like Don Marquis would be as imperturbably unrighteous in the theatre as he is in his newspaper column or in his books. But even Marquis has to moisten his lips and stumble over his feet for a while when he finds himself before a theatre audience. He puts forth with laborious seriousness, in the beginning of his play, "The Old Soak", a plot which would serve admirably for one of the burlesque movie serials he publishes now and then in his column. One suspects, however, that he may have been the victim of much good advice. When he announced to his bibulous companions at some bibulous corner table that he was going to write a play about the Old Soak, he was probably plied with much noisy suggestion. It was all right (he may have been told) to have an old man as the central figure but the public would demand a sweet young love story as well. Love's young dream must be blighted, and the old man must remove the blight. If it could be made to appear that the Old Soak had caused the trouble, while all the time everyone knows he is as innocent as the day he was born, so much the better. There should be a villain, preferably a deacon and rich. If the old man could save his son from the clutches of the law, the play could not fail to run for many years.

Marquis dutifully concocted a trite tale along these lines around his Old Soak; and perhaps it is as good a background as any. Any story, after all, should be no more than a background for such a self-sufficient character; and the thing of chief importance was to get the Old Soak on the stage. Marquis's success in doing this is likely to stand out as one of the most important achievements of the current season.

For this old wretch must be a national figure by this time. He is the most beneficent result of Prohibition. If light wines and beer come back most

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fairminded men would admit that the eighteenth amendment was not passed in vain. The Old Soak belongs among the immortals with Falstaff and Mr. Pickwick and Rip Van Winkle. He preserves in himself all that was beautiful in those "old time bar rooms, with all them pictures on the walls and brass cuspidors and fixin's like Solomon in all his glory". When he stands alone before the fireplace, his foot on the fender, and talks to an imaginary barkeep, and has a drink (not imaginary) on the house, and invites "that little red headed fellow down at the end of the bar" to join him, he is as much himself as he was in "The Sun Dial". It is really a remarkably successful stage portrait. The play might be called, in the movie manner, "The Old Soak (Himself)". The story does not obtrude too much. No one is worried when the Old Soak gets into difficulties; there is never much suspense, though there is supposed to be. As a matter of fact the funniest scene in the play — the best comedy scene to be found in any New York theatre — is the tragic moment when the Old Soak discovers that his son has stolen the express stock from the old clock where it has always been kept.

OLD SOAK. Your mother thinks *I* took that stock.

CLEMMIE. Oh, Dad, I've been — rotten.

OLD SOAK. I've had my own times of feeling like a wormy apple. When I look at you, I know what she thinks of me. . . .

Yes, you've got a dish rag for a spine — and mine ain't much stiffer than an oyster. I ain't much prouder of me, Clemmie, than I am of you. And the Lord knows I ain't proud of you at all. I orter licked you more when you was a kid. I might have licked some of myself out of you, and then you'd 'a' had a chance in life. I might be just as useless as you are, if I had a father like yours. You can't help what was put into you afore you was born. And you've always seen me livin' loose an' easy, too. As you sit there snifflin', Clemmie, you're the damndest lesson I ever had — you poor miserable little whelp, you!

There have been many dramatic moments in which fathers condoled with their sons in misfortune, but none quite like this. When young Clemmie asks him miserably what he can do, his father replies, "I don't want to crowd any more moral advice into you than your system's fitten to hold, but if I was in your fix I'd go get drunk myself."

But the play reaches true greatness when the hired girl describes the death of Peter the parrot. Some whisky, concocted by Al the barkeep, had been tried on this "dumb beast"; and a few days later his mistress describes his demise:

Peter, he's gone, Mr. Hawley, he is. He's dead — seriously dead. It happened half an hour ago. I think it was his constitution undermined itself with that hootch Al brought here the other night; and I never will forgive myself, I won't. But he kept coaxin' and coaxin' for it that pretty that I couldn't refuse him. "'Salways fair weather, it is," he'd say, and then I'd give him a drink of it. And then he'd cock his head onto one side an' say, "Nellie was a lady", thankin' me, he was. And he kept drinkin' of it, an' drinkin' of it that-a-way till he deceased himself with it. He called out to me about a half hour ago, he did. "Fair weather," he says, and then he laughed. Only he didn't laugh natural, Mr. Hawley; he laughed kind of puny and feeble like there was somethin' furrin' weighin' onto his stomach. "I can't give you no more, Peter", I says to him, "for there ain't no more", I says. And then he stretched his neck out and bit the wire on his cage and squawked and he says in a kind of a sad voice, "Nellie was a lady, she was", he says. And them was the last words he ever give utterings to, Mr. Hawley.

A playwright enlightened enough to write such scenes does not need to have his hero hold up the villain with a cigar cutter or wind up an act sentimentalizing about an old honeymoon picture and the time "the little rascal" got his first sled.

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"The Old Soak", good as it is, was pretty shamelessly written to please those who do not take the theatre seriously enough. Now comes George Kelly with a play about the other fifty per cent of the population: those who take the theatre too seriously. However, Mr. Kelly, happily, does not take his public seriously. Possibly no one who has served time in vaudeville could. In his play, "The Torch-Bearers", no time is wasted on a story. No concessions are made to the naïve conventions of those earnest souls who (he may have hoped) would be attracted to his play by its sonorous title. Mr. Kelly set himself to write a funny play, and stuck to his job.

HARRY BERESFORD

It is a persuasive, truthful, and discreet performance that he gives. His part might easily be overdone, but Mr. Beresford lets the Old Soak be just drunk enough to be enviable.

He turned out a gorgeous piece of foolishness. It is Stephen Leacock or Robert Benchley on the stage. Not in many years has there been a full length play in which that rare quality of giddy burlesque has been sustained at such high pitch throughout an evening. One's mind goes back to the sketch "For Pity's Sake" which was included in a musical show a season or two ago, or to the episode in one of the "Follies" when W. C. Field exhibited himself as a trick billiard expert. But those supremely comic bits were only bits. Here we have the same sort of thing for nearly three acts.

There is nothing to it except a rehearsal of a one act play by a passionately earnest group of suburbanites; a few incidents from behind the scenes on the great night of the performance; and a few remarks about the acting by a gentleman who is out of sympathy with the Cause. But using these texts as a starting point Mr. Kelly contrives to be the life of a pretty noisy party each night at the Vanderbilt Theatre. Of course the best thing about it is that it is not really burlesque at all. It would be impossible to burlesque the dress rehearsal of an amateur play. No burlesque could improve upon nature; and everybody who has ever taken part in amateur theatricals (which must be everybody) recognizes that. In the first act, at least, Mr. Kelly allows nature to take its course. It becomes a little broader in the second act, but we do not think plausibility is overstrained. The merely absurd never altogether gives way to the merely grotesque. The scene balances on the thin line between, which is what true burlesque must do.

It is true that leading men in amateur theatricals do not always lose half their mustaches and then beg someone to assure them that "the audience didn't notice it"; but they invariably do something almost as bad. The leading lady does not always stumble over the scenery when she takes her curtain call; but she does nearly always. Few directoresses are so sublimely imperious as Alison Skipworth, but they all try to be.

Perhaps the only serious departure

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from truth comes in the last act, when the husband of the tittering Paula tells her that she ought to be shot for acting as badly as she did. Usually the husbands of amateur leading ladies wear khaki pants, on the night of the performance, and help with the scenery. Indeed this last act falls considerably below the preceding two, because the author suddenly remembers that he is writing a play with a purpose. He was; but the purpose was not to denounce the Little Theatre Movement (if there still is one), it was to be funny. That is much more difficult and admirable than to preach a sermon on anything.

Except for Frank Tinney, who seems better than ever, there is not much to be said for the other offerings of the month. Most of them are even now with yesterday's seven million plays. "Whispering Wires" is an exhilarating melodrama, demonstrating that a man may be killed before your eyes without your knowing how it is done. "Shore Leave" is just the play for convent parties on city leave. In "Fools Errant" a woman who has sinned finds her soul and her soulmate out in God's country. Mr. Keightley again wears that huge fur overcoat and his high laced boots. "So This is London" tries to prove that Englishmen can be as bad mannered as Americans, which is probably true. "A Serpent's Tooth" by Arthur Richman (the promising author of "Ambush") is a disappointment, notwithstanding the presence of Marie Tempest. "The Endless Chain" by a man who claims to be "James Forbes, author of 'The Famous Mrs. Fair'" is dreary, though it is excellently acted by Margaret Lawrence and Kenneth MacKenna.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Longer Plays by Modern Authors" edited by Helen Louise Cohen (Harcourt, Brace). Containing "Beau Brummell" by Clyde Fitch; "The Copperhead" by Augustus Thomas; "Dulcy" by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly; "The Intimate Strangers" by Booth Tarkington. A judicious selection, embellished with a thoughtful essay on "Drama in America", a critical introduction for each play, and a bibliography for the guidance of drama students.

"The Modern Reader's Hamlet" by Haven McClure (Badger). The text modified into current English so tactfully that nobody should be offended. An attempt is made, in the introduction, to give the essence of classic as well as contemporary discussion of the "Hamlet" problem. Designed primarily for classroom use, but of interest to anyone who does not know offhand how many theories of "Hamlet" there are.

"Guilty Souls" by Robert Nichols (Harcourt, Brace). Rather a passionate modern morality play in which sin is severely punished.

"The Chinese Drama" by Kate Buss (Four Seas). An attractive volume taking up various phases of the subject. The short sketches cover a surprising lot of ground and should be useful to the busy commuter who hasn't time to go to China.

"Society Notes" by Duffy R. West (Stewart Kidd). Quite an amusing little satire of people whose pictures appear in Billy Benedict's Column in the New York "Evening Journal".

"Sounding Brass" by Edward Hale Bierstadt (Stewart Kidd). A disturbing little play about the evil of solitary confinement. For once a hardhearted warden gets what is coming to him.

"Lithuania" by Rupert Brooke (Stewart Kidd). A pleasant episode in which a young lady beats her brother-in-law to death by mistake.

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by William Rose Benét

AFTER looking over the August periodicals that were sent to me from which to make my selection, I feel confronted by a problem. For I should like to submit, as among the best poems of the month, two which appeared in none of these periodicals, but in one with which I happen to be connected. After saying this I immediately hide my head and raise my arm to shield me. Everyone will at once shout, "Advertising!"

Nevertheless, I think "On Being Quizzed by Baliev" by Leonard Bacon, and "The Lion House" by John Hall Wheelock *are* two of the best poems of the month; and if the genial editor of THE BOOKMAN wants to print them, adjoining, I'm sure *I* can't help it.

"The Lion House" leads me to mention "The Fish-Hawk", also by John Hall Wheelock, in the August "Scribner's", which, however, I have not the space to quote here. Mr. Wheelock's new volume has just appeared, "The Black Panther".

I haven't liked a poem by Alter Brody for a long time, but I like "The Pigeon-Coop", in the summer number of "Clay". It is the best free verse I have seen for some time. This, and the blank verse poem "The Lord Chancellor Prepares His Opinion", by Archibald MacLeish, in "The North American Review", appeal to different moods of mine — but, alas! the length of both rules them out for quotation.

The best poems by women seem to me to be by Babette Deutsch in "The Dial" and Aline Kilmer and Margaret Widdemer in the August "Harper's"; Beatrice Ravenel's "Coasts" in "The Lyric" and Jessica Nelson North's "Bogie" in "Poetry". I also have a liking for Robert J. Roe's "Three Poems" in "Contemporary Verse", particularly the careless and carefree "Wisdom", though it shows the influence of Carl Sandburg in its opening. I do not like Herbert S. Gorman's "Sylvanus Orientalis" so well as some of his other new poems that I have seen. It is printed in "The Freeman", and is interesting, as is every poem he writes nowadays; but his book of poems, "The Barcarole of James Smith", just published, contains others of greater distinction.

As I glanced through "The Dial" I wished that Yeats's "Minnaloushe", there quoted in part by Yeats in his "More Memories", could be filched for this gallery, or Lionel Johnson's "Dark Angel, with thine aching lust", which Yeats also quotes. But that would hardly do! I also marveled at Mr. Aldington's compounding from the courtly poets of the sixteenth century and the Horatian modernity of Franklin P. Adams — or thus it seems — his "Six Songs for Puritans", which do not seem to me either so courtly as they might be, or quite so diverting.

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ON BEING QUIZZED BY BALIEV

In what strange land, incomparable buffoon,
Have you been impresario? I protest
I know that accent and that turn of jest,
Those features of a serio-comic moon,
Those blunt brows, by a cubist sculptor hewn,
Unwinking eyes, still roving without rest
Full of quaint malice, soon to be expressed,
That voice like the low notes of a bassoon.

Oh, well — too well — have I beheld that smile
Somewhere ere this, the passionless derision,
Real and momentary as a vision.
Where was it you performed the self-same rôle,
While I fled trembling up an endless aisle
In the queer theatre of my own soul?

Leonard Bacon
—*The Literary Review*

THE LION HOUSE

Always the heavy air,
The dreadful cage, the low
Murmur of voices, where
Some Force goes to and fro
In an immense despair.

As through a haunted brain,
With tireless footfalls
The Obsession moves again,
Trying the floor, the walls,
Forever, but in vain.

In vain, proud Force! A might,
Shrewder than yours, did spin
Around your rage that bright
Prison of steel, wherein
You pace for my delight.

And oh, my heart, what Doom,
What mightier Mind has wrought
The cage, within whose room
Paces your burning thought
For the delight of Whom?

John Hall Wheelock
—*The Literary Review*

AVATARS

Yet I have loved these walls —
grave with spaced etchings,
darkened by their books,
like stones that mellowing mosses climb —
have loved the furniture
cherished of time:
firm contours and old colours, with the flare
of russet bittersweet in a green bowl
and the black Persian shawl of my great-grandmother
flung, like her gracious shadow, on this chair.
Yes, I have loved
soft rugs, and softer flowers,
the silver and the cedarwood, the purple, the fine linen
that is ours.
I have loved things
more intimately known than men and women,
things that, beyond the feeble flesh, endure,
agéd and fine, familiar and secure.
Yes, I have loved . . .

And now I stand reproved
by you, who want
for this bodily tenement
as temporal a house as some brief tent —
you, whose sole cedar grows on Lebanon,
shaking its awful banners like a pæan,
you, whose sole purple is the dawn adored
above the desert,
you, whose sole linen
is the weave abhorred
that was the loin-cloth of the Galilean.

Babette Deutsch
—*The Dial*

YOU ASK ME NOT TO DIE

You need not fear,
You need not dread that day I shall be dying;
I shall not leave you, dear.
Others more tender, with more hope than I,
Lift thrush-sweet voices lyrically crying
That they are soon to die;
But I shall live to see each starry head
That I have loved go down to its low bed,
And I shall wander through a ruined land
Where there will be no dear accustomed hand
To ease my sorrow.
Nay, sweet, to-morrow
Your flowerlike beauty may have failed and fled
And I shall weep you dead;
Then rise to face the grim and hooded years,
Each with his vase of tears,
That move majestically by,
Till the little I had of beauty will be but a withered mask
And the little I had of wit will be bitter and dry —
Dear, you do not know what it is that you ask!
How can you love me and bid me not to die?

Aline Kilmer
—*Harper's Magazine*

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF WRITING

By Robert Cortes Holliday

VIII: CONTRACTS, ROYALTIES, COPYRIGHTS

Continued from the October Bookman

In connection with Mr. Holliday's series, THE BOOKMAN *announces a new Bureau of Practical Advice to Writers. Any question regarding the mechanical details of authorship will be answered by the editor or referred to the proper authority. The best of these questions and answers will, from time to time, be published, for the information of those interested.*

THE subject of copyright as relating to the productions of an author is an exceedingly intricate one. To follow through in detail the whole subject would require a volume. Further than that, a number of questions in the matter still remain at issue, and nobody seems to know what may be the conclusive answer to them. In Section 280 of the Penal Code it appears that a layman is not permitted to give persons legal advice or to assist them in the legal phrasing and revision of contracts. It is, therefore, advisable for authors, when in difficulties about the matter, to consult an attorney for assistance in applying information obtained from lay sources.

The fight for international copyright was long and hard and, as far at least as our own country is concerned, is still unfinished. Since the establishment of international copyright in 1891 the European market for American books has steadily improved. An important development in international copyright, as provided in the International Copyright Conventions, was the protocol which was added to the Berlin Convention on March 20, 1914. The report of Thorvald Solberg, the Register of Copyrights, dated July 6, 1917, contains a complete, authoritative, and concise survey of international copyrights. Among other things the Register urged the necessity of changes in our copyright law which would enable the United States to enter the International Copyright Union. An article in "The Bulletin of the Authors' League", issue of February, 1915, concludes thus:

> It would be hard, indeed, to overestimate the importance of copyright legislation and the difficulty of arousing interest in it is much to be regretted, as are also the widespread indifference and ignorance in regard to the subject. Writers especially should be strongly interested in every new development and should take active part in the fight that is being carried on by some of the best-known New York publishers and by the Authors' League for fuller and freer protection of literary and artistic material. There is no class, except perhaps the publishers, whose interests are so much affected by copyright legislation as authors.

The American Publishers' Copyright League is an organization whose object is to work for domestic copyright reform and to seek to improve the situation and opportunities of American claimants to copyright abroad. Active in this direction, also, has been work done by the Incorpo-

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rated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers.

The World War seriously interfered with the international copyright relations of the United States. As a result of embargoes, irregularities in traffic conditions, and so on, many valuable international copyrights were lost owing to the impossibility, for Americans, of complying with the formalities in foreign countries and, for foreigners, of complying with such formalities in the United States. The State Department was petitioned for the introduction of a bill in Congress which would make it possible to repair at least partially the havoc wrought by the war in the field of international copyright. One of the kinks in the international copyright situation is that copyright through registry in Canada is not effective in England.

British, colonial, and Canadian sales for American books are frequently rather substantial. If the American publisher has an English branch or close English connections he can usually be relied upon to take advantage of the opportunities offered in these fields. If he has not, and has not acquired by contract territorial rights to the book covering other countries, the author may deal directly, or through an agent, with a British firm. In this connection it is important to take into consideration the requirements of the British Copyright Law in regard to simultaneous publication and also to bear in mind the fact that the English publishers usually demand colonial rights as well as British.

Many books by foreign authors have a great circulation over here, but comparatively few American books have a correspondingly huge sale abroad. Those few are usually the work of our best known and highest priced authors, who generally have the knowledge and position to look after the foreign marketing of their work. So the bulk of the preceding several paragraphs may seem to be rather beside the point in the immediate case of the beginner author. Still it should serve as a very slender introduction to a subject which may concern him later on. And also some few "first books" have found their way to an export sale, and even (in rare instances) have been translated into foreign languages.

The first term of United States copyright for a book is twenty-eight years. A renewal term of equal length may be obtained, making the entire possible term of copyright in this country fifty-six years. The government publishes sheets giving information concerning copyrights, which are used for reference in the offices of publishing houses and which may be had by anyone upon request.

One of these pages is headed: "Library of Congress. Copyright Office. Application for Number 35. Steps necessary to secure copyright registration in the United States under the act of March 4, 1909, as amended." The printed form to be used to procure copyright for a bound book is labeled, "Application for Copyright — Books Now First Published in the United States." On the reverse side of this card is a form for an affidavit of American manufacture. The execution of this affidavit must be subsequent to the publication of the book. This is application "A1". If the work is a new edition or republished, the application to be used is "A2". These forms may be obtained from the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C., and are to be returned to him, accompanied by one dollar, statutory fee for registration and certificate. Also, at the same time, of the book named two

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complete copies "of the best edition *first published* on the date stated herein" are to be deposited with the Register. In the matter of plays not to be printed or bound, the form used is "D2. Application for Copyright — Dramatic Composition not Reproduced for Sale". And one complete copy of the script is deposited.

Few authors themselves go to the trouble of copyrighting their books. There is no reason why they should unless they are publishing the book themselves. The publishing house which has accepted a book nearly always arranges for the copyright. As matters stand, the publisher usually takes out the copyright in the name of his house. The subject of having the copyright in the name of the author was given some attention in the article of this series entitled "Publishing Your Own Book".

The Authors' League of America advocates that everything an author has published be copyrighted in the name of the author. The author then has the power to sell the serial rights to a magazine, the book rights to a publishing house, the play rights to a producer, and so on, without having to get permission for each transaction from a third party. The League's "Bulletin" reports the extreme opposite attitude as stated by one directing publisher, who says: "The only satisfactory way is to place all rights, except the serial rights, in the hands of the publisher, and let him do the best he can by the author." This man's position is that while the writer who lives in New York and knows by experience the business side of his profession may dispose of his byproduct to advantage, most authors with whom he deals do not belong to that class. His typical author lives somewhere in the middle west, and is not in touch with those managers who deal with dramatic rights nor with those newspaper syndicates which handle the second serial rights. The publisher, being on the ground, and having experience in all these details of his business, finds himself in a better position to get the full value of the byproduct. The greater number of the leading publishing houses, it is fairly safe to say, are willing to release most of the byproducts to the author. In order, however, to protect "all rights" in his work, an author when submitting a manuscript to a magazine or publisher for the first time may write something like this in his letter of transmission (this is a form used by one of the best known literary agents and apparently is acceptable to most publishers):

> This manuscript is submitted with the understanding that if it is accepted for publication, the same shall be copyrighted by the Publisher, and all rights in said copyright (except such rights as may be acquired by agreement with the author) shall be held in trust for the benefit of the author or his assigns, and shall be reassigned to him or them upon demand.

Moving picture production in some instances yields a greater profit than the publication of the novel or story in print. The present copyright law, Arthur C. Train considers, appears to distinguish between dramatic rights and moving picture rights. Motion picture rights can be disposed of any time before or after publication. Motion picture rights have been sold for cash which would have returned vastly more if a continuing interest in the film had been secured. Scripts of motion pictures should be filed with the United States Copyright Department for protection of these versions of the original.

While it is, of course, a very flattering thing to be of such note and universal appeal as to be translated

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into a foreign language, the prices paid for translation rights are very low, rarely exceeding one hundred to two hundred dollars. It is said to be extremely difficult to arrange for the publication of a translation on the royalty basis.

Plays, even if not published in book form, are performed in public. Therefore, as the essence of present copyright legislation is protection of material that is presented to the public, they are copyrightable. Book manuscripts, which do not require the provisions of the copyright law, are in the domain protected by common law.

Decisions of the courts have repeatedly been sought by authors in copyright troubles with magazine publication. And a good deal of a tangle has obtained in the matter. Sometimes the question has been raised as to whether copyright for a story was secured at all by its publication under a copyright notice containing only the magazine *proprietor's* name. The general copyright of a magazine covering first publication of a contributor's work only serves to protect other rights for the author. They may, however, be explicitly reserved by the author and an additional copyright in the author's name can be printed at the foot of the magazine page as a further protection over and above the magazine blanket copyright notice.

There are still magazines that assume that they buy all rights for one payment. And unless the author has especially stipulated otherwise in his transaction with a magazine of this character, it holds that he cannot legally sell, say, the book rights to his novel without permission from the magazine in whose name it has been copyrighted. The magazine may undertake to demand a share in the book royalties for giving its permission to have the novel published in book form. On the other hand, "wise" authors have boldly insisted upon selling to magazines "only the serial rights" — and flattered themselves that their other rights remained well protected as their own property. But, an authority states, it has been held by the courts that (since one cannot protect by copyright what he does not own), the magazine which bought "only the serial rights" can copyright *only* those rights, and therefore, through the publication of the work, all other rights lapse to the public. Or, rather, the courts would probably so rule in a suit at law. And there you are. It should be said, however, that the better class magazines are coming more and more to the position of assigning the copyright of the author's work and all rights (except, of course, the serial rights which have been used) back to the author.

In the matter of collecting into a volume essays and short stories which have first been published in various first-class magazines, the author usually, in a note preceding the table of contents in the book, merely "gratefully acknowledges permission to reprint" from the editors of the publications in which the work first appeared. Now and then, he does not even bother to trouble the editors with a request for this permission, assuming that it would be freely and cordially given. Though the magazine *could* make a charge for granting this permission if it wanted to.

The law as to the scope of magazine copyright was formulated in the judges' opinions in a decision handed down in 1910. The League first called public attention to the case in its "Bulletin" for April, 1913, in an article on "Copyright" by Arthur C. Train, attorney for the League. The Au-

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thors' Club (New York), for the benefit of its members, published in a leaflet what the League rather banteringly called a "digest" of the article. The leaflet read, in part:

> Briefly, these opinions are to the effect that a magazine copyright covers the matter contained in each number only to the extent to which such matter is the property of the magazine. It therefore follows that in the case of a story, of which only the magazine rights have been sold by the author, the magazine copyright leaves him absolutely unprotected in his dramatic and, theoretically at least, in his book rights. To save whatever he reserves, he must take copyright, also, in his own name, fulfilling the necessary formalities, such as paying a separate fee, depositing two copies in the Library of Congress, and seeing that his notice of copyright appears upon the story when published in the magazine.
>
> A simpler method is for the author to convey all his rights to the magazine, receiving back an obligation to retransfer to him, on demand, book, dramatic rights, etc. The point is that the magazine must have full ownership, when it takes out its copyright, in order to make that copyright generally effective.

It may be noticed that very famous authors, Kipling for example, not infrequently do have a line of copyright notice in their own name printed at the bottom of the magazine page on which their work begins.

Writers inexperienced in the business side of their work frequently are so elated at receiving a magazine publisher's check that they hardly look at it further than to note the amount for which it is drawn. With a glow of pride they endorse the glamourous instrument, and they are by so much richer than they were before. "The Dial", in 1917, with much vigor pointed out to the unsophisticated writer the advisability of his scrutinizing the fine print which may be on his check, just above the place for his signature. He cannot endorse the check without signing what is there presented as an agreement. Later he may have an opportunity profitably to dispose of the book rights, foreign rights, translation rights, dramatic rights, or film rights to the work for which, it may be, he has received from the magazine a pittance. The editor produces the canceled check and shows him that he has disposed of all rights. Rex Beach one time wrote a keen little skit on this subject, in the form of a scenario ("founded on fact") and entitled, "It Happens Every Day."

A celebrated case at law, Dam vs. Kirke La Shelle, arose from the wording of the only piece of writing which passed between author and publisher. There were but seventeen words, omitting date, to the paper, to which the author placed his name acknowledging receipt of eighty-five dollars "in full payment for" a certain story. After years of litigation the conclusion was reached by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals (with one judge out of three dissenting, however) that this receipt was evidence of a sale of the entire rights to the story.

Rights assigned to the author only by the editor of a magazine, it would appear, are invalid in law. The assignment must be signed by an officer of the corporation publishing the magazine. The assignment also must be recorded in Washington within ninety days of its execution.

In the preparation of this article, as in the case of the others in the series, a number of persons have been interviewed and various sources have been consulted. In particular, acknowledgment should be made of the fact that a complete file of "The Bulletin of the Authors' League of America", from its first issue of May, 1913, has been very freely drawn upon for information.

MURRAY HILL

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE RETURN OF BLUE PETE—Luke Allan—*Doran.* Lumberjacks and love, with other appropriate appurtenances, including halfbreeds. Not so bad; the people are quite alive.

LOVE—Léonie Aminoff—*Dutton.* A very flippant book, written with the France of the Directory as background, and devoted to the thesis that history is a comedy of manners.

THREE BLACK BAGS—Marion Polk Angellotti—*Century.* Another good movie turned into indifferently good fiction.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Ben Franklin as background for the adventurous love story of dashing Jack Irons. A period novel of charm.

FLOWING GOLD—Rex Beach—*Harper.* Admirers of "The Net" and "The Silver Horde" will welcome this tale, smoothly flowing as its Texas oil.

A FLASH OF GOLD—Francis R. Bellamy—*Doubleday, Page.* The Doctor lives for uplift, his wife trembles on the brink of free love. How they are reunited by a strike is well worth reading.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRIDE—Stephen Vincent Benét—*Holt.* Once more after-the-war youth loves, despairs, and gets together happily in true magazine fashion.

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Epictetus with an unexpected fortune handed to him, with a wife, a son and a daughter, and two London clubs.

*THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS—Richard Blaker—*Doran.* The study of a man of talent in his changing relations to his family. Unusual first novel.

THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE MULE—B. M. Bower—*Little, Brown.* Casey Ryan's misadventures with the bootleggers are even funnier than his earlier troubles with the goats.

ROGUES' HAVEN—Roy Bridges—*Appleton.* Tells of the struggle of a pack of rascals for an old pirate's wealth, upon a quiet, eighteenth century English landscape.

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*THE BOY GREW OLDER—Heywood Broun—*Putnam.* The popular critic becomes strenuously autobiographical in what proves to be a penetrating, whimsical, thoroughly readable short novel. *(See page 339.)*

A KNIGHT AMONG LADIES—J. E. Buckrose—*Doran.* A light tap on the wrist for those who prefer their fiction in docile doses.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* London as the Victorians had it, somewhat modernized, with a well constructed plot overlaid.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* More sentimental than most of her stories, with a touch of the war and its most mawkish attitudes.

AT THE EARTH'S CORE—Edgar Rice Burroughs—*McClurg.* This popular practitioner of the art of Jules Verne has assembled here all the ingredients of a thriller with his usual aplomb.

PLAYING WITH SOULS—Countess de Chambrun—*Scribner.* An original way of keeping the children of divorced parents from both the devil and the deep sea.

ASSORTED CHOCOLATES—Octavus Roy Cohen—*Dodd, Mead.* Rollicking stories of humanity in its darker shades, done with a sure, skilful touch.

AN INSTRUMENT OF THE GODS—Lincoln Colcord—*Macmillan.* Real sea tang both in the stories and the chanteys.

CAPTAIN POTT'S MINISTER—Francis L. Cooper—*Lothrop, Lee, Shepard.* The hero is clean. The heroine is wholesome. The books is clean, wholesome, and exciting.

BABEL—John Cournos—*Boni, Liveright.* Another rather chaotic and sensitive presentation of the background and life of the young Jew. *(See page 346.)*

THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT—Ridgwell Cullum—*Putnam.* A highstrung, nervous romance of the wood pulp mills of eastern Canada.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* The story of a dog, with a human heroine who says to a human hero, "You're so big and strong, Mister Roger. . . ."

THE JUST STEWARD—Richard Dehan—*Doran.* One of those stories that jump a dozen centuries and show you the descendants, who proceed to fall in love with each other.

THE ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS—Elizabeth Dejeans—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A tale of twisted and tangled events, with a first-rate, guaranteed surprise ending.

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THE VEHEMENT FLAME—Margaret Deland—*Harper.* Young love struggles against the sophistications of age and the terrible flames of jealousy.

CHARLES REX—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam.* Miss Dell finds an adequate theme for her usual sentiment in a masquerading young lady et al.

ANN AND HER MOTHER—O. Douglas—*Doran.* Gentle and gently humorous picture of a family developed in talks between a girl and her mother. The kind of Scotch welcomed in old ladies' homes.

WHISPERING SAGE—Harry Sinclair Drago and Joseph Noel—*Century.* Nevada sagebrush as the background of a ruthless fight for water rights and a woman.

DON RODRIGUEZ—Lord Dunsany—*Putnam.* Imaginative fiction lifted to heights of superlative charm for readers who like their novels delightfully fantastic.

CITY BLOCK—Waldo Frank—*Frank.* Dramatic incidents dug from the lives of possible tenement dwellers, not clouded by the author's usual difficult style.

ONE WORD AT A TIME—Margaret Fuller—*Century.* A pretty little romance of the oldtime south for those who take three lumps of sugar in their coffee.

FIVE NIGHTS AT THE FIVE PINES—Avery Gaul—*Century.* A ghost story enlivened by a sense of humor has for its setting the desolate wastes of Cape Cod's sand dunes, and for its characters an interesting assortment of natives.

HER UNWELCOME HUSBAND—W. L. George—*Harper.* The story of unconventional Claire Caldecot told with brilliance and Mr. George's usual understanding of the inner mood of woman.

MAN AND MAID—Elinor Glyn—*Lippincott.* "You have had immense experience of love, Coralie, haven't you?" . . . Ah yes; but what sort of love, Mrs. Glyn?

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin.* A study of certain problems of the new woman, who proves newer in business than in love.

GARGOYLES—Ben Hecht—*Boni, Liveright.* An adventure in vulgarity which has moments of good writing. *(See page 347.)*

*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan.* The idyl of patient Maria in her French Canadian background—only twelve hours from the railroad!

DECEMBER LOVE—Robert Hichens—*Doran.* A long, really substantial novel by a born storyteller. The central portrait is of a woman of sixty who still finds herself in love.

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*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* Indians, love, open stars, and clean living in the colonization period of America.

*ABBÉ PIERRE—Jay William Hudson—*Appleton.* A gentle love story of a nice American and an equally nice French girl told whimsically by a Gascon priest.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* A rather more conventional story, if just as adventurous as "The Sheik".

THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* Surely not a proper guidebook for young lovers, in spite of its popularity.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* Mark Sabre and his trials and tribulations are still appealing to thousands.

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* A jumbled presentation of an interesting problem in feminism. Provocative as a study if not important among novels.

THE SINGING CAPTIVES—E. B. C. Jones—*Boni, Liveright.* Miss Jones discovers, and gives exposition to the discovery, that happiness is built upon solid character and not upon culture, afternoon tea, an automobile, or six maids.

THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* With the romances of an exotic Africa and the canvas of primitive emotions, most chances for excitement are present and well cared for.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* The frankly told story of what might happen to an army chaplain's morals under stress and strain.

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* Some humor and much action in stories that are as entertaining as former tales of the genial Cappy.

WINTERGREEN—Janet Laing—*Century.* A pleasant tale of a middle aged spinster who had a tact in managing people worthy of the Admirable Crichton.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH—Clara E. Laughlin—*Revell.* A little monument in genre fiction eternizing France's Unknown Soldier.

*BABBITT—Sinclair Lewis—*Harcourt, Brace.* The middle class business man satirized with unfailing humor and zeal.

TUTORS' LANE—Wilmarth Lewis—*Knopf.* There is no serious side of life in this college setting. The humorous touch is deft, bringing smiles instead of laughter.

*STUBBLE—George Looms—*Doubleday, Page.* A quiet story of the south and its people. Excellent first novel.

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A MARKET BUNDLE—A. Neil Lyons—*Dodd, Mead.* Forty-four vignettes of London's East Side, done with a style of unusual piquancy.

KASTLE KRAGS—Absalom Martin—*Duffield.* A tale of Florida in which scenery, love, and mystery are happily blended.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* Generations of the Crabtree family of San Francisco pass in a painstaking review.

NICOLETTE—Baroness Orczy—*Doran.* A story of old Provence, unpretentious and rather enjoyable.

*THE HAPPY FOOL—John Palmer—*Harcourt.* A real love story in which the bond of love triumphs over essential incompatibility. Told by an author with good manners.

KIMONO—John Paris—*Boni, Liveright.* How one loves unconventionally in Japan—or some do.

CARNAC'S FOLLY—Gilbert Parker—*Lippincott.* Sir Gilbert establishes the headquarters of romance in Canada.

GIFT OF THE DESERT—Randall Parrish—*McClurg.* A wild thriller of the Mexican border in which black hearted villains pursue the beauteous heroine but are foiled by the resourceful hero.

THE MOON OUT OF REACH—Margaret Pedler—*Doran.* A fine bedtime story for grown ups.

SHORT STORIES BY PRESENT-DAY AUTHORS—Raymond Woodberry Pence—*Macmillan.* Classified arbitrarily as stories of plot, character, setting, theme, and mood, the contents of this volume are going to find their way inevitably into the Class in English Composition. Excellent bibliographies are appended.

THE REST HOLLOW MYSTERY—Rebecca N. Porter—*Century.* Mystery, built upon a case of forgotten personality.

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL-TEACHER—Melville Davisson Post—*Appleton.* Mr. Post tells the story of the life of Christ, as though it were lived in the twentieth century, and in the Kentucky mountains.

LAUGHTER, LIMITED—Nina Wilcox Putnam—*Doran.* Story of a movie queen as the movie queen might relate it if she had Nina Wilcox Putnam's brand of slang at her disposal.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* A study of the protective mechanism of fear—which doesn't hinder its being an extraordinarily exciting story.

DUST OF THE DESERT—Robert Welles Ritchie—*Dodd, Mead.* "El Camino de los Muertos" (The Road of the Dead Men) is a trail that leads through love and adventure to a long buried treasure.

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CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* Not so vivid as Scaramouche, Peter Blood with his exploits in the Caribbean is yet a dashing figure.

THEY CALL ME CARPENTER—Upton Sinclair—*Boni, Liveright.* The reactions of Christ returned to earth used to register disapproval of the twentieth century speed. Bruised by propaganda.

THE VAN ROON—J. C. Snaith—*Appleton.* In which a very good girl and her young man outwit a bad uncle and a villainous artist in an exciting struggle for an old master.

THE ISLAND GOD FORGOT—Charles B. Stilson and Charles Beahan—*Holt.* The authors have concentrated all their talents upon one quality of good romance—action.

LETTERS TO A DJINN—Grace Zaring Stone—*Century.* A lively travelogue among the wildest of the South Sea islands that fades out in a clinch.

*RITA COVENTRY—Julian Street—*Doubleday, Page.* An engaging opera singer moves admirably through a readable, well plotted story. *(See page 347.)*

BEAUTY FOR ASHES—Joan Sutherland—*Doran.* What it means in all its horrors to be a corespondent.

*GENTLE JULIA—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* Julia and Florence are fast becoming companions of Penrod and Willie Baxter in the hearts of the fiction reading public.

BLACK CAESAR'S CLAN—Albert Payson Terhune—*Doran.* Mystery, snakes, lost treasure, lovely girl, faithful dog. Very well juggled.

THE CHAIN—Charles Hanson Towne—*Putnam.* John Darrow moves through a background of New York literature and society with ease and pleasure to the reader. *(See page 352.)*

*THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan.* An adventuring into the psychological depths of mankind or, more specifically, womankind.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Edith Wharton—*Appleton.* Such society puppets as these are said to exist; but they are here described so well that you will give thanks if you have never met them.

A MINISTER OF GRACE—Margaret Widdemer—*Harcourt.* Knotty human tangles encountered and straightened out by a delightful, whimsical old god-out-of-the-machine.

PICKING WINNERS WITH MAJOR MILES—L. B. Yates—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Major Miles is an aristocratic, southern Wallingford, who goes to the horse races to shear lambs.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

A Critic's Two First Books

THE urge to act is even more common than the one to write for the theatre. There are those who have also the urge to produce a play themselves. There are many who achieve a hero worship for the idols of the stage. Charles Dickens, however, was all of these things. The theatre fascinated him, and to it he brought the infectious spirit of the supreme amateur. "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play" (Putnam) by Alexander Woollcott, the dramatic critic, is a delectable potpourri. Mr. Woollcott's own essays in the book are informative and altogether pleasing, and his selection of Dickens anecdote and quotation is skilful. Of Dickens's letters to the actor Macready, enough cannot be said. Witness the following:

TO OLD PARR

Devonshire Terrace, 1847.

I am in the whirlwind of finishing a number with a crisis in it; but I can't fall to work without saying, in so many words, that I feel all words insufficient to tell you what I think of you after a night like last night. The multitude of new tokens by which I know you for a great man, the swelling within me of my love for you, the pride I have in you, the majestic reflection I see in you of all the passions and affections that make up our mystery, throw me into a strange kind of transport that has no expression but in a mute sense of an attachment, which, in truth and fervency, is worthy of its subject.

What is this to say! Nothing, God knows, and yet I cannot leave it unsaid.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P. S.—I never saw you more gallant and free than in the gallant and free scenes last night. It was perfectly captivating to behold you. However, it shall not interfere with my determination to address you as Old Parr in all future time.

Whether "Mr. Dickens" or "Shouts and Murmurs" (Century) is Mr. Woollcott's first book, I don't know. Probably he would prefer to be hailed for the latter, since it is all his own. This is right and proper; for "Shouts and Murmurs", a collection of essays around and about the theatre, is fresh, original, and informed. It is more readable than most books about the stage; it is current, humorous, and wise, though opinionated. After all, what is a critic if not an opinion? "That mountain might be brown", said the man, "or it might be blue", and there was no arguing the matter, so I proclaimed it black, and we fought unto the death. Alexander Woollcott is a man with whom it is well worth fighting; but timid souls should not enter the lists.

Enter Mr. Broun, Novelist

"THE Boy Grew Older" (Putnam) is a short novel; but so packed with humorous and wise sayings, so moving and deft in its simple little story, that if Heywood Broun were not vitally important as a part of the favorite morning newspaper, I'd shout, "Go away somewhere, Heywood, and write some more quickly!" As a rule, stories of newspaper men do not appeal; but here is one that ought to draw praise from most men and, surely, from many women. The story of a man who turns nurse to his own baby when the temperamental mother flees from such responsibility, and then, finally, gives the boy to his mother, is tragic in essence but

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treated with happiness and whimsicality. Characters are drawn with no effort in the drawing and jump into the mind to stay — Maria the wife, Vonnie of the chorus type, Rufus Twice (so easily recognized by many of us), Peter Neale himself, and best of all, Pat. Pat is the baby. Pat is the son. I have never read a scene in any book more tender, moving, and at the same time screamingly funny than that when Peter Neale first takes his son to a baseball game. For a first novel, this is extraordinarily skilful. Broun never overplays. Sex is here in good measure but always handled with restraint and delicacy. An entire volume on the war could not be more telling than the one incident of General Pershing and the private. With a simple, flowing style and a deep understanding, Mr. Broun has told his stories and his anecdotes in a fashion that makes "The Boy Grew Older" quite the most delightful evening's reading I can recommend this fall.

Two Adventurous Spirits

FOR those persons who enjoy "Robinson Crusoe" or "Two Years Before the Mast", who like any tale of true romance and brave deeds, there are two recent books which should completely satisfy their taste: "Beasts, Men and Gods" (Dutton) by Ferdinand Ossendowski and "Ocean Echoes" (Holt) by Arthur Mason. The account of how a daring Pole escaped from the Bolsheviki is filled with incident, drama, motion, and even prophecy. That some of it may be propaganda this or that, does not matter. The Bolsheviki seemed to me as impersonal villains as Crusoe's cannibals. You should read this book if only for the description of the crazed Baron Ungern and the wild and mysterious cities and temples of inner Mongolia. "Ocean Echoes", an autobiographical book by the author of "The Flying Bo'sun", is introduced by William McFee. It is a story of years on sailing ships, of days in port and in camp. You will find it entertaining and even thrilling to follow this adventuring Celt through a life that is never calm and often very stormy indeed. Stimulating and original, it is a fitting successor to the earlier book.

Untermeyer Poetry, 1922

HERE is a miscellany of poetry which announces that it has no editor. Well and good, if by announcing that fact it becomes factual. The Untermeyer touch is here and no mistaking. However, though such mummery as is evidenced in the introduction is distasteful, and though the poetry of James Oppenheim seems to us to belong anywhere but in "American Poetry, 1922" (Harcourt, Brace), and the non-inclusion of Elinor Wylie in any book of representative American verse where Sara Teasdale and Jean Starr Untermeyer are to be found is an act of clownishness, we thank Mr. Untermeyer heartily for putting into one volume so much that is fine. Here is Amy Lowell's "Lilacs", fanciful and penetrating, haunting in its rhythms; Carl Sandburg's "And So To-Day" with its mystical analysis of war; Vachel Lindsay's impassioned "I Know All This When Gipsy Fiddles Cry", H. D.'s superb "Toward the Piræus", and the exquisite "Eight Sonnets" of Miss Millay, a fitting close to a book which, like many of Mr. Untermeyer's performances, while it cries out for sins of inclusion and omission, yet presents a dramatic and provocative whole.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE KAISER'S APOLOGIA

By James W. Gerard

EVERY German war book is at once an apology and a bid for political support. The book of the ex-Kaiser is no exception — it is a weak apology and a still weaker appeal to the German people. For human nature is unchanging and the man who, until Foch was given command of the Allies, stood at the head of the most powerful body of armed men ever seen on this war-torn earth, would not be human did he not desire a triumphant return to power and empire.

From many and many an eminence in Prussia looms a "Bismarck tower", embodiment of the Prussian reverence for the statesman of blood and iron; and so the ex-Kaiser commences his book by stating that Bismarck was his idol, but that "Prince Bismarck by his fight against me destroyed that idol". Then follows an intimation that the Kaiser was with the Roman Catholics in the *Kulturkampf*, with the Social Democrats in their fight for labor protective legislation, and against the treaty of Berlin of 1878 which deprived Russia of the fruits of her bloody war and the long desired possession of Constantinople. In a few paragraphs he seeks to justify at once his proud dismissal of the Chancellor, to destroy that great man's reputation, and to curry favor with three groups who might help him regain his throne — the Russians, the Roman Catholics, and the Social Democrats.

The Kaiser poses as a ruler who saved Germany from civil war because he would not allow Bismarck to use bayonets against the Social Democrats — quite a different picture from that of the man who permitted a poor Social Democrat to be condemned for *lèse majesté* because he had presumed to criticize the conduct of one of the Kaiser's ancestors at the election of the Emperor Charles V in 1519. All his insinuations, even his insinuation that Bismarck contemplated "a political tradition for his family" (hereditary Mayors of the Palace or Shoguns, perhaps), cannot break the enduring fame of Bismarck. All his turning and twisting will never win for the Kaiser his lost empire — that is impossible for the man who deserted his troops to hide behind the skirts of the Queen of Holland — impossible for the paragon of domestic virtues, the exemplar of the simple domestic life, who is betrothed to a young princess before the loved and respected Empress is cold in her grave.

One thing, I think, is sure about the Kaiser's book. He wrote it. There is inherent evidence of that. In his chapter headed "Caprivi" the Kaiser tells how he made General von Caprivi chief of the admiralty but parted with him partly because von Caprivi informed him "that the Emperor knew more about naval matters than he, the General". An example of that assumption of superior and universal knowledge so characteristic of the Kaiser. The Kaiser gives his version of the chancellorships of von Caprivi and Prince Hohenlohe and

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tells of the hand he had in the acquisition of Heligoland and a slice of China. Then he swallows whole the amazing tale of an agreement or secret treaty between England, France, and America which provided that, in case either Germany or Austria or both should go to war in the cause of Pan-Germanism, "the United States should at once declare in favor of England and France and go to the support of these powers with all its resources".

The last words of von Bethman-Hollweg to me, on the day I left Germany after the break of diplomatic relations, were, "I must say that we Germans do not understand the psychology of other nations." Not the psychology alone but the forms of government and constitutions of other nations; for the most casual student of America must know that secret treaties or agreements are impossible for the United States of America.

All this helps to puncture the idea, carefully cultivated, that the ex-Kaiser was a man of superior talent. On the contrary his knowledge was superficial, his fund of information small. To my mind the Crown Prince, Prince Eitel Fritz, and Prince Adalbert are intellectually far superior to their father.

The ex-Kaiser asks his readers to believe that Prince Hohenlohe forced him to send the notorious Kruger telegram. He states that he, as a constitutional ruler, was compelled to obey his advisers in this particular. Within two pages he himself contradicts this when he states that Russia and France had proposed to Germany, while the Boer War was in progress, to make a joint attack on England but "I objected and ordered that the proposal be declined". No hint here that, as a constitutional ruler, he was bound to consult his Chancellor. In fact, the Kaiser claims that he was a constitutional ruler when he wishes to shift the blame for some act of his — such as the Kruger dispatch or his disturbing visit to Tangier or the sending of the "Panther" to Agadir; but when he wishes to claim credit for doing some act there is no intimation that he was obeying his advisers. In his account of the famous "Daily Telegraph" interview the Kaiser is correct. The fault for the publication of this interview, which so stirred the German people, was with the German Foreign Office and not the Kaiser, who was badly treated by his own Chancellor, von Buelow, in the whole affair.

Another instance of the Kaiser's want of understanding of foreign countries is shown by his reliance on the Prince of Monaco in his dealings with France. He says that after the fall of Delcassé "I at once caused the initiation of the measures wherein I could count upon the support of the Prince of Monaco". As a matter of fact, the Prince of Monaco, living on the profits of the gambling tables of Monte Carlo, had no influence whatever in the political affairs of France.

As for military talents, the book gives us glimpses of the petty drill master lost in admiration at the British troops wheeling about the statue of Queen Victoria, at the "admirable evolution by troops in close formation at Olympia" military tournament, but not a word as to the grand strategy of war or even the tactics of the battle front. In his chapter on the army and navy the Kaiser lauds general compulsory military service, saying that "it brings together rich and poor, sons of the soil and of the city. It brings mutual understanding among young people whose roads

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otherwise would lead them far apart". Ask what this military service was of those Germans who came to this country to escape it. Poor men did not become regular officers, Jews could not, and the rich as "one years", paying their way through the army, did not consort with the poor who were battered about by brutal non-commissioned officers and treated worse than beasts. A Prince taking me to tea in the Emperor's garden at Charleville said, "Don't let us pass by the guardhouses, go this way; the private soldiers smell like animals."

Space forbids comment on the Kaiser's account of his private theology, and of the internal administration of the Empire. The book is disappointing in its omissions: there is no word of Harden and his crusade against the intimates of the Emperor, the infamous Knights of the Round Table. There is little about the war — much presented as an excuse for the flight and abdication. A self-taken photograph appears, however, of one made powerful by inheritance who possessed just enough brain to lead him to interfere in every activity of the Empire and materially aid in its destruction.

The Germans are a great, a wonderful people, and when they have recovered from the glamour and the spell of monarchism and war, when they can appraise a man like William of Hohenzollern at his actual worth, when they learn more kindliness, and when sports for all the people and a more humorous outlook temper their minds made stern by the sad physical surroundings of the monotonous North German Plain, they will come into a splendid inheritance. Meanwhile the Kaiser's book will help to open their eyes.

Disappointing the volume is in its omissions, but nevertheless of startling interest, because of the writer's great position. What would we not give today for the personal narratives of Attila, Alexander the Great, and Tamerlane?

There is a tendency to treat the ex-Kaiser with indulgence in his hour of exile. We must not forget that he, when he signed the declaration of war, brought upon the earth the greatest calamity of all time.

The Kaiser's Memoirs. Harper and Bros.

AMERINDIAN FOLK LORE

By Mary Austin

IN "Taytay's Tales" we have one of the few authentic attempts to present American Indian folk tales in the aboriginal form and with something of the aboriginal idiom. Any number of such collections have been made, but made more often than not by writers totally unacquainted with aboriginal life and thought, and with a certain academic superciliousness toward the material in its original form. Even yet it is possible to find people who ought to know better, highly incredulous about the existence of anything among Indians which could be called literary style or form. The result is that Amerindian folk lore, which is as unique, as racy of the soil that produced it as any that sprang up about the Mediterranean, when retold for American children has been forced into the mold of Greek mythology, or more ineptly still, into the mold of Grimm Brothers and Hans Christian Andersen.

Another crying mistake has been the failure to discriminate in the genre of the original. Stories which in the original had the form and the

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whipsnap quality of Æsop's Fables have been jumbled together with matter that could have been adequately rendered only in some such medium as the Saga or the Rhinegold cycle.

By confining her material to tales that are told to children for entertainment, and retold among themselves, the author of "Taytay's Tales" has avoided the last of these mistakes. By sticking closely to the manner of telling in vogue among American Indian children she has gone far toward obviating the first. It is doubtful if any similar group of American school children could render the folk tales of their own mixed inheritance in a manner so consistently adequate.

Mrs. DeHuff, who as the wife of the superintendent of the Indian School at Santa Fe has had excellent opportunity to make her collection directly from the narrators, has had the good sense not to attempt the ethnological approach. Her preface acknowledges the patent assimilation of some of the tales, which are drawn mainly from the Pueblo tribes, to European tales of the same genre, but there is no attempt to modify the remaining tales by European versions of the universal human experiences around which they are built. For the most part "Taytay's Tales" are left in the austere, passionless medium through which the child and the aboriginal view the environment. Such sentimentalizing touches as occur are plainly the result, as the author herself is aware, of the attempt to retell them to her own children.

In another direction the teller of "Taytay's Tales" has scarcely been so successful. She has failed to render the quality of the joke that inheres in most of the animal tales in which, usually, the coyote or the fox is the butt of misadventure, of death, or at the least severe physical discomfiture. Some residuum of pure savagery at the bottom of the child mind enables the young reader to supply this element of humor without any help from the author, in situations which without it would reek with mean cruelty. That residuum is, of course, as Mrs. DeHuff is careful to explain in her preface, the savage acceptance of the inviolability of life, life that escaping from the animal form in death goes on and takes up its residence in another animal form.

Thus the death which is repeatedly visited on the Jack Dullard among the animals is not murder, but a huge joke, like robbing a man of his clothes and compelling him to run about ludicrously. As a matter of fact this universal incident of folk tale has never been rendered absolutely but once in child literature. That was by Joel Chandler Harris in the Brer Rabbit stories, concerning which it is not generally known that they are many of them indigenous American folk tales. Without raising the much discussed question of the geographical origin of the Tar Baby, of which the Gum Baby in "Taytay's Tales" is a southwestern variant, one cannot know anything of the value of these stories in aboriginal life without realizing that the Uncle Remus version is the only one that in the modern medium sustains their rollicking character. All of which suggests the query as to whether one of the functions of the negro in American literature might not be to preserve for us primitive aspects of our own aboriginal literature, just as he has passed on to us the syncopations of aboriginal music.

One cannot leave "Taytay's Tales" without commenting on the quality of the illustrations, the work of Fred Kabotie and Otis Polelonema, Pueb-

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leñoes both, as much nearer to the child mind in their work as they are nearer to the fact of Amerindian life than any American illustrator could be. Kabotie's work has already been exhibited in New York and has had due appreciation for his drawings of Pueblo dance rituals. In line drawing — as for example the two fawns on page 26 — he sets a mark for ease and directness that few modern book illustrators can touch.

Taytay's Tales. Collected and retold by Elizabeth Willis DeHuff. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

THEATRE MEMOIRS

By Alexander Woollcott

WHEN Augustus Thomas was writing his reminiscences for "The Saturday Evening Post", Mr. Lorimer — docilely recognized everywhere as the supreme expert on the literary taste of what Mencken calls the Boobery — sent a gumshoe messenger to him. "Tell Thomas", he said, "to raise a mustache in his story as soon as possible." In response to which prodding, the uneasy autobiographer doubtless hurried on; but anyone who has just finished reading the completed book cannot help resenting that intrusion by the sage of (oddly enough) Independence Square. Those early chapters of memories — memories of a boy with a wonderful grandmother out in St. Louis, a boy who had the Civil War under his nursery window, an unusually live and receptive boy who watched Washington in reconstruction from the vantage point of a page in the House of Representatives — those chapters are so good that it is a bitter thing if any of them was frightened away by George Horace Lorimer.

They now give place rapidly to the bulk of the narrative which makes up "The Print of My Remembrance" — a wise, modest, kindly and charming tale, crammed with life, and agleam, at times, with a most sly, delicate, and twinkling humor. It is quite the richest book of theatre memoirs that I have ever read.

It has style. You will read far this fall before coming on a defter bit of description than that inspired by the oratory of Fernando Wood, "seldom eloquent, never stirring that I can recall, but with an enamelled precision and accuracy and with that almost invariable note of regretful finality that accompanies the public utterances of our own Elihu Root". And speaking of both style and humor, what could be happier than his one sentence portrait of Mary Shaw in the old days — Mary Shaw who, along with Robert Taber, Albert Bruning and others, was in the company when young Augustus Thomas was business manager for a shining, new-risen star named Julia Marlowe. "Miss Shaw had been a school-teacher before she became an actress but had not served at it so long that she in any way tired of giving information." And again: "Taber liked a good laugh, but his bent was essentially serious. His happiest hours were after the play, when Miss Shaw would let him and me have supper in her room, while Rob persuaded himself and me — perhaps rightly — that he was really discussing philosophy. I would not doubt it now but for the memory of Mary's laughter."

Really it is an extraordinary procession that files by now under the window of Thomas's memory — Della Fox as a child coming to him for her

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lessons, Paul Connoyer working under him as assistant art editor of the newly renamed St. Louis "Republic", Mark Twain, Henry Watterson, Frohman of course, Maurice Barrymore, Frederick Remington, and so on and so on. It is true that the thought of their folks sat heavily on him as he wrote and Thomas was not half so indiscreet as he might well have been. All memoirs published while the author of them is still astir in the world are wont to be thus apprehensive and a little dulled.

This last summer in London, I heard Bernard Shaw lecturing away for dear life at an exhibition of the Gordon Craigites and, knowing what his opinion must be on the subject, I felt he must be fairly itching to make a little fun of Teddy Craig. But he never mentioned him. For down in the very front row, beaming on him, was one whom he is not too unorthodox and un-British to adore — Ellen Terry. And she is Craig's mother.

This same gentle embarrassment checks the comfortable freedom of the autobiographer — often needlessly, I think. For one can have the candor of a Lytton Strachey without falling to the level of a Clare Sheridan. I raked "The Print of My Remembrance" fore and aft without coming on a single indiscretion, unless one counts the casual identification of Le Grand White, that mysterious first husband of Mrs. Fiske's whom I had always thought of as an architect or, possibly, a Greek professor at some little college. Mr. Thomas says he was one of the drummers in the orchestra at Pope's Theatre out in old St. Louis.

The same excess of discretion, the same maddening mannerliness, prevents John Drew's book, "My Years on the Stage", from being the entertaining tale it might have been. When one thinks of the immensely rich and beguiling story of his life that Drew might spin if he were sitting at the Players' Club of a winter's night with a few good listeners gathered round, and when one compares such a play of sidelights on the great folk of the 'eighties and 'nineties with the painfully decorous and uneventful chronicle he has felt free to write — the difference is altogether too dismal. In the whole book, there is just one bit of blurting — the casual paragraph in which he lets us know that Arnold Daly was not only Frohman's office boy but, for a time, his — Drew's — valet.

The Print of My Remembrance. By Augustus Thomas. Charles Scribner's Sons.
My Years on the Stage. By John Drew. E. P. Dutton and Co.

NEW STYLES AND OLD

By Floyd Dell

"BABEL", by John Cournos, is the story of the effort of a young Russian American Jew to understand the modern world. Two previous volumes seem to have set forth the earlier parts of John Gombarov's life adventure; one finds in the present book a sketch of that background — glimpses of a sensitive child in a Russian ghetto, of a pogrom, a family's flight to America, and their subsequent struggle with poverty in an American city. The third phase of Gombarov's career, here depicted, shows him as an intellectual and ambitious youth who has just thrown up his newspaper job to go abroad and make a name for himself. He meets abroad, and falls in love with, an American girl who wants him to make

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money quickly so they can be married. But he is too busy looking at the kaleiodoscopic prewar London world of Cubists and Futurists, of strange art and stranger ideas, of amazing contrasts of poverty and wealth, of the picturesque old and the startling new, of suffragettes, factory girls, prostitutes, poets, painters, and what not, to make money, and his romance comes to grief. It is not, after all, to deal with his romance that the book exists, but to set forth a young man's impressions of modern life — impressions that are sufficiently summed up in the title of the book. It is a picture of what, despite his efforts to understand it, seems to him a sort of chaos. The book is an essay, in fictional form, on civilization; but an essay lacking any point of view except that of an excited bewilderment.

Mr. Cournos's hero is a self-controlled young idealist, more interested in ideas than in anything else; contrariwise, the characters in Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles" are all helplessly obsessed by sex. Not more so, perhaps, than most people outside of books — for this is a matter in which fiction has just begun to report to us the truth — but Mr. Hecht imparts to this truth a grotesque quality by the recklessness of an undisciplined fancy. Mr. Hecht is not content with setting down what he has discovered about people — he is at the mercy, apparently, of a faculty of improvisation, a wild guesswork, which leads him to tease the reader with fantastic inventions which seem to have come into his head only at the moment of writing them down. This headlong and disorderly imaginativeness spoils the effect of his more sober motive-analysis. But on the whole the book is a mildly interesting study in unconscious hypocrisy. Its principal character, George Basine, is found coming out of a bawdy-house in a self-righteous mood in the opening pages; and this mood, sustained throughout a career as judge and popular politician, is all that gives coherence to a series of sketches of the secret erotic motives of a large number of his friends and relatives. The tone of the book is one of pessimistic Puritanism. As compared with "Erik Dorn", it is less mannered, less wilfully unintelligible, and shows less the author's stagefright; but in its diffusion of interest over a large group of characters it provides nothing so absorbing as certain incidents in the former book, where Mr. Hecht allowed himself enough pages for each character to give them a sort of life.

Both these novels are, in quite different ways, examples of the "newer" fiction; they both endeavor, very earnestly, to give a truer account of life than conventional methods of fiction writing would, presumably, give. Julian Street's novel, "Rita Coventry", is quite conventional in method; and after reading these other two novels, one feels in a well censored and very orderly world, quite unlike the mixed up world of real life. But this elimination of so much of life from his pages gives Mr. Street an opportunity to concentrate on a story which turns out to be, in spite of its well tailored, well manicured appearance, more interesting than such adumbrations of a story as emerge from the confusion of the other two books. A broker falls in love with an opera singer, becomes jealous and possessive, and is presently put in his place — which is outside the door. The picture of Rita is a good, if not a remarkable, account of the artistic temperament, which Mr. Street is judicious enough to respect; and the picture of the broker

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is a very sympathetic portrait of a common type of masculinoid ass. Mr. Street's talents are not so pretentious as those of either Mr. Cournos or Mr. Hecht; but he has measurably succeeded in telling a story — for which, after reading two novels in which that task is hardly attempted, I feel respectfully grateful.

Babel. By John Cournos. Boni and Liveright.
Gargoyles. By Ben Hecht. Boni and Liveright.
Rita Coventry. By Julian Street. Doubleday, Page and Co.

LUTES AND FURROWS

By Clement Wood

IT is something to open a volume of poems with a bound beauty as authentic as "Christabel", and close it with a stirring tribute to John Reed; this argues for high craftsmanship, and a cordial catholicity of spirit. This is what Mrs. Dargan has done. There is at times the cleaving furrow her actual plough has made in the harsh Carolina hill fields; but most of the furrows are spirit ones — with her soul for a plough, and the yielding beauty of hollow and hill and blue sky as the shining soil. We must give that perfect opening stanza:

> The winter has grown so still
> I can stand at the foot of the hill
> Where the stream beneath the bridge
> Is dry as a heart after grief,
> And hear at the top of the ridge
> The wind as it lifts a leaf.

She leaves the "voice blown low from a wood" for the ploughing, but again and again she returns to visions like —

> The balsam buds are bluer
> From leaning on the sky.

Two long narrative poems, "Sall's Gap" and "Evvie's Mother", are tense and well wrought; there is lyric completion in the ghastly war poem, "Home", the epigrammatic lash of "Job 31: 1", the gentle "In an Alms-House Garden", the fragile "To a Texas Primrose", the lovely dirge "Francesca". She is at home in the splendid passion of the sonnet "Astray"; but most of all we prefer the reined abandon of the singing "Fatherland", with its —

> And this, my Earth, I know;
> Though for my hand
> Space held out spheres like roses, and
> Like country lanes their orbits blow,
> If thou be green, and blossom still,
> Then I must downward go. . . .
> Each wonder passed
> Shall feed my haste,
> Till I have paused as now,
> Beneath a bending orchard bough, —
> An April apple bough
> Where Southern waters creep.

The volume marks steady progress from the earlier singing — a progress not yet, we are sure, at its apogee. There is still the occasional blurred line; but the level is high.

Miss Thayer is a poet of distinct ability; but her very method has crippled more than half of the songs in this book. The wrapper contains her statement, "If you sing because you are happy . . . and if your song is a true echo of your heart, then it cannot fail to be a great poem." Too, too often, if her plea is correct — that the "fundamental laws" of poetry need not be learned — her songs are not true echoes of her heart. "The poet's only difficulty in being a poet, is in being himself," she concludes. It may be so; but her volume is no strong proof of it. In the charming medium of rhythmic prose, she has done exquisite things. Such unschooled rhapsodies as "Communion",

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"Stars", "Bubbles", and "April" are most affecting:

> Little fires of delight sweep me when the soft petals of a flower blow unexpectedly against my cheek, when a bird breaks in a song, when the purple moss that falls always in the swamps, rocks gently, between pointed shadows. . . .
>
> It is as though somebody's heart were throbbing under the earth — setting the fingers of the trees trembling, pulsing through the blades of grass.

The disregard of the "fundamental laws" apparently leaves her unable to retain her own original beauty, and excise such dead and dusty relics of former singers as:

> There is a brooding and a hush
> O'er vale and forest. . . .
>
> I pin moon-flowers rare. . . .
>
> Art liveth long. . . .

And that obsolete termination expireth and reincarnateth and metamorphoseth interminably. Yet as offset to these we have beauty like:

> Where the shadows
> On the grass
> Stretch pale bodies —
> There I pass.

She is an authentic poet; but a defter command of the file will double the appreciation in the fine things she has to say.

Mrs. Baker is a harder poet to place. There are flashes of beauty here as intense as Mrs. Dargan's — clouds seen as "marching mountains" —

> I shall be loved as quiet things
> Are loved — white pigeons in the sun,
> Curled yellow leaves that whisper down
> One after one;
>
> The silver reticence of smoke. . . .
>
> The frayed and eager little moon
> That strays unheeded through a high
> Blue afternoon.

"The World at the Bottom of the Lake" is a charming vision; "I Love the Friendly Faces of Old Sorrows", "Bees", and "Burning Bush" are more than this. There is a deft shapeliness to such a mordant bit as "No Respecter of Persons". Yet with it all there is a feeling of dissatisfaction with the book — as if the poet had sardonically locked the better part of herself away from prying eyes, and given only external flashes. The incompleteness is tantalizing; it is too omnipresent to please. We wish to know even as, in these poems, we are known. We await the lifting of the mask.

Lute and Furrow. By Olive Tilford Dargan. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Songs of Youth. By Mary Dixon Thayer. Alfred A. Knopf.
Burning Bush. By Karle Wilson Baker. Yale University Press.

A NOVEL IN VERSE

By Sidney Howard

FASHIONS in the heroic may change, but there is no getting away from the classic tradition that it is the hero who makes the world go round and keeps the worldlings faithful to deity. By which it would seem to me that works of art stand divided into certain categories (the major or the minor, say) according to the quality they take on of the heroic element.

The daughter of an upstate farmer marries and comes to live in our New York City. Her husband is neither better nor worse than most men and the pair of them fare neither very well nor particularly ill. They quarrel and make up, survive strikes, live meanly and move often, and bring children into the world. They grow older. Their children grow older and

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marry off. They satisfy the utterly human ambitions of sending the boys to school, seeing Niagara Falls, and owning their own home.

Their story is called "a novel in verse". Let tremble who will, it is properly so called. "Down the River" is its name, Roscoe Brink its author. To me it seems a remarkable experiment and a thrilling and a very beautiful achievement.

For it is an heroic story. One might go astray on comparison with Amy Lowell or Masters or Frost but for this heroic quality. The woman — that is the thing about her — slowly, inevitably, and rightly shifts from a bewilderment in her conscious universe to a consciousness of her relation to it. Her life is hard and horribly normal. But, at the end, she is the happy conqueror of hardship. And this because the Homeric heroism is blood of her blood and bone of her bone.

She is an exciting person. The city shakes her:

I hear it coming now
Towards me, down ever and ever so many streets,
Like a heavy team of stone
On the north road when winter has made it hard.
Morning — that's what it is . . .
. . . . . .
Oh, why can't the rich build their houses
So they can be handed down to us who come after,
Who come after always and always.
Even though they build for eternity
A home for them and their children alone,
We come after, crowding after:
For we are eternity and they are the wilderness.

But she "can look down into lilac time" in the tattered garden about the decaying mansion of her neighborhood. She can appraise and comprehend her neighbors. She can struggle with pennies and disasters and still bear children:

I want something you can feel
Like it was human;
Like a lighted window
Along a lonely road at dusk,
The lamp shining pale orange thro' the lavender
And dusky green,
Even though you know
It ain't put there a purpose for you . . .
Children.

Life staggers her. She tells you so:

You can throw just so many stones
Into a pool to see it ripple,
And bye and bye it gets filled up
And there ain't no more ripples: —
I'm filled up.

But she does not know herself. She is blessed of heaven with a gift for seeing through individual and circumstance. The poverty of Christmas may wound her but the shams of life do not deceive her. She is wise with a great wisdom and her courage is indomitable. "Children grow up", she says, "and husbands down." She does not rebel. She learns to play euchre and wins prizes, too, and becomes a figure in the Ladies' Aid. Her world takes shape in spite of her. She can feel it and know its form. It has corners for her, hard places and soft, and there is light in its centre. Then her birthday comes and the Ladies' Aid acclaims her and she knows and cries out her knowledge in such a pæan as Whitman might have written:

And I shall be faithful, faithful to You
Always and always;
No Christ shall come between us,
Oh, my People, Who are God. . . .
People, believe me, People,
I love You, love only You,
Love You, and want You, and need You.

She has them and they have her and she is become a symbol — for that is the most real of all endings to the most realistic of all realism. The poem has faults, observes some untimely poetic traditions, blasts its

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own freedom with reversions to accepted metres and rhythms. But it has heart, stalwart and heroic heart, and for me there is more stir in it than in any new poem of any new poet since "The English Review" gave "The Everlasting Mercy" to this vale of self-expression.

Down the River. By Roscoe W. Brink. Henry Holt and Co.

A CARTOONIST TURNS AUTHOR

By James L. Ford

NO more apt title than "A World Worth While" could have been chosen for the book in which W. A. Rogers tells the story of his life and work, the people he has known and the scenes of historic interest he has witnessed. In that world he has lived for more than half a century and has always found it well worth while. In the spirit with which he looks back upon it now there is nothing of regret or disillusionment. If the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune from which none of us is immune have struck him from time to time they have left no scars visible to those who will read his narrative.

The writing of personal reminiscence has become in recent decades a craft affording occupation to countless individuals of mature years, and one abounding in strange paradoxes. He who has had a part in affairs of world wide importance is prone to recollect only the unimportant; some of the most entertaining of these books are from the pens of persons of slender renown but remarkable qualities of thought and observation; the rock on which many founder is the family pride that results in verbose tales of obscure blood kin. Curiously enough the reminiscent artist is generally lacking in the one quality in which he should excel — that of perspective. In this Mr. Rogers seems to me exceptionally strong. His keen sense of relative values is shown in the personal anecdotes to which he devotes so much space. He looks back to the happenings of fifty years ago with marvelously clear vision and describes them with the zest of his long vanished youth and with an accuracy that bespeaks a well ordered mind.

To read this autobiography with full comprehension of its meaning one should know something about its author and the position he has won for himself in a branch of art that demands brains as well as technical skill. Born in Ohio, he came to New York in the early 'seventies and found employment with the "Daily Graphic", the first fully illustrated daily paper in the town and a veritable nursery of talent. Then about twenty years of age and associated with such men as A. B. Frost, T. deThulstrup, E. W. Kemble, C. J. Taylor, and Gray Parker, he improved his work as an illustrator and finally was asked to join the Harper staff. "Harper's Weekly" was at that time a journal of nation wide circulation and great influence, and the young artist had many assignments, usually in company with some competent writer, to distant points of current interest. It was on this periodical that he found his métier as a cartoonist, a branch of art that has given him well deserved reputation in later years. It is all very interesting, especially to one who, like myself, has known so many of the men of whom he writes and whom, in certain instances, he

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judges in a manner more creditable to his heart than to his gifts of observation.

The school of cartooning to which Mr. Rogers belongs is that of which Thomas Nast and Joseph Keppler were the acknowledged leaders — to them he is the legitimate successor. It is a school but little understood by a generation of editors who cannot distinguish between a cartoon and a mere picture and who would be puzzled to say how many elements compose the most effective cartoons. This and other kindred matters Mr. Rogers might have explained with profit to a numerous class of newspaper artists who think themselves cartoonists. Largely because of the movies and other thought saving devices the easiest means of access to the public brain is through the eye, and a real cartoon, which is a drama in pictorial form, is the most effective instrument for influencing public opinion.

The strongest impression this book has left on my mind is that it is the product of that *rara avis*, an artist with a cartooning mind.

A World Worth While. By W. A. Rogers. Harper and Bros.

MIDDLE AGED NEW YORK

By Maurice Francis Egan

THE novelists are discovering that the city of New York has an atmosphere and even traditions. The New York of Jim Fiske and Josie Mansfield was also the New York of Booth and of William Cullen Bryant; and, later, of the circle of the Roosevelts and of the Gilders. The scene of Mr. Towne's "Chain" is a little later than the time when Ward McAllister casually invited nice young men to form part of his famous picnics and to contribute, say, a terrain of pâté de foie gras or a bottle of Veuve Clicquot — they were not so particular about the vintage then! It is probably about the date of "Floradora", with the echoes of Lillian Russell's "lullaby" lingering in the Casino, when John Darrow enters the metropolis. And, like the infatuated young person in that operetta, one is inclined to ask of "The Chain": "Are there any more at home like you?" If there are, let Mr. Towne bring them out year by year. He has given us a first-rate book. "A corking good novel!" as Theodore Roosevelt would have said of it.

Mr. Towne, like all fine poets, except Longfellow and Swinburne, writes good prose — and, of course, not poetical prose. This is one of the few modern novels that a discriminating person may read twice, with pleasure. Major Moulton, the beneficent "angel" of the popular magazine, comes perilously near to being a recognizable portrait from real life; and dear Mrs. Anastasia Morgan! — she lives; and the city of New York, before the new central station was built, and when Diana hung on Madison Square Garden, lives ardently. But Mr. Towne has all the prejudices of the elder time against Brooklyn.

"The Chain" is only a link in a chain which Mr. Towne ought to complete. An author who can draw Shaftsbury, the poet, and his wife; in a phrase, a whole gallery of vital people — must not be lost to prose. The best that can be said of "The Chain" is that it is realistic, and born of the realism of a sane man, who sees life from the point of view of experience, and who does not see it only from acute angles. Mr. Towne's

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humor is here suggested, never emphasized, all the more pleasant for that; and the wit has the restraint of an artist who knows when he has made his point. A reviewer, when he says things of this purport of a book that should be called "John Darrow", ought to be obliged to prove his assertion by corroborating quotations. This would be easy to do, if space were not so despotically limited. The story of the young adventurer's progress from dear Mrs. Morgan's "Banner" to Major Moulton's "Arcadian" would have given Dickens an opportunity, which Dickens might have spoiled by exaggeration.

Mr. Towne has, too, helped to save the souls of some constant readers of modern novels, who had begun to turn cordially to the Mohammedan thesis, that a great class of eunuchs should be produced, to make our world safe from the sex obsession. Mr. Towne has restored our balance. He probably does not realize what he has done — but let him go on!

The Chain. By Charles Hanson Towne. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

ANONYMITY is, as a rule, reprehensible; for the author thereby neatly "passes the buck" to his publisher, letting the latter shoulder the burden of reproof forthcoming from irate "persons in the public eye" (the public being notoriously neglectful of the removal of a veritable lumberyard of scantlings from its gullible optic!). And once every quarter of a century or so, the public eye needs to be taken out and scraped, the rods straightened and the cones decarbonized so that it may discern the difference between a hocus pocus versemonger and a real poet. "A Critical Fable" by A Poker of Fun (Houghton Mifflin) is a crisp satire on twenty-one modern poets of recognized standing. It is a rhymed eyewash for the alleviation of poetic astigmatism. It removes the mote that is in thine own eye, so that thou canst see clearly the beams that befog the artistic vision of such poetic brass bands as Amy Lowell and Vachel Lindsay — the latter being characterized as "a mighty jazz dancer before the Lord!" Whoever is responsible for "A Critical Fable" (and we have a suspicion that his own name is "hit off" in the book) has achieved a new and peculiarly perspicuous approach to the shortcomings of some of our modern poets.

Perhaps as many people have poohpoohed Professor Einstein's theory of relativity as have guffawed stupidly at the multifarious mother-in-law wheezes, and this without the slightest conception of what the theory is all about. However, serious minded persons, who realize that any new theory which causes as great a furor in scientific circles as has relativity must have some foundation in fact, will want to have at least a general idea of the nature and scope of this mysterious subject. "Relativity For All' by Herbert Dingle (Little, Brown) is a primer devoid of all abstruse technicalities and mathemati-

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cal involvements. As the theory is essentially mathematical, the book cannot be entirely specific, but it will give him who is willing to apply himself diligently a fair conception of one of the most revolutionary ideas ever conceived. The book is stiff reading — is a compact treatise to be read only when the mind is clear and free from interruptions. But it will cause wideawake, original thinkers to give Professor Einstein's hypothesis more than passing attention.

The litter of essays pretentiously christened "Literature and Life" (Dutton) by E. B. Osborn presents the depressing spectacle of a naturally pedantic fellow attempting to be One of the Boys — the professorial literary editor of the London "Morning Post" masquerading as a journalistic Puck. As well have Arthur Brisbane do the lyrics for the next Winter Garden opera. Mr. Osborn is at his commonplace best when writing of Vachel Lindsay, whom he admires tremendously, or London. Let him tilt at such gay and engaging subjects as "Beer, Noble Beer", "New Card-games", or "Christmas Presents", and he is immediately handicapped by an equipment that was never intended for such frothy discourses. Despite the promise of his list of contents, here is a bookish soul who should stick to his sombre toned essays on "English Folk Songs" and "The Anatomy of Wit". Indeed he might do well to concentrate upon a study of the latter. His humor never quite comes off.

After reading Harry Vardon's book it should be comparatively simple for you to go out and chop half a dozen strokes from your medal score. In "The Gist of Golf" (Doran) the five time champion of England does for the inveterate (or initiate) golfer precisely what Izaak Walton did for the angler. The mashie master has written, or more probably has caused to be written at his dictation, an enlightening handbook on the sport of kings and duffers. Elementary procedure is taken up, as well as more sophisticated shots, all of which is unobtrusively interlarded with a wealth of interesting personal anecdote and reminiscences. Vardon has posed for a series of illustrative photographs so that he who runs without reading may know just how to make use of each club.

The essays contained in "Chameleon, Being the Book of My Selves" (Lieber, Lewis), are quite typical of Benjamin De Casseres's outlook and methods. His is a gift of discovering the exotic in the commonplace and leaving it commonplace. He would consider things in terms of the cosmos; in fact his book is a collection of strained aphorisms, pseudo-philosophy of the dullest and most bromidic sort.

Signs have not been wanting in recent years that intelligent, unprovincial Americans are becoming more and more distrustful of the received interpretations of American history. The compilers of the school histories have been under fire as possessing too much of the patriotic enthusiasm of Stephen Decatur's dictum, "Our country right or wrong", and too little intellectual conscience. Quite in the new spirit is Claude H. Van Tyne's "The Causes of the War of Independence" (Houghton Mifflin) which examines the growth of our independent national spirit with the integrity and method of the scientific historian. The pleasant, familiar truths about our sturdy, self-reliant, God-fearing ancestry are tempered

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with an unprejudiced exposition of other qualities of which we have heard less: their obstinate provincialism, and the determined obstructionist attitude of the colonial assemblies in their relationship with the representatives of the crown. Two subsequent volumes are planned to carry the story through the war for independence, and the successful achievement of the Constitution of the United States.

"All That Matters" (Reilly, Lee) will be an unexpected delight to those who enjoy the poetry of Edgar A. Guest. In it he has collected their favorites since 1920, illustrating them with full page drawings by W. T. Benda, Harvey Emrich, and others. To enthusiasts this is sufficient enticement. The rest of us will tactfully withdraw. We admit we have never been stirred by "Forgetful Pa", "Bread and Gravy", and "Winding the Clock". These are homely themes, indisputably supplying a "common touch", but considered from Mr. Guest's angle, their inspiration still eludes us.

Not a schoolboy but can tell you much of the life and works of George Washington, the father of his country. But of Geoffrey Chaucer, whose name is vaguely known to multitudes, few can say when he flourished, what he wrote, or can ever boast of having read a line written by the father of the English language. To Chaucer, as to Homer of old, belongs the palm for crystallizing a Babel of dialects into a united smooth whole, than which there has never been a more adaptable or universal language. "Chaucer and His England" by G. G. Coulton (Dutton) outlines the historical, social, and etymological events which paved the way for Chaucer's great work. It searches into the nooks and crannies of the man's life and works often unilluminated by the highlights of popular treatises — searches in a leisurely, yet painstaking way.

While the proper treatment of the criminal is no new question to those who seriously consider the various problems which have complicated civilization, a book which presents and proceeds to discuss in an intelligent manner the elements of criminology is always of a definite value and fills an emphatic need. Of such is Clarence Darrow's "Crime: Its Cause and Treatment" (Crowell), in which the author urges that the criminal be regarded as a sick man rather than as a wrongdoer. The book has evidently been written for and should be recommended to those who are not inclined to consider crimes in the light of a natural result of existing social conditions.

In "Ancient Britain, the Cradle of Civilization" (Hillis-Murgotten) George H. Cooper seeks to prove that the biblical Eden was situated in England; that Daniel, Homer, Plato, the Hebrew prophets, the Mississippi valley mound builders, and the race which inhabited Mexico in antiquity were all either of British extraction, or influenced by the early inhabitants of this remarkable isle. The author has accomplished this staggering task, one might almost say, singlehanded. Without first-hand knowledge of the classical languages, of archæology or anthropology, and with a slender bibliography in which the Encyclopædia Britannica figures prominently, the author has pierced the black night of antiquity and overturned the historians and anthropologists to his complete and evident satisfaction.

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The name of Otto Jespersen stands for all that is thoroughgoing in the study of languages, and his recent "Language; Its Nature, Development and Origin" (Holt) emphasizes why this Danish scholar's reputation extends throughout the civilized world. Professor Jespersen is no stranger to Americans interested in the growth and development of language, for not only have his previous books on the subject contributed greatly to the knowledge of philology, but the series of lectures he delivered in this country gave rich opportunity for making acquaintance with a personality that has proved no small factor in establishing his literary reputation. It is fitting that Professor Jespersen has dedicated his new book to that other noted scholar at Copenhagen University, Professor Vilhelm Thomsen.

It is perhaps too much to expect that any elderly, distinguished gentleman can today still find some new thing to say to college undergraduates. J. M. Barrie acquiesces charmingly to this view of the matter in his rectorial address to the undergraduates of St. Andrews University, "Courage" (Scribner), and proceeds gently and mellowly to rehearse some of the encouraging and disheartening facts about humanity. He concludes that salvation in this life comes not by grace, but from courage. "It is the lovely virtue — the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children."

You may squirm if you like, but Cardinal Goodwin, as a professor of history, will insist on your whole attention for a study of the development of "The Trans-Mississippi West" (Appleton). There is no avoiding this, as he has undertaken to give a serious, analytical account, eliminating all choice bits such as riding the plains, Indian attacks, and round ups. These have been replaced mostly with purchase dates and maps. It is a history for careful and exhaustive reading, and as such is a merited success. Only it seems a pity that it weighs the facts so closely, and concerns itself so little with human elements and the spirit that made the west.

Those of us who mourn the lack, in most modern literature, of a high and serious purpose, will find relief in the autobiographical opus of Secretary of Labor Davis. "The Iron Puddler or My Life in the Rolling Mills and What Came of It" (Bobbs-Merrill) is not only serious and purposeful in aim but even takes the trouble to point out its moral at the end of each chapter. Not since the days of the late lamented Horatio Alger, Jr. has the youth who loved his mother, feared his God, and enjoyed his honest toil, triumphed so righteously and so blatantly over the "yellow curs" who would live without the aid of those "Proverbs-Commandments-Golden Rule"—(and platitudes?) which Mr. Davis considers the end as they are the beginning of life. All of which proves that conservatism may be as passionate a creed as the reddest of radicalism.

> Baby cries for the moon in vain,
> Or he chases through the lane

swings with the same jerky rhythm to be found throughout "Marie Tello Phillips' Book of Verses" (Clark, Fritts). In this poem it apears that the unhappy baby frolicked down the lane without finding anything. Not unlike him, one searches unsucessfully for a possibility of interest, originality of thought, any richness of metaphor in the verses. Hope is often the main theme, and one gladly enters into

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this spirit, but invariably feels it slipping away, after the first few lines.

"Italian Romance Writers" by Joseph S. Kennard (Brentano) will be welcome to students of comparative literature. The book does not pretend to be exhaustive or to go into historical detail, but it enables one to get a fleeting glimpse of the qualities peculiar to each of fourteen authors — to appraise their merits and their effect upon Italian literature as a whole. Dr. Kennard has inoculated his work with a serum of mellifluousness (that quality which permeates Italian literature, art, and music), his book meandering along in limpid, colorful language, showing a keen sense of comparative values despite the apparent romantic nonchalance of style.

In "The Reform of Education" by Giovanni Gentile (Harcourt, Brace) we have a philosophical discussion of education, its shortcomings and their remedies. It is a scholarly work, coherent, lucid, logical, and, as opposed to many so called "reform" works, is not characterized by a plethora of glittering generalities. The author gets down to cases, points out glaring faults in our modern educational systems, and suggests plausible and practical substitutes. Dr. Gentile, as a professor in the University of Rome, speaks with authority, and his treatise should appeal strongly to all interested in effective education.

"The Women of Gael" (Stratford) by James F. Cassidy carries the idealization of womanhood about as far as it can be carried. Each daughter of Erin, his thesis seems to be, has been a wife of Cæsar and never, never has there been a Mrs. Potiphar on the shamrocked soil.

Hippolyte Gruener's "Chemistry" (Harper) is the first of a new series on scientific subjects. These are to be treated in a manner authoritative, yet interesting to the layman. Chemistry is the study of matter: its nature and composition; the changes it undergoes; the causes of these changes; the energy mutations involved, and the laws governing them. Professor Gruener's work is a readable, logical exposition of a big subject. The definitions are good, the text matter generously illustrated. The book is essentially modern, such current topics as Madame Curie's lectures on radium, the widely discussed questions of food adulteration and preservatives, and the much advertised matter of vitamines all receiving attention. The glossary and various tables of elements add decidedly to its value as a work of reference.

Whatever private opinions we may hold about the sapience of the group of lawmakers now drawing their salaries at Washington, we have only admiration for those statesmen of 1787 who drew up our national constitution. Weak though it may be in spots, it is the most successful yet enacted, and the model for many the world over. To understand it is essential to a liberal education. In "The Constitution of the United States" (Little, Brown) Thomas James Norton has analyzed the great document simply but completely, for the ordinary citizen, his newly enfranchised wife, and his high school son. This is the first book, the author claims, which has treated the subject in this easy, comprehensible way.

Glenn Ward Dresbach's new book of verse "In Colors of the West" (Holt) is a trifle better than the average run

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of local American poetry. The tone of the book is irritating because of its impassivity. No particular mood or color of the west is revealed in its lines. Turning from native rhythms Dresbach adopts a classical form, speaking of "the domes of Nineveh and Tyre" which seems inadequate for the broad sweep of the country he wishes to describe. Now and then he captures an elusive shade which leads the reader away a bit from consecutively shallow water. But these coups are few and far between. Though the verses are neither stale nor heavy, there is no noticeable freshness or delicacy of touch about the rhythms. The workmanship is very often conscious. Most of the lyrics, however, are easy reading. The longer poems for the most part have more substance and are the best work in the book. "In Colors of the West" is like the calm, unrippled surface of a pool which does not look particularly cool or inviting.

No, you can't learn golf by sitting in an easy chair, reading what others say about it. Only by good, hard practice can you attain proficiency. Yet when Edward Ray speaks, he's a dub indeed who wouldn't listen. So it is to be expected that the experts, as well as all the wouldbes, will read the open champion's "Golf Clubs and How to Use Them" and its companion volume, "Driving, Approaching, Putting" (McBride). You will want to, too! Furthermore, P. Fowlie has described in detail all the essentials of the golf swing in his "The Science of Golf" (McBride). This book, which he aptly subtitles "A Study in Movement", will appeal also to the advanced player. It is interestingly written and well illustrated. To the man of mature age, struggling with his golf problems, "Golf for Occasional Players" (McBride) will be an attractive help. It is penned anonymously, yet sympathetically, by one who styles himself A Veteran. All four books show clearly that it is the swing, and not the actual hit, that counts; and that form is paramount. They will provide inspiration for every golfer.

The Reverend George A. Kreidel's "Notes of a Catholic Biologist" (Herder) illustrates the interesting change in the attitude of the Catholic Church toward science. The author is a member of several American scientific societies, and gives accurate accounts of many natural phenomena. These, however, are but the manifestations of "an Almighty God, who foresaw and arranged everything from the beginning". And the mystery surrounding the origin of the world and of life is solved by the postulation of a supernatural creation. This is so in the first case because the opposite is unthinkable (a simple *non sequitur* from perfectly true data), and in the second because the opposite can as yet not be proved.

Giovanni Papini is the Menckenesque bad boy of contemporary Italian literature. His audacious originality and iconoclastic slashings have made him the most talked about writer in modern Italy. "Four and Twenty Minds" (Crowell), a collection of twenty-four literary essays garnered from three earlier books, "24 Cervelli", "Stroncature", and "Testimonianze", covers such a characteristically diverse array of subjects as Dante, Gourmont, Cervantes, Maeterlinck, Swift, Nietzsche, and Shakespeare. Papini's pages are illumined with flashes of irony, and freshened by outbursts of young enthusiasm. An es-

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sentially intuitive critic, impatient with definitions and classifications, he is relentless in his onslaught on the metaphysicians, Croce and Hegel. But he is as violent in his loves as in his hatreds and he grows infectiously lyrical over Whitman and Kwang-Tse.

In 1670, at the height of the fashionable craze over magic and charlatanry, the Abbé de Villars wrote "Le Comte de Gabalis", mainly for the purpose of supporting Catholic dogmas and wholesome moral principles. This story has been translated with a commentary by Lotus Dudley (Macoy). It is prefaced by a warning to "him whose quest is the gratification of a selfish intellectualism" to "beware its pages, for this is a book of hidden mystery and power". Its purpose is to reveal to the Freemason, the Cabalist, and the Rosicrucian "the unifying Light-Truth which underlies the great religions of all ages". Those not seeking light will find in the book a delightful, fantastic tale well told, a naïve mixture of strange truth and stranger fiction.

One of the most widespread faiths of our social organization is, and has been, the faith in the power of education; the conviction that general education spells progress and the ultimate solution of the problems of our existence. Robert Shafer in "Progress and Science" (Yale) expresses the belief that our mere outer education, which presents progress in the terms of materialism and neglects the inward development of man, is not the needed remedy. While science has brought a certain material form of progress, Mr. Shafer believes that, in view of the many evils which follow in the wake of each new scientific discovery and invention, it has also failed as a solution. The greater part of his energy is spent in the refutation, point by point, of the philosophies of given individuals. The tragedy of Henry Adams he explains as the inability of Adams to apply to materialism the results of his introspective conclusions; Wells is dismissed as a childlike lover of machines and organization who would educate and cure the world by clockwork. Mr. Shafer concludes with a pessimistic appreciation of the fact that the development of the soul of man, in accordance with the mechanism of events, is the one salvation of humanity.

The Latin American point of view, all too little understood this side the Gulf of Mexico, must, it would appear, have a distinct bearing upon North American plans for commercial expansion in the south and also upon the future usefulness of a diplomacy which takes for granted a virtual protectorate by the United States over South American countries. "The New Latin-America" by J. Warshaw (Crowell) is an illustrated work whose purpose it is to acquaint this country with that point of view, together with Latin America's resources, progress, civilization, and customs. The facts are well presented.

The large majority of us, while we may be keen observers, are not equipped for intelligent deduction and constructive thinking, for the reason that we lack training in various lines. This one learns soon after starting Lord Riddell's "Some Things That Matter" (Doran), an absorbing contribution to the betterment of our mental equipment. To those who desire intelligently and with least effort to brush aside impediments to their personal progress, the writer of this

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brief review unqualifiedly recommends this book.

Poets speak of "divine discontent", but economist apologists for, and professional explainers of, our modern industrial order, are not so sanguine. Take Isaac H. Lionberger, chairman of the American Credit Indemnity Company, who, in an ambitious essay, "The Meaning of Property" (Stratford), deplores the prevalence of discontent among the moneyless, propertyless masses and assures them — with his tongue in his cheek — that the influences which make toward economic inequality are beneficial for the poor and rich alike. Likewise he offers that bumper crops mean prosperity for the farmer as well as the general public; that trade benefits all who engage in it, and other echoes of Adam Smith. Our present industrial organism is described as an "harmonious cooperation whose guiding principle is mutual service".

It is no sweet smelling chapter of diplomatic history which has been revealed in "The Shantung Question" (Revell) by Ge-Zay Wood, unfolding as it does step by step the seizure of Kiao-Chau Bay by Germany, the forced lease of the territory to Germany, its transfer to Japan, and the award of Shantung Province to Japan by the Versailles Peace Conference. Some hope that the world has not completely gone mad and that weak nations are not to be hopelessly dismembered by others afflicted with land lust, is recorded in the complete reversal of Shantung's fate by the Washington Conference last February. Mr. Wood's work omits nothing to prove his claim that his country was made a victim of diplomatic sharp practice and intrigue.

Probably no living man is better fitted to tell us about the mysteries of Labrador than is Wilfred T. Grenfell. Having spent most of his life there, he knows his subject thoroughly. Dr. Grenfell, in conjunction with several other authorities, depicts with vivid detail and scientific accuracy the physiographical, economic, and social conditions that obtain in "the lone, lorn widow of civilization". His book, "Labrador" (Macmillan), outlines in a most entertaining and informative manner the history, geology, industries, life in and future significance of a country which may some day be the world's chief source of minerals, coal, and other "indispensables".

A particularly clear and comprehensive book dealing with the changing Germany is Otto Manthey-Zorn's "Germany in Travail" (Marshall Jones). Professor Manthey-Zorn was granted a leave of absence by Amherst College to go abroad and study the conditions and problems of the new Central Republic. Though a piece of academic journalism, his book makes no pretenses. The two most interesting chapters are "The Berlin People and Their Theatre" and "Youth in Revolt". The heart of the book, they reveal the heart of Germany. The story of the fall of Reinhardt, the reorganization of the great Drama League, the history of the Wandervogel, the revolution of youth before the war is told in an interesting and convincing fashion. Professor Manthey-Zorn lays proper emphasis on the importance of the theatre and the younger generation in rebuilding Germany. Though his chapters on the political and economic condition of the country are conscientiously written, one can see that his heart is with the rising tide of the youth and the theatre.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

Barring the still inscrutable mystery as to how the reading public discovered that "Maria Chapdelaine" is a really first-rate book, September's list of fiction in demand consists entirely of what in stage parlance they call "surefire stuff". The nine other titles listed were written by seven of the most experienced authors working at the trade, each of them with a big score of past successes to his or her credit, every one of them a master craftsman in the art of setting words on paper in such an order as to arouse and hold the interest of the great average mass of people. Which leads to a couple of reflections, such as that to the artist in literature, like the artist in other media, experience counts for a good deal; likewise that there seems to be fair ground for doubt as to whether the public is quite so eager for new styles in literature as the new stylists themselves would like to have us believe.

For the general list there is nothing new to say. Except for a slight readjustment of the order of preference the public that borrows its books from the public libraries is still saturating itself in science, self-culture, and gossip. The only thing peculiar about this is that the interest in science, even the sugarcoated Wellsian kind, the predigested Van Loon variety, or the semi-solid Thomsonian sort, should have continued so long.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Robin	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
2.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
3.	The Glimpses of the Moon	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
4.	Gentle Julia	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	The Breaking Point	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
6.	This Freedom	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
7.	The Vehement Flame	*Margaret Deland*	HARPER
8.	Maria Chapdelaine	*Louis Hémon*	MACMILLAN
9.	The Country Beyond	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
10.	The Head of the House of Coombe	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
3.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
4.	Outwitting Our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY
5.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
6.	Painted Windows	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
7.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
8.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
9.	The Conquest of Fear	*Basil King*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

THE BOOKMAN *for this month presents the second instalment of its series of literary club programs. Believing that there has never been a study outline of literature which combined range of subject with a real understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series will be as follows:*

I. Contemporary American Fiction
II. Contemporary American Poetry
III. Contemporary American Drama
IV. The Short Story

After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given, and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.

These BOOKMAN *programs will be formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Dr. John Erskine, president of the Authors' Club and professor of English at Columbia University; Mrs. L. A. Miller, president of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; and Booth Tarkington, the novelist.*

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

SCHOOLS as well as clubs are beginning to use this BOOKMAN service, and several teachers have announced their intention of basing their curriculum on parts of the outline. The first quarter of the study outline of "Contemporary American Fiction" was published last month — "Novels of Story Interest" — and included Joseph Hergesheimer, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, Harry Leon Wilson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Winston Churchill, and Emerson Hough.

In connection with this program, a study of contemporary American criticism is suggested. There are several volumes, published recently, that represent varying shades of opinion and methods of handling, from the exceedingly popular to the most erudite. We suggest only a few:

Definitions. Henry Seidel Canby. HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Critical Game. John Macy. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
The Tocsin of Revolt. Brander Matthews. SCRIBNER.
Confessions of a Book-Lover. Maurice Francis Egan. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Prejudices: Third Series. H. L. Mencken. KNOPF.
On Contemporary Literature (new edition). Stuart P. Sherman. HOLT.

As a general bibliography for developing the program we recommend the following:

Contemporary American Novelists. 1900-1920. Carl Van Doren. MACMILLAN.
Contemporary American Literature. Manly and Rickert. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Some Modern Novelists. Helen and Wilson Follett. HOLT.
The Men Who Make Our Novels. George Gordon. MOFFAT, YARD.
The Women Who Make Our Novels. Grant Overton. MOFFAT, YARD.

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FICTION

Committee: Mary Austin, chairman; Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Sherwood Anderson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, William Allen White.

Second Quarter: Novels of Personal Reaction

The novel which deals with the personal reactions of the small, closely related group — the family or social set — if it cannot be said to be of American origin, has, at least, been greatly developed in this country. This type of novel has been largely written by women and up to the time of the Civil War almost exclusively read by them. Then "Uncle Tom's Cabin" raised the home to the rank of world interest and made of this type of novel a vehicle for larger social ideals.

The following are outstanding figures in this field. The names of three works of each are given as meriting special study.. The opening comments under each author's name are by the editor. Quotations marked C. V. D. are by Carl Van Doren and are taken from his book, "Contemporary American Novelists". Those marked M. F. E. are by Maurice Francis Egan. The viewpoints of these two members of the executive committee form a nice contrast.

EDITH WHARTON

The House of Mirth. 1905. SCRIBNER.
Summer. 1917. APPLETON.
The Age of Innocence. 1920. APPLETON.

A technician of rare gifts, a friend and follower of Henry James, her careful pictures of American social life are the best of their kind, and she occasionally forgets tradition enough to write with passion and force.

Edith (Newbold Jones) Wharton was born in New York City in 1862. Of distinguished ancestry, she was educated by private tutors and, from youth, traveled much in Europe, where she now spends most of her time, like James from whom much of her talent seems to have sprung. She is a definite part of the brilliant social world of which she so often writes. It is in "Ethan Frome" (Scribner, 1911), which is really a long short story, that her feeling transcends craftsmanship and she gives us her best. During the war, she found much to do in aiding the Allies and she is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. Her latest published novel is "The Glimpses of the Moon", which though not so successful artistically as earlier stories, has rapidly become a "best seller".

"Admirable technique; perfect taste, and true, except in minor details when she often shirks research." —*M.F.E.*

"It is only in these moments of satire that Mrs. Wharton reveals much about her disposition: her impatience of stupidity and affectation and muddy confusion of mind and purpose; her dislike of dinginess; her toleration of arrogance when it is high-bred. Such qualities do not help her, for all her spare, clean movement, to achieve the march or rush of narrative; such qualities, for all her satiric pungency, do not bring her into sympathy with the sturdy or burly or homely, or with the broader aspects of comedy. . . . So great is her self-possession that she holds criticism at arm's length, somewhat as her chosen circles hold the barbarians. If she had a little less of this pride of dignity she might perhaps avoid her tendency to assign to decorum a larger power than it actually exercises, even in the societies about which she writes. . . . The illusion of reality in her work, however, almost never fails her, so alertly is her mind on the lookout to avoid vulgar or shoddy romantic elements."—*C.V.D.*

"If we judge 'Summer' not by what it says but by what it makes us feel, it is Mrs. Wharton's nearest approach to a quality which ranks among the perils of the artist only because he has so often not known how to control it or what to do with it — the old and new and always supremely modern quality of comparison." —*Helen and Wilson Follett.*

REFERENCES:
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 1.
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 95.
Some Modern Novelists, p. 291.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Alice Adams. 1921. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
The Turmoil. 1915. HARPER.
Gentle Julia. 1922. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

A careful workman, a keen observer, a genial humorist, and a realist whose ability to see around a situation and to present it in story form is masterful.

He was born at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1869, and is descended from a long line of prominent Americans. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy, Purdue College, and Prince ton University, where he was active as an undergraduate.

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A friend of James Whitcomb Riley's in his youth, the Tarkington of today has little of the Hoosier manner. He is tall, quiet yet active, with a face which in repose is immobile, but which lights from time to time with a quick smile that is kindly as well as quizzical. He will tell you of gay undergraduate pranks at Princeton and his friends will tell you of days in Paris where his chief delight was scattering coins among the street boys. Over half of the year he spends in Kennebunkport, Maine, where he writes an occasional short story or play seated in his airy workroom which he designed himself, surrounded by models of ships. It is in Indianapolis, however, that he does the more sustained work on the novels. Fond of the sea as a boy from the distance of the middle west, he now spends much of his time talking to Maine skippers or heading toward the ocean in his yacht.

Of "Alice Adams", considered by many critics his best novel, Dr. Egan says, "A pretty story, a trifle compared with his great novel 'The Turmoil'."

"Mr. Tarkington might have gone further than he has behind the bourgeois assumptions which his story takes for granted, but he has probably been wiser not to. Sticking to familiar territory, he writes with the confident touch of a man unconfused by speculation. His style is still swift, still easy, still flexible, still accurate in its conformity to the vernacular. He attempts no sentimental detours and permits himself no popular superfluities. He has retained all his tried qualities of observation and dexterity while admitting to his work the element of a sterner conscience than it has heretofore betrayed. With the honesty of his conclusion goes the mingling of mirth and sadness in 'Alice Adams' as another trait of its superiority. The manners of the young which have always seemed so amusing to Mr. Tarkington and which he has kept on watching and laughing at as his principal material, now practically for the first time have evoked from him a considerate sense of the pathos of youth. It strengthens the pathos of Alice's fate that the comedy holds out so well; it enlarges the comedy of it that its pathos is so essential to the action. Even the most comic things have their tears."—*C.V.D.*

REFERENCES:

Booth Tarkington. Robert Cortes Holliday. 1918. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

The Literary Spotlight. THE BOOKMAN, vol. LIV, p. 218.

The Hoosiers. Meredith Nicholson. 1900. MACMILLAN.

Contemporary American Novelists, p. 84.

ROBERT HERRICK

The Common Lot. 1904. MACMILLAN.
Together. 1908. MACMILLAN.
Clark's Field. 1914. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Compact, intensive, sometimes bitter studies of the American character and community, latterly tinged with a poetic feeling and understanding.

Robert Herrick, a descendant of the famous English poet through a long line of distinguished New Englanders, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1868, and was graduated from Harvard in 1890. After having edited both "The Harvard Advocate" and "The Harvard Monthly", a career in writing seemed advisable; but Mr. Herrick became a teacher as well, and after several years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he was called to the University of Chicago, where he has taught ever since. During half the year, however, he lives in York Village, Maine, where he finds writing easier than in the city. On the campus at Chicago he is a stately, somewhat withdrawn figure, and his approach to both students and literature, while somewhat academic, is penetrating.

"It is his intelligence which makes his satire sharp and significant; it is his conscience which lends passion to his representation and lifts him often to a true if sober eloquence. But in at least two of his novels imagination takes him, as only imagination can take a novelist, beyond the reach of either intelligence or conscience." — *C.V.D.*

REFERENCES:

The Men Who Make Our Novels, p. 148.
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 56.

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Mother. 1911. MACMILLAN.
Saturday's Child. 1914. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Certain People of Importance. 1922. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

At her best a realist of significance and understanding, with an ability for drawing detailed pictures of family life. At her worst, a fine sense of plot runs away with her and she too often finds herself in the mires of sentimentality.

Kathleen (Thompson) Norris was born in San Francisco in 1880. Her father and mother died when she was young and she took up various pursuits, among them library work, until she found her vocation as a journalist. From journalism she turned to short stories and her success was spec-

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tacular. She is the wife of Charles Norris, author of "Brass", a brother of the late Frank Norris. She is a tall, statuesque, beautiful woman, with poise and grace. That much of her recent work has been done quickly and for the popular magazines is internally evident; but to the writing of "Certain People of Importance" she gave at least part of three years, and it is an artistic effort to present the life of several generations of a San Francisco family. Mr. and Mrs. Norris live now in California, though they make several trips to the east each year.

"'Mother' was a new and sweet note in a restless and self-conscious period. It will live; but 'Certain People of Importance' is one of the great contributions to the literature of the American novel." — *M.F.E.*

REFERENCE:
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 68.

HENRY B. FULLER

The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani. 1891. CENTURY.
The Cliff-Dwellers. 1893. HARPER.
On the Stairs. 1918. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Gentle, ironic, with now a flight of fancy and now an adventure in realism, this quiet novelist never quite seems to come to grips with life itself.

Born in Chicago in 1857, Henry Blake Fuller has lived there practically ever since. Intending to be a musician, he found himself a bookkeeper, saved enough money for a trip to Italy, and there gained the idea for his first novel which was published at his own expense. A quiet, retiring man, he has since allowed himself to slip from the public eye. Yet he retains an active interest in affairs of writing, and is often to be found in consultation with Harriet Monroe in the offices of "Poetry".

"Without much question it is by his critical faculties that Mr. Fuller excels. He has the poetic energy to construct, but less frequently to create. Such endowments invite him to the composition of memoirs. He has, indeed, in 'On the Stairs', produced the memoirs, in the form of a novel, of a Chicagoan who could never adapt himself to his native habitat and who gradually sees the control of life slipping out of his hands to those of other, more potent, more decisive, less divided men. But suppose Mr. Fuller were to surrender the ironic veil of fiction behind which he has preferred to hide his own spiritual adventures! Suppose he were avowedly to write the history of the arts and letters in Chicago! Suppose he were, rather more confidingly, to trace the career of an actual, attentive dilettante in his thunderous town!" — *C.V.D.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 138.
The Men Who Make Our Novels, p. 107.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Our Mr. Wrenn. 1914. HARPER.
Main Street. 1920. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Babbitt. 1922. HARCOURT, BRACE.

Realism, satire, and mordant humor handled with reportorial keenness and an unflagging hatred of the obvious.

Sinclair Lewis was born at Sauk Centre, Minnesota, in 1885. He was graduated from Yale, became a newspaper reporter, publisher's adviser and editor, and later wrote novels and short stories. None of them, however, approximated the astonishing success of "Main Street", which he wrote as a protest, not realizing that it would leap to "best seller" proportions. At the present time, after returning from a lengthy stay in Europe, he is living in Hartford, Connecticut, with his wife and family. Wiry, nervous, red headed, opinionated, Mr. Lewis is a vivid addition to any company.

"Not dulness itself so much as dulness militant and prospering arouses this satirist. The whole world, he believes, is being leveled by the march of machines into one monotonous uniformity, before which all the individual colors and graces and prides and habits flee — or would flee if there were any asylum still uninvaded. Thus Mr. Lewis's voice continues the opposition which Wordsworth raised to the coming of a railroad into his paradise among the Lakes and which Ruskin and Matthew Arnold and William Morris raised to the standardization of life which went on during their century." — *C.V.D.*

"Now 'Main Street', a criticism of contemporary life with special reference to its interest and beauty, is important to us socially because, more thoroughly than any novel since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin', it has shaken our complacency with regard to the average quality of our civilization." — *Stuart P. Sherman.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 161.
The Significance of Sinclair Lewis. Stuart Pratt Sherman. (By application to Harcourt, Brace and Company or from local booksellers.)

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ONE HUNDRED STORY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Between the Ages of Eight and Fourteen

In its issue of July 23, 1921, "The Publishers' Weekly" published a list of 250 world classics, compiled chiefly by professors of Yale and Princeton. Below we print a list of story books for children, also compiled cooperatively. The following have contributed to its preparation: Mrs. Lawrence Binyon of London, Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale, Mary E. Hall of the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, Caroline M. Hewins of the Hartford Public Library, Professor Alfred M. Hitchcock of the Hartford High School, Alice M. Jordan of the Boston Public Library, Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale, and Robinson Smith of Geneva. Each of these persons would have presented a slightly different list if consulting his own opinion merely; the advantage of the present list is that it represents a compromise not only between the personal opinions of experts in children's books, but a compromise between two schools: those who cling perhaps too closely to books that were the classics when they were young, and those who recognize perhaps too readily a classic quality in some, if not many, of the newer books written expressly for children.

The aim has been to bring a little order out of the chaos of existing lists of books, which frequently are too long, or not carefully selected, or too much of a mixture of history, poetry, astronomy, handicrafts, and what not. These may have their place as lists of reference; the present effort aims to be a list of story books only, that may safely be put in the hands of boys and girls from eight to fourteen, with the assurance that once they begin to read, they will continue. There is, after all, nothing like good story books to form a child's mind: by these his taste is cultivated, his manners corrected, his knowledge broadened, his leisure filled. Studies, games, proper environment, home life, parental love itself — all may fail, if the child at the same time is not taught wisely to read.

Æsop. *Fables.* JACOBS. MACMILLAN.

Alcott. *Little Men.* LITTLE.
Little Women. Illus. by Alice Barber Stephens. LITTLE.

Aldrich. *The Story of a Bad Boy.* HOUGHTON.

Andersen. *Fairy Tales,* tr. by Mrs. E. Lucas. DUTTON. E.*

Andrews. *The Perfect Tribute.* SCRIBNER.

Arabian Nights. Illus. by Maxfield Parrish. SCRIBNER. E.

Barrie. *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.* SCRIBNER.

The Bible for Young People. CENTURY.

Blackmore. *Lorna Doone.* CROWELL. E.

Boutet de Monvel. *Joan of Arc.* CENTURY. McKAY.

Bulfinch. *The Age of Fable.* E.
Legends of Charlemagne. E.

Bunyan. *The Pilgrim's Progress.* Illus. by Louis Rhead. CENTURY. E.

Burnett. *The Lost Prince.* CENTURY.

Carroll. *Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass.* Illus. by Tenniel. MACMILLAN.

Cervantes. *Don Quixote,* retold by Judge Parry. LANE.

Church. *Stories from Homer.* DODD.

Colum. *The Adventures of Odysseus and The Tale of Troy.* Illus. by Willy Pogany. MACMILLAN.
The Golden Fleece. Illus. by Willy Pogany. MACMILLAN.

Cooper. *The Deerslayer.* HOUGHTON. E.
The Last of the Mohicans. Illus. by E. Boyd Smith. HOLT. E.
The Spy. HOUGHTON.

Dana. *Two Years Before the Mast.* Illus. by E. Boyd Smith. DUTTON. E.

Defoe. *Robinson Crusoe.* Illus. by Louis Rhead. HARPER. E.

Dickens. *Christmas Books.* SCRIBNER. E.
David Copperfield. SCRIBNER. E.
The Old Curiosity Shop. SCRIBNER. E.
A Tale of Two Cities. SCRIBNER. E.

Dodge. *Hans Brinker.* SCRIBNER. E.

DuChaillu. *Wild Life under the Equator.* HARPER.

Ewing. *Jackanapes, The Story of a Short Life, etc.* Illus. by Edna Cooke. DUFFIELD. E.

Fouqué. *Undine.* Illus. by Arthur Rackham. DOUBLEDAY.

*E. after titles signifies Everyman's Library edition.

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Grahame. *The Wind in the Willows.* Illus. by Paul Bransom. SCRIBNER.

Grenfell. *Adrift on an Ice-Pan.* HOUGHTON.

Grimm. *Fairy Tales,* tr. by Mrs. E. Lucas. LIPPINCOTT. E.

Hale. *A Man without a Country.* LITTLE.

Harris. *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.* HOUGHTON.

Hawthorne. *Tanglewood Tales and The Wonder-Book.* Illus. by Maxfield Parrish. DUFFIELD. E.
Twice-Told Tales. HOUGHTON. E.

Homer. *The Odyssey,* tr. by G. H. Palmer. HOUGHTON.

Hudson. *A Little Boy Lost.* KNOPF.

Hughes. *Tom Brown's School-Days.* Illus. by Hugh Thomson. PHILLIPS. E.

Irving. *Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* Illus. by G. H. Boughton. MACMILLAN.

Kingsley. *The Heroes.* MACMILLAN. E.

Kipling. *The Jungle Book.* DOUBLEDAY.
Second Jungle Book. DOUBLEDAY.
Just So Stories. DOUBLEDAY.

LaFontaine. *Fables.* Illus. by Boutet de Monvel. London: S. P. C. K.

Lagerlöf. *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.* DOUBLEDAY.

Lamb. *Tales from Shakespeare.* DUTTON. E.

Lang. *The Blue Fairy Book.* LONGMANS. GROSSET.
The Book of Romance. LONGMANS.

Lanier. *The Boy's King Arthur.* Illus. by N. C. Wyeth. SCRIBNER.

Lofting. *The Story of Doctor Dolittle.* STOKES.

Lorenzini. *Pinocchio, The Adventures of a Puppet.* Illus. by Folkard. DUTTON. E.

MacDonald. *At the Back of the North Wind.* Illus. by Jessie Willcox Smith. MCKAY.

Marryat. *Masterman Ready.* DUTTON. E.

Martineau. *Feats on the Fiord.* DUTTON. E.

Muir. *Stickeen.* HOUGHTON.

Mulock. *John Halifax, Gentleman.* CROWELL. E.

Ollivant. *Bob, Son of Battle.* DOUBLEDAY.

Parkman. *The Oregon Trail.* LITTLE.

Plutarch. *Lives,* retold by Weston. STOKES.

Quennell. *A History of Everyday Things in England. Pt. 1, 1066-1499; Pt. 2, 1500-1799.* London: BASFORD.

Ragozin. *Frithjof and Roland.* PUTNAM.
Siegfried and Beowulf. PUTNAM.

Riis. *The Making of an American.* MACMILLAN.

Ruskin. *The King of the Golden River.* LOTHROP. DUTTON. E.

Scott. *Ivanhoe.* MCKAY. E.
Quentin Durward. E.
The Talisman. MCKAY. E.

Scudder. *The Children's Book.* HOUGHTON.

Seton. *Wild Animals I Have Known.* SCRIBNER.

Spyri. *Heidi.* Illus. by Jessie Willcox Smith. (IN PRESS.)

Stanley. *How I Found Livingstone.* SCRIBNER.

Stevenson. *The Black Arrow.* Illus. by N. C. Wyeth. SCRIBNER.

Stowe. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* HOUGHTON. DUTTON. E.

Swift. *Gulliver's Travels.* Illus. by Arthur Rackham. DUTTON.

Synge. *Book of Discoveries.* PUTNAM.

Tarn. *The Treasure of the Isle of Mist.* PUTNAM.

Thackeray. *The Rose and the Ring.* STOKES.

Tolstoy. *Where Love Is, There God Is Also.* CROWELL.

Twain. *Huckleberry Finn.* HARPER.
The Prince and the Pauper. HARPER.
Tom Sawyer. HARPER.

Van Loon. *The Story of Mankind.* BONI.

Verne. *Around the World in Eighty Days.* SCRIBNER.
Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea. SCRIBNER.

Wallace. *Ben Hur.* HARPER.

Washington. *Up from Slavery.* DOUBLEDAY.

Wiggin. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* HOUGHTON.

Wyss. *The Swiss Family Robinson.* Illus. by Louis Rhead. HARPER. JACOBS.

Yonge. *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.* MACMILLAN. E.
The Little Duke. London: BELL. E.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

To the Trustees of Columbia

WHILE the Summer Session at Columbia University was at its height, the official registration was 11,764. Others may have entered later and if they did they came from so many places as to prove once again that the earth, though round, has four corners. One afternoon I went into the periodical room of the great Low Library, so fittingly presided over by Wanda Tietz. At that moment, seventeen readers were present. Some even of these may not have been students: they may have dropped in from the Heights on general principles. The entire attendance at this choicest of all reading rooms in Greater New York during the month of July was only 2,198. During the month of June, when the university was closed for three weeks, the total attendance was only 605. The daily total attendance at the corresponding room in the New York Public Library is 600 for nine months of the year and 400 for the remaining three.

But, someone exclaims, the New York Public has ten times as many magazines. It does receive, either by subscription or through gifts, 9,000 periodicals, but only 6,000 of these are available in the general periodical room. The Low Library receives approximately 900. If then the New York Public magazine room was attended by over 12,000 readers in July, the Low Library had just about the right number, 2,198, or a trifle over a sixth as many. But is it thinkable that New Yorkers as a whole do as much magazine reading as the students and the faculty of Columbia University?

During my visit, which lasted not quite three hours, I picked up the following titbits from just two of the library's eleven tables. I read slowly, made notes as I went, and felt limp that hot afternoon.

The "Hispania", a magazine published at Leland Stanford University, contains an article on "Recent Argentine Poets". But is not poetry in America confined to the States? To give lodgment to this deluded fancy is to render a disservice to one's heart and head. The writer leads off with a reasoned account of Esteban Echeverria and his enthusiasm for English romanticism. Echeverria's "Elvira, o la Novia del Plata" (1832) introduced romanticism into Argentina before it had reached mother Spain; his "La Cautiva" (1837) was the first thoroughly original work to be written in Argentina. Useless facts? Well, it is better to *know* this than to *believe* so much that may be untrue.

"The Pacific Review", heretofore published by the University of Washington (Seattle) and hereafter to be brought out by little Reed College at Portland, Oregon, contains a wealth of material on literary topics. "The Philological Quarterly", sponsored by the University of Iowa, has sensible and illuminating articles on Voltaire and Lope de Vega. "Modern Philology", of the University of Chicago, offers discussions of Chaucer, Herder, Spenser, and the Nibelungen Saga.

In all this there is brain food: is not all literary effort worthy of the

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name made east of the Mississippi? By no means. Lope de Vega in Iowa? Is it not impossible? No, it is quite real. Chaucer in Chicago? It must be out of the question. A big literary journal at Reed College? How does it come? Where are the literary monthlies of Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and Yale? For "The Yale Review" has no more connection with Yale University than have Yale locks and taxis.

Or step over to the other side. The current "Modern Language Review" (Cambridge) has an article on Coleridge in which the writer, an Englishwoman, lays bare a mass of material by which she proves that Coleridge was influenced not by Kant but by Schiller. Indeed when she is through, you feel that the most expeditious way to proceed is to lay "Kubla Khan" aside, jilt "Genevieve", borrow a translation of Schiller, and read Coleridge at the fountain head.

"Le Musée Belge" contains an unusually penetrating review of E. Drerup's new book (512 pages) on Homer. This is the second work of grand proportions to have been written by a German on the vexed Homeric question since the war, the other one having come from the study of Hermann Wirth, brother of the present German Chancellor. The review is written by Armand Delatte from, of all Belgian towns, Liége. The war then is over in that battered place the Germans call Lüttich. But this spirit is well nigh universal over there. The "Revue Germanique" is published in Paris with as much flourish as ever, while the foreign literature the Germans are studying now first and foremost is French. Massachusetts and Virginia papers please copy, and omit brickbats.

Probably the most significant article in the current numbers of these magazines is Dr. Ph. de Vargas's in "The China Review" (Shanghai) on the Chinese renaissance. The writer attempts to prove that "the Chinese literary revolution of 1919 is deeper and more far-reaching than the political revolution of 1911". It is a mind stirring canvas he has painted. China has a literature that fills millions of books; but it is written in an impossible language; and China is behind the wall at this moment because of the uncontrollability of her speech medium. This obstacle to progress she has determined to tear down, once for all and completely. Whether, according to Dr. Vargas, an eminent authority, she will do it by adopting a unified language, or by the introduction of phonetic transcription, cannot at present be determined — he wrote in June, 1922 — though the latter method seems to be enjoying the more intelligent favor. The New Testament has already been transcribed. There is no easy conceiving what a change would come over the Orient if China took up with a tongue that is as easy to understand and manipulate as is any one of the occidental languages.

But space remains only to give abridged editions of what I got in those three hot hours. There is the "Revue de l'Amérique" with a studied article entitled "Un Siècle de Poésie Haitienne". But is not Haiti merely a place where halfbreeds brandish the stiletto, know nothing of the stylus, and annoy the American marines who are stationed there to keep the peace? Hardly. Haiti has a quite respectable body of "national" literature. There is the "Revue des Langues Romanes" (Montpellier) with an elaborate analysis of a new life of Shakespeare: "Vida de Guillem Shakespeare" by Anfos Par. It appeared at Barcelona

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in 1916 and is just now being reviewed. The critics of Spain evidently do not have to worry about release dates. There are two journals devoted exclusively to Dante and Napoleon and taking their titles from them. Dante and Napoleon, the only two men who have periodicals based on their lives and works. There are the many Celtic reviews giving as much as any peaceloving person can safely know about the Irish and their literature.

There is the bulky "Edda" with an essay that is a booklet in itself on Henrik Wergeland's "Creation, Man and Messiah", the epic Longfellow must have taken to heart when he wrote his "Golden Legend". He knew Wergeland; that much is certain. There is the "Göttingsche gelehrte Anzeigen", a periodical that has been running consecutively for 184 years. Goethe used to write for it. There is "L'Afrique Française", now in its forty-second year, and "L'Asie Française", now in its thirty-second year. Yet people spend restless nights in the queer delusion that France is imperialistic. Look at her, they say, does she not have an interest in Africa and Asia? She does, but she has had it for half a century and more. There is the very long poem entitled "Quest for Beauty" in "The Calcutta Review". It is written by Mohinimohan Chatterji, an attorney-at-law in Calcutta. A lawyer, searching for beauty in faraway India! Is not this sort of thing and this type of avocation confined to Florence, Munich, and Boston? And there is "Asia". Or rather, there is a plug in its place informing the seventy-three faithfuls that the handsome monthly has to be kept under lock and key because the students mutilate the pictures. It is strange about the Low periodical room and the way it is used, not used, and abused.

Just one more lesson. The July number of the "Nordisk Tidskrift" (Stockholm) contains a review of Richard Steffens's "History of Swedish Literature, 1900-1920". We are making a loud ado about our moderns, but we have nothing that even distantly resembles a history of American literature during the last two decades. If some American student with energy, agility of imagination, critical acumen, and so forth were to stroll, by accident, into the periodical room at Columbia, let his eye fall on this Swedish review, and be moved by it to write a history of contemporary American literature, the trustees of the greatest university in the world, in many ways, could feel that the good hall in which they house the university's weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies pays. Until something like this happens, it does not pay. The records show it. But then the two inexplicably expensive institutions in a republic such as ours are the army and the university.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

Notes from France

I REMEMBER vividly one of M. Bergson's lectures at the Collège de France, wherein he exposed the harm which is often done to doctrines by uncomprehensive disciples. He spoke in such a way that he persuaded me — even if I had not known it from other sources — that his own teaching had been badly distorted by superficial commentators. A bitter remembrance of what "bergsonism" became through incompetent talk may have been one of the motives that

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prompted M. Bergson to comment upon the Einstein theories, with a view to preventing misinterpretations of the problem. "Durée et Simultanéité" is the sixth book of M. Bergson. By its dimensions, it belongs with the small volume on "Le Rire" rather than with the monumental works — "Matière et Mémoire", "L'Evolution Créatrice". By its movement and style it is strangely related to the first of all, "Essai sur les Données immédiates de la Conscience", where the whole essence of "bergsonism" was already to be found. How M. Bergson analyzes the Michelson-Morley experiments and disentangles their conclusions from the captious bonds of ordinary language — how he saves us from the perils of a semi-assimilated sense of relativity which leads only to the absurd, and takes the reader into such pure relativity as to rejoin the conclusions of common sense (and of Descartes) — no abbreviated comment can make clear. Because if an abbreviation and a further synthesis had been possible, M. Bergson himself would have attempted them. M. Bergson remains unexcelled in one quality, namely "density": that is, the amount of thought concentrated in one given page (just the opposite of the American meaning of "being dense"). His appeal to the intellectual agility of the reader is so persuasive and so strong, that people naïvely find themselves more intelligent while they follow him, as the iron, in contact with a magnet, shares in the power of the magnet. When the reading is over, there is a characteristic impotence in retracing one's steps, because this philosopher is as precise as a great poet and as inventive as a great alchemist. His enemies accuse him of being a magician, which is a fine compliment to his creative gifts, and does not entail the same perilous effects as it did two hundred years ago. Pacifists, not witchmen, are burned alive today. (Of course M. Bergson loves peace, and was careful in choosing the top floor of the Biltmore, when he came to New York, as one of the really silent places in the city. But this is not the kind of pacifism that leads to the stake. For the present, at least.)

Those in France who have meditated about the world's affairs, and are affiliated with neither M. Poincaré nor with the Communists, nor with the Republicans nor with the Democrats (there are still quite a number of such independent monsters), have become steadily confirmed in the conclusion that a League of Nations is the only practical hope for the salvation of our political world. A group of scholars, led by Paul Desjardins, have compiled a book of quotations from various French sources throughout history, showing "Les Français à la Recherche d'une Société des Nations". The popular king Henry IV, just before he was assassinated in 1610, had planned a "magnificent design" with his minister Sully, concerning a general Republic of Christianity. Montesquieu, Mirabeau, Rousseau in the eighteenth century; Lamartine, Quinet, Littré, Renan, Hugo in the nineteenth century; nearer to us, Renouvier, Sorel, Jaurès, Bourgeois, were among the precursors of the League of Nations idea. The book has a great value, showing the permanence and continuity of the idea of international cooperation and of world unity among French thinkers. None of the quotations chosen was taken from the work of anti-patriots. For it is only in superficial (or political) minds that patriotism and internationalism oppose each other. Says Jean Jaurès, in "L'Armée Nouvelle": "A little in-

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ternationalism estranges you from your country, much internationalism brings you back to it. A little patriotism makes you hostile to the international spirit, much patriotism brings you back to it."

Paul Desjardins, this year for the first time since 1913, was the host at the twelfth century abbey of Pontigny, where the best and most disinterested minds have a chance to confront their reflections and exchange their curiosities and knowledge. Gide, Schlumberger, Rivière, Thibaudet, Maurois, Du Bos, Martin du Gard, Jaloux were present at the literary "decade". Statesmen like M. Hymans of Belgium, former president of the League's Assembly, Albert Thomas, director of the International Labor Office, labor experts like Pierre Hamp, Arthur Fontaine, and others, brought their heads together. The absence of Johan Bojer, a former participant, of H. G. Wells and Lytton Strachey, was much deplored. It seems hard actually to bring the Anglo Saxon into the presence of real manifestations of the French spirit. Is this difficulty to blame for the spiritual misinformation that still exists? I remember Mr. Wells at the Washington conference, and my regrets are keener when I realize where and from whom he got his notions about France, which he afterward spread so untiringly. . . . Why is the real contact, which has been established by Arnold Bennett, by Joseph Conrad, so difficult to others?

Albert Thibaudet, one of these solid and well balanced critics whose reign is now succeeding that of the "lyrical" critics like Suarès, has given us recently a "Flaubert" which has been mentioned in these notes. He is also the author of "La Campagne avec Thucydide". As a private soldier, Professor Thibaudet had room for only three books in his kit: he chose Montaigne, Virgil, and Thucydides. (I remember selecting "Les Vivants et les Morts" for a similar purpose, in 1914. I was, it is true, younger than Thibaudet.) "La Campagne avec Thucydide" contains an illuminating parallel between the Peloponnesian wars and the 1914-1918 campaign, not from the tactical standpoint of course, but from the psychological. A parallel between the respective attitudes of Sparta, Thebes, and Athens after the conclusion of the peace, and today of England, France, and Germany.

While we are bordering on history, let us signal, by René Grousset, an "Histoire de l'Asie" (Crès) in three volumes, a very thorough and comprehensive work. And again, bordering on natural history and on psychology, "La Mentalité primitive" (Alcan) by the well known philosopher L. Lévy-Bruhl. It is a complement to "Les Fonctions mentales dans les Sociétés inférieures" by the same author, which appeared in 1910.

Charles Du Bos, now at the head of the English department for the publishing firm of Plon, has started the vast enterprise of giving a French version of Henry James. A fragment, translated by Madame Du Bos and appearing in "La Revue Hebdomadaire", has been received with much interest.

Concerning American literature in France, there was an article by Dominique Braga in "L'Europe Nouvelle" for August 19, upon the occasion of the "Mercure's" republishing Bazalgette's translation of "Leaves of Grass". Bazalgette's biography of the great old man is full of "that atmosphere of freedom, of health and of cordiality" which was characteristic of Whitman's physical presence. The time of the first enthusiasm, of

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the "discovery" of Whitman by the younger French poets, Unanimists and others, is now past. But, as Mr. Braga says, "Walt Whitman's posterity, combined with Nietzsche's, is perhaps only starting to manifest itself, and this American poet is bringing back to Europe the very synthesis that it was in need of."

Bergson — Thucydides — Whitman: these are "great companions" indeed. Next month we shall frequent the recent novelists.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Of Dramatists, Philosophers, Book Shows

THE sixtieth birthday of the greatest living dramatist, Gerhart Hauptmann, was celebrated in his native town, the quaint yet lively and busy old city of Breslau, with many festival speeches and performances of Hauptmann plays, with the premier actors and actresses of Germany in the cast. Ovation after ovation was given to the king among Germany's poets, and unforgetable scenes took place in that strange structure, the Jahrhunderthalle, or Hall of the Centuries, said to be the largest auditorium in the world. Now half Berlin's stages are opening their autumn season with Hauptmann revivals. "Die Jungfern von Bischoffsburg", "Hannele", "Der Arme Heinrich", "Fuhrmann Hentschel", "Der Biberpelz", "Einsame Menschen" are among those now playing. The universal repertory system of the German theatres makes it perfectly possible for them to run a couple of weeks of such revivals with no serious dislocation of program.

Hauptmann wrote a touching "Nachruf" or valedictory death exordium for his murdered friend, Dr. Walter Rathenau, whom he described as a man possessed of the deepest love of country. Rathenau was himself no inconsiderable author. In the intervals of his enormously busy life as chairman of at least a dozen large companies and syndicates, he wrote many brilliant essays. His famous book was the volume of essays entitled "Of Things to Come", which has also appeared in English. A certain prophetic character attaches to this volume which, though published during the war, contained many lessons for today. Dr. Rathenau was one of those characters, so rare and so necessary to a democratic state, who combined the capabilities of the practical statesman and organizer with the vision of the imaginative writer.

Ernst Haeckel, the famous natural philosopher, was also a great letter writer. His more intimate friends received many of his most individual letters, always brimming with the personality of the writer and all written by his own hand. The firm of Koehler, Leipzig, is now collecting these letters, which will form a most fascinating biography. The first three volumes, "Childhood", "Letters to His Fiancée", "Indian Travel Letters", have already been published. The childlike nature of this last of the great Darwinians is very well revealed in these wonderfully descriptive, tremendously thoughtful epistles which are nutshell essays rather than mere letters. The same freshness and youthfulness of heart which bubbles from these travel letters remained native to the venerable sage, for at over eighty his clear blue eye and fresh coloring proclaimed his lively interest in life and contemporaries small and larger. It is not so generally known that Haeckel was a talented and indefatigable water color

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painter. Many portfolios bulging with hundreds of sketches found place in his capacious study. Although so many of the world's beauties were an open book to him, Haeckel had never been to America, and in his old age would regret that the wonder book of nature in the New World could not have been added to his personal recollections.

Haeckel the constructive idealist — Nietzsche the destructive idealist! The German has room in his cosmos, fashioned for hero worship, for reverence to both. A new Nietzsche Society is being founded in Munich with the primary object of promulgating the Nietzschean ideal of the "Good European" without any political tendency. Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Thomas Mann, Heinrich Woelfflin are on the committee. It is later intended to appoint a committee member for each foreign country. Members pay a yearly contribution of 125, 225, or 1,000 marks for the publications of the Society, according to the make up (from simplest form to edition de luxe) in which they wish to receive them. The first book announced for members is a work by Walter Dahm, "The Revelation of Music", which won the Nietzsche Prize for literature. Among others, the letters of Peter Gast to Nietzsche, hitherto unpublished, will also be issued this year to members.

The well known publishing house of S. Fischer is issuing the collected works of Thomas Mann in an edition which typographically is worthy of all praise. The first volumes, devoted to shorter stories, also include a charming little nature romance of dogdom, "Herr und Hund" (Master and Hound), which is now to appear in an English edition, published by Messrs. Collins of Glasgow, famous for their Clear-type Classics. One hundred and fifty copies of Mann's Complete Works will be printed on specially beautiful paper, numbered and signed by the author. None of these copies will be issued other than to subscribers for the entire edition.

Georg Kaiser's new dramatic work, "Noli me Tangere", will be produced this season in Berlin. This extraordinary play is the product of Kaiser's prison experiences. Its two scenes are laid in the same prison cell. There is no action, only the endless conversation of the sixteen prisoners, all without names, distinguished only by numbers ranging from 1 to 16. The history and individuality of every prisoner is gradually revealed out of the broken fragments of his prison speech. Three ideas, three yearnings, circle and repeat themselves, dimly, brokenly, confusedly, through the minds of these men in hell — light, air, food. The play is no drama, and its success on the stage is problematical. One must admire the courage of the theatre manager who produces it. It may be regarded as the rough notes or draft for a play to be, but the inability of the modern author to leave even his slightest or vaguest effort unpublished has forced the strange, thought intriguing production into book form.

The work of Edgar Allan Poe has always been very popular in Germany, and many neat little editions of his stories and poems are in existence. No anthology of fantastic stories is complete without him. Nevertheless it astonishes one to discover that the Propyläen Verlag, one of Berlin's finest de luxe publishing firms, have just issued the Complete Works of Poe in six long and narrow volumes printed on splendid paper, chronologically arranged and translated from

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the latest revised American text. Theodor Etzel, the editor, is also responsible for much of the translation. The level is very high — it is astonishing how much of the unearthly beauty of such purely lyric stanzas as "Ulalume" has been successfully transferred into the alien tongue. Indeed, Mr. Etzel's passion for retaining the music of the original has even led him to take liberties with the text, as when, in order to preserve the long melodious wail of "Lenore" as a sonorous end rhyme in "The Raven", he causes the bird of omen to reply, *"Nie du Tor"* (Never, thou fool) instead of *"Nimmermehr"* (Nevermore). The glamour, the terrible, mad romance of the classicist of terror have always appealed to the Germans, as may be seen in Poe's precursor E. T. A. Hoffmann, whose hundredth death anniversary has just been celebrated all over Germany; and Poe has been an obvious inspiration to more than one of the newer school of fantastic writers. That such an expensive complete edition should be issued in these times with an expectation of success is certainly a strong proof of the strength of Poe's following.

The Leipzig Book Show of this year is again brilliantly original in quite a different manner. Its slogan is "Man and the Book — the book as symbol of a spiritual process". The books are divided according to the class of mind to which they would appeal and arranged on extraordinarily original bookshelves, each in front of an appropriately decorated background. First in order comes the children's picture book division with an atmosphere of Christmas trees and present giving; next the fairy tale, with salamanders and fairy flowers as background; then the adventure books such as "Robinson Crusoe", "Don Quixote", and "Gil Blas" with modern equivalents. Here the books seem to throw forth wide flames into wonderland, but on the point of the flames dangles the fool's cap and bells. The "library of an eccentric", a bookcase in wild curves and a background of vivid zigzags, contains the Futurist literature, the wild romances of Edschmid and his ilk, the extreme poets. Other "little libraries" include one "for the twenty year old of today", "for the forty year old of today", "the book corner of an elderly spinster", "of a young girl", "of a bibliophile". The division "man and the cosmos" has a mysterious background of midnight sky and stars. "The smell of earth and the exotic" poetically paraphrases the section devoted to country books and travel. The visitor to this book show will undoubtedly obtain a very comprehensive view of what is new in German literature and he will acquire it in a singularly fascinating way, free from the usual exhibition fatigue.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WE want to publish each month at least one review from a reader. Will you help us? When you read a review of a new book, write us a letter comparing your opinion with that of the reviewer. We offer a current novel as prize each month for the best letter not exceeding 250 words. The first prize will be awarded in the January number and will be a copy of Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral".

H. L. Mencken astonished London by his views concerning the American business man. Note this quotation from a London paper:

"Here is the day of the New York business man as I know it," he said. "He arrives at his office at 9.30 and for half-an-hour works furiously, tearing open letters as fast as he can.

"Then he dictates some half-dozen incomprehensible letters to his stenographer, which she has to make the best of.

"This exhausts him, so he settles down to read the newspapers for an hour. His secretary tells callers that he is 'in an important conference'. If he has a conference at all it is with a boot-legger arranging for supplies of drink.

"Then will come a great burst of telephone calls, arranging, of course, that his secretary should get the numbers for him.

"Most of these calls are about such things as golf engagements for the week-end, but he likes telephoning, and the New York business men put in as many of these calls in a morning as the whole Continent of Europe.

"Then he will spend twenty minutes or so altering the letters which his stenographer has typed. . . ."

We wonder what the American business man, if he thinks at all, thinks of Mr. Mencken.

The opening fall season terrorizes us! So much to see and to do and so little time in which to do it. Two parties at the Coffee House proved entertaining, due largely to the unfailing touch of Mr. Crowninshield as ring master. Marie Tempest, that excellent comédienne, and Sherwood Anderson, steadfast interpreter of American masses, form an interesting contrast. For honoring Miss Tempest there was gathered a staggering array of beauty: Lenore Ulric, blazing in a gold gown; Clare Eames, tall and stately in pink; Madge Kennedy, quietly ingénue; Zoe Akins, returned from Europe with countless plays tucked away in her baggage; Elsie Ferguson, Heifetz, John Barrymore, Edna Ferber, Augustus Thomas, and more and more dazzling ones. It was like the dream of some stage-struck girl. For Sherwood Anderson, the guests were of different calibre. Here one heard George Barr McCutcheon discussing golf with Royal Cortissoz. Says Mr. Cortissoz, that genial critic, to us, "It's time, young man, you learned the great game!" Possibly; at least, we have made a resolve. Here was F. Scott Fitzgerald, back in town with a play in his pocket, about to take a house at Great Neck, and Jesse Lynch Williams and Heywood Broun and Henry Canby and Mr. Anderson himself, hesitantly acknowledging the honor thus paid him. His "Many Marriages" appearing in "The Dial" is already attracting much attention.

One day we ran away from the riveters who are busy on a skyscraper across the street; and when we escape, it is usually to the Green Mountains.

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In knickerbockers and with pack we set forth with every determination to walk. First to Camp Abnaki on Lake Champlain, where Byron N. Clark, state secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Vermont, has his autograph collection

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

and his extraordinary hall filled with flags presented to his camp for the boys by most of the rulers of the world. An inspiring sight. Then, over a section of "The Long Trail" to the top of Mount Mansfield, with a literary tone added en route by the discovery of Joyce Kilmer's poem "Trees" fastened to many of the blazed pines that mark the trail. Then over to Woodstock, and the tiny half forgotten valley where we spent the happiest year of our life. Next to Arlington. There we are whisked away by a car, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher, but just finished with the proofs of "Rough-Hewn", is giving us gay accounts of Europe and Vermont, and introducing us to her daughter who is larger than she is and to new cider, made in their own press by her young son that very day! She will start tomorrow, she tells us, on the correction of proofs for her translation of Papini's "Life of Christ". Some day, we hope to live in Arlington. Mrs. Fisher acknowledged her luck in husbands — "For you see", she said, "I wanted to draw a picture of the athletic young American in 'Rough-Hewn', and it was most convenient to have a football player in the house!" To Robert Frost's in the morning, and a golden day spent lying in the grass, walking, talking of poetry, ethics, what not. The Frosts had just completed a walking tour the entire length of "The Long Trail" which lies along the Green Mountain tops and is generously dotted with cabins in which to sleep. Mr. Frost did only sections of the trip; but three of the children are the first who have ever made the trail at a stretch, and in the extraordinary time of seventeen days. Small wonder, for Miss Leslie Frost holds a medal for the hundred yard dash, and the farm life of South Shaftsbury has created a family that matches in health the poet himself.

Ada Kyle Lynch sends us literary gossip from Healdsburg, California:

A "Jack London" dinner, with Mrs. Charmion London as hostess, was given recently in Petaluma by the Chamber of Commerce of the hustling "Egg City". Representatives from San Francisco newspapers were there, as well as press representatives from Sonoma and Marin counties. The occasion gave Mrs. London the opportunity to make her maiden speech. Prefacing her remarks with the information that she never before had made a speech in public, as "Jack" in whose honor the memorial gathering was held had always greeted the public for them both, she voiced her thanks, and her pleasure in meeting those who knew him personally, or knew and did honor to his written works. Frank McGlynn, the Lincoln of Drinkwater's play, was present and responded to a toast

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in his honor, closing with Edwin Markham's fine poem on the martyred president. Mrs. McGlynn, "mother of six" her actor husband proudly announced, was present; also a daughter Rose Marie, who had served as Queen of the Carnival during the week. The McGlynns lived for some years on a ranch near Petaluma, and two of their children were born there. Thomas Caulfield, actor, was at McGlynn's right, and responded briefly, as did representatives from Fox News, Pathé, and International, attending in the interests of the movie picture service.

Peter B. Kyne recently earned and received the gratitude of a Healdsburg, Sonoma County resident. A considerable effort had been made to secure a copy of Kyne's "Three Godfathers". Public libraries and publishers applied to failed to obtain the desired copy. Kyne learned of the effort and sent an autographed copy. Needless to say the recipient cherishes the book, and lauds the courtesy of the author.

The Henry Milner Rideouts are at their Fitch Mountain, Healdsburg, cottage, and the author is busily engaged in getting a new book ready for press.

Mrs. A. K. Lee, of Rancho Lee, near Geyserville, is preparing a collection of short stories about deer. Mr. and Mrs. Lee have attracted much attention because of their efforts to protect the wild deer on their ranch, the animals coming to the house to be fed, and many of them growing quite tame. A lawsuit with hunters who disregarded the signs prohibiting hunting on their property has added to the public interest. Mrs. Lee's book will be generously illustrated, from photographs taken on the premises.

The inauguration of Ethel Barrymore's repertory season at the Longacre Theatre was, naturally, a thing of splendor. The brilliance of the audience somewhat compensated for the gloom of the play. Next us sat Fannie Hurst and her husband Mr. Danielson, in front the Louis Untermeyers and Eva Le Gallienne, back of us Mrs. Lydig Hoyt. Further than this we had no courage to look after Hauptmann's tragedy, "Rose Bernd", was under way. The critics have proclaimed this Miss Barrymore's finest work. For the gala first performance of "The Equity Players" there is everything to be said. Jane Cowl in "Malvaloca" is both beautiful and accomplished, though the play is negligible. Augustin Duncan's production was well nigh perfect in its restraint, its groupings, its occasional power. The cheers of the audience were sincere and augur well for this new venture. It is foolish to name those in the audience; for everyone was there. Afterward at the Plaza, Miss Cowl, in a deep red hat and a flowing cloak, seemed still nervous, but — what's more important — just as beautiful. "Thin Ice" by Percival Knight is a shopworn comedy redeemed somewhat by his own acting. We saw there Marc Connelly and George Kaufman, Alice Brady, and Sidney Blackmer who seems sufficiently recovered from "The Mountain Man" to present an appearance of expert grooming.

There has been much comment recently on "The Literary Spotlight". Perhaps the most pungent is Will Herford's poem:

ON WILLIAM GROPPER'S CARICATURE OF MARY JOHNSTON IN JULY BOOKMAN

William Gropper you're the limit!
Boz and Hogarth are not in it.
Doré's Dante's Inferno
Showed up people we all know.
Some were wild and some were winsome,
Granted that they all did sin some.
Guess you think it's lots of fun
To treat Miss Mary as you've done.
BOOKMAN says she's really human;
Oval face and pointed chin;
Glad to see you, asks you in.
You have drawn an awful shape,
Compound weird of moon and ape;
Mouth bowed down with weight of woe.
Did YOUR features shock her so
There was nothing else to do
But make that awful face at you.
Did she give you look for look
And that's the portrait that you took!

Inelegantly scratching our head and sitting in the editorial chair (Your Editor has departed for the day), we wait to emerge from the maze Julian

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Street has just plunged us into. Back in New York for a few days while Mrs. Street's gentleman milliner made her a grand hat for the coming season, the author of "Rita Coventry" granted the Gossip Shop a most satisfactory interview. The Streets are living in Princeton where their twenty year old son goes to college. He was the only freshman elected to the editorial board of "The Daily Princetonian" last year. There is a young daughter who swims and rides but who, if we know anything about her father, does *not* smoke, drink, or pet. A lovely portrait of her when she was four, plus Mr. Street's description, convince us that she *could*. Like the Walrus, we spoke of many things: selective immigration and horses, two of Mr. Street's hobbies; of wealth and education; of the foreign influence in American life and art — and of novels. "Rita Coventry" is Julian Street's first novel though he is forty-three. It is his first, as a matter of fact, because he believes that great novels are not apt to be written before middle life; that he, personally, had to go through these years of training before he could feel capable of attacking so important a task. The fact that Mr. Street's next novel has been germinating for seven years and has been scotched all this time along with his greatest ambition in life, to become a novelist, seems to us to show rare restraint. This potential novel has a broad American theme and will be a long book. Further than that, we could glean nothing about it. "Rita Coventry" has been dramatized and is to be tried out this winter while its author is on a tour of the United States lecturing on Japan. Julian Street admits that he writes with great care and attention to technique, and with something of a struggle. In fact, he has spent the entire summer on one short story which he has finally been compelled to abandon. We have many things to thank him for: for having just enough grey hair to betray his parental responsibilities, for a kind invitation to call when we are next in Princeton, for the viewpoint of forty, and the steadying influence of his sane, wholesome American ideas and ideals.

Witter Bynner recently received a request from a lady in London for information on California poets. It seems that she was giving an address and was at a loss to know what to say about the writers of the far western United States. With his usual amiability, Mr. Bynner wrote her the following:

I am handicapped by being away from California and by having no knowledge of any anthology of its poets. All I can do for you here in this desert (New Mexico) is to give you a list of such poets as come to my mind, with a word or two as to my own judgment of them and its relation to national or local judgment.

It is more than possible that I am omitting significant names; and I know I am including some who, in my literary opinion, are insignificant.

Among the dead, you will of course consider Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, though the latter's work seems to me of no permanent importance whatever. London, as I remember, found him interesting, probably because his eccentric ways and woolly beard answered the English idea of what an American poet should look and act like, quite apart from the quality of his verse. New York noticed Miller for much the same reason, and California is still inclined to exalt him, though the rest of the country has nearly forgotten all of him but his picturesque name and photograph.

Ambrose Bierce is another dead Californian whose work is greatly admired by a small cult throughout America. My own lack of interst in him is indicated by the fact that I have an impression of his having written verse as well as quantities of prose.

Of Charles Warren Stoddard, I may make almost the same remark, though I have a faint recollection of finding some of his

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verse craftsmanlike and charming. This gentleman was more of a scholar than any of the others whom I have named or shall name. Personally, I shall always remember him for his impatient remark once (I think in one of his letters) — a temporary abjuring of luxurious California: "I am sick of this deluge of fat roses!"

A sketch of Witter Bynner from "A Tree with a Bird in It" by Margaret Widdemer

Somewhat akin in nature to Stoddard, but a far better poet—in fact, a better poet than any of these men I have mentioned—was Edward Rowland Sill. His name is associated with California through his having taught at the State University. (I may be mistaken in this. It may have been at Leland Stanford, Junior, University. I am certain that it was one or the other, for though he taught there only a quarter of a century ago, I have heard his name mentioned at neither.) His slim volume was called something like "The Two Venuses"—the Venus of Milo and the Venus of Medici. I am hazy now not only as to the title, but as to the contents. The work had the academic imprint of its generation, but would seem to my judgment, if I still thought as well of it as I did fifteen years ago, probably the best work of poetry as yet produced by a Californian. I think I am right in remembering from his volume a poem called "Opportunity", which you will find in a great many anthologies. Away from my books, I cannot be certain whether it was his or Sidney Lanier's. It concerned someone who won a victory by picking up a broken sword which some fleeing leader had thrown away.

Of the living Californians, the most outstanding are Edwin Markham, who jumped into fame with his poem "The Man with the Hoe", and Charles Erskine Scott Wood, whose reputation depends upon a genuinely interesting book in the Whitman manner, called "The Poet in the Desert", a book you ought to have. I know of nothing else of his comparable to it, and of nothing else from an American poet which approaches it in carrying on the spirit and manner of Whitman, though Wood is more of a particular propagandist than his master, and far less of an artist. Among Edwin Markham's later books, I remember with special admiration two poems, one on Lincoln, with a very fine conclusion, speaking of Lincoln's death in some such terms as these (though better turned): "As when an oak goes down with a great rush, and leaves an empty space against the sky." The other is a quatrain called "The Circle".

Mary Austin has written a considerable amount of verse, most of it concerning Indian life or transcribing Indian poetry. She has lived frequently in California, and might be grouped among its poets. And in the same field as her work, but more interesting to me, is an anthology of Indian poetry called "The Path on the Rainbow", collected by another present resident of California, George Cronyn. I think I am right in remembering that some of his own poems or translations are included. He is the author of an excellent one act play in prose, called "The Sandbar Queen", and is working at present on a long play in verse.

Ina Coolbrith has been voted by the California legislature the Poet Laureate of the state. I am told that she is an admirable old lady. What I have seen of her work is commonplace but gentle.

The poet who ought to have been given such a title, if such a title ought to have been given, is George Sterling, whose work for the most part is traditional and sonorous, rather like the work of some of the younger English poets like Shanks and Squire, or even Bottomley. Now and then Sterling has written a poem crisply and vigorously human. I remember one called "The Master Mariner", and another "The Coyote", which I vastly prefer to the showier writings which have won him a considerable circle of admirers, "The Wine of Wizardry", and "The Testimony of the Suns". Sterling has maintained literary

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traditions against the onset of young rebels, and done it with considerable dignity.

There is a young follower of Sterling called Clark Ashton Smith, whose work contains occasional fine lines, but is mostly a corollary to that of his leader.

Of Sterling's generation, were two Californians, Gelett Burgess and Wallace Irwin. They have both become novelists, but in their earlier years produced light verse of distinction. It might possibly be a fact or a fair opinion, that their work—(Burgess's jingles published in a California magazine of the 'nineties called "The Lark", and some of his poems in a volume which I think was entitled "The Gage of Youth"; and Wallace Irwin's memorably clever booklet, "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum")—ranks next, in a list of California poetic values, to the work of Sill.

If Bruce Porter had produced more verse of the rare quality shown in the few contributed to "The Lark", he would have ranked very high in this list.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell now lives in California. Though I have forgotten the names of her books, unless one of them is called "The Night Court", I always feel on encountering her work a respect for her warm human spirit and her capable expression of it. What it lacks, for the most part, is the subtle magic which transmutes expression of any sort into indubitable art.

Arthur Ryder, of the University of California, has made translations from the Sanskrit which I am told are excellent.

There are two poets writing in Berkeley—Charles Keeler, a sonneteer of slight ability, and James Rorty, a young newspaper man of great promise. You will find many of the latter's poems scattered through issues of "The Nation" (New York) during the past two years. In the same magazine during the same period, you may encounter poems by Eda Lou Walton and David Greenhood, notably a poem by the latter, called "Loyalty". Again, during the same period, you may find work by these two young poets, and by two others of the same age, Hildegarde Flanner and Genevieve Taggard, in the issues of "Poetry, a Magazine of Verse", edited by Harriet Monroe, and published in Chicago.

I do not think it is a case of bias on my part when I tell you that I find in the work of these four youngsters, and others like them, promise of a stronger and finer poetry than California has produced in the past. The four were pupils of mine when I taught verse writing at the University of California in 1918-19.

You intended including in your account references to visiting poets who have been influenced by California or obeisant to it. Of the many who might be noted in a group of this sort, you should surely include Walt Whitman and Robert Louis Stevenson. Vachel Lindsay has given fine evidence of a California impress in his poem, "A Chinese Nightingale". The touches of influence in this poem are incidental but better wrought than the direct substance in the title poem of his latest volume of verse, "The Golden Whales of California".

One other contemporary poet should surely be mentioned in connection with California, though he is writing today in Tokyo. Joaquin Miller discovered long since, in California, a Japanese lad, Yone Noguchi, and encouraged him as a poet. Later Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett assisted Noguchi, still a boy, in putting together and publishing in San Francisco a first volume of work containing then, as his maturer books do now, lovely lilts and flashes.

The best statement of my own literary activities in California I can convey to you by sending you a copy of a book written largely during my stay there: "A Cantiele of Pan". You will find in it poems directly related to California, and a brief foreword acknowledging my debt. Since then I have had further reason for gratitude—an accidental reason, to be sure—in the fact of my having met on the faculty of the University, Dr. Kiang Kang-hu, a Chinese professor who is my collaborator in the work which has occupied most of my time for the past four years, but which will not be published until the fall of 1923, called "The Jade Mountain", a translation of a Chinese anthology containing poems written by various poets of the T'ang dynasty (600-900 A.D.).

Last call for our "Children's Book Week Essay Contest", contributions for which must reach THE BOOKMAN by November 1. The subject for this year is "My Book Party". Who are the twelve characters from different books that you have read, whom you would invite to a party; why would you invite them; and what would they be likely to do there? For the ten best essays by boys or girls fifteen years or under THE BOOKMAN offers the following prizes: first, $25 in cash; second, $10 worth of books; and one book each for the other eight. The December BOOKMAN will contain two of the best essays received before October 15. The announcements of

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prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number. Contributions must be not less than three hundred or more than eight hundred words in length, must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner, and be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest", care of THE BOOKMAN. The statement of a parent or teacher vouching for the originality of the composition must accompany each paper. The following essay — the best of those received before September 15 — was submitted by Gertrude Robinson, age fifteen, of Essex Fells, New Jersey. We print it exactly as it stands:

MY BOOK PARTY

As I was all alone on Christmas Eve, I decided to give a party. After lighting a roaring fire, I sent the invitations up the chimney. The flames soon dispatched them and I waited patiently for my guests to arrive.

The first is Jerry Cruncher, old Jerry, who has hardly changed since the days of the Revolution. While we are talking of old times, we feel a cold rush of air and Ichabod Crane steps into the room.

"You haven't changed a bit, Ichabod, but where is that steed of yours, Gunpowder?" Before Ichabod has time to reply the door opens to admit Raffles, that old cracksman friend of mine! Close on the heels of Raffles comes Sherlock Holmes.

"If it isn't Sherlock! How is your detective work coming on?"

"Can you answer the door Jerry? It is probably Don Quixote." And sure enough it is!

"Yo-ho-hum, and a bottle of rum," sings a voice outside the window and in comes Long John Silver with his famous parrot.

"Avast there," he roars, as the parrot commences to sing, and shakes me heartily by the hand. We all stand talking and laughing until a knock on the door calls me to act as host.

"Here's Rip Van Winkle! Bless your old whiskers, I'm glad you came!"

"What is all that noise? Don't get excited Don, it is only Santa Claus."

He comes down the chimney, singeing his whiskers and knocking soot all over everyone, that jolly fellow. He imediately hands around candy canes to everyone.

"My friend, Baron Munchausen! I asked him, you know, to tell us some stories."

"You shall hear about the time *I* visited the Catskills," I hear him tell Rip.

The next arrival is Aladdin whom I asked to provide the refreshments.

"Yes, yes, Rip, go play checkers with Jerry. Sit down, everyone."

"I'll answer the door, Aladdin." Sinbad, the sailor, "well, you must be tired out with all your travels, sit down."

Again I answer the door. I don't see anyone, but presently Tom Thumb pulls at my stocking.

"Oh, there you are," and I perch him on a table so no one will step on him.

The last guest to arrive is Rupert of Hentzau.

"Fashionably late, eh Rupert?"

"Have a glass of punch? not."

I rescue Tom Thumb from the punch bowl. He was on the edge and slipped in.

The refreshments are ready and I take Tom Thumb off of the victrola,

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where he was having a merry-go-round. We are all seated and I suggest that Rip propose a toast, being the oldest member present.

"Here's to the days when we were written about" and he raises his brimming glass of er—ah—grape juice.

Santa Claus has fallen asleep for the third time and Silver sings continuously.

"Can't you keep Tom Thumb out of my I Scream?" bitterly complains the Baron. "that's the third time he's fallen in!"

"Croak 'im!" says Jerry.

Just now Tom Thumb is playing see-saw on my knife and fork.

Aladdin is spitting on his napkin and shining his lamp.

I am thoroughly disgusted! my guests aren't behaving at all well!

Even Raffles is eating with his fingers.

I am very disappointed with my book party.

Sinbad has taken a sea voyage in his finger bowl.

Twelve o'clock strikes. Raffles looks at his watch and walks out the door.

Santa Claus whistles to his reindeer and I hear him singing, "Hail, hail, etc." As he drives off.

Sherlock, Don Quixote, Rupert and Sinbad depart together.

"I must be flying," says the Baron.

"Been eating bird seed?" I ask pleasantly, but he goes off in his Aeroplane.

John Silver rescues his parrot from Tom Thumb and goes off singing. "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest!"

Jerry leaves reluctantly, saying that Mrs. Jerry will be waiting up for him. Ichabod shambles off with Tom Thumb in his pocket.

Rip, alone, is left for he is trying to dance to the victrola.

He goes off singing—

"Who paid the rent for Mr. Rip Van Winkle." And I wondered who did!

Edna Ferber has returned from Europe, passed through New York, and is probably now driving her famous Buick down some wide street of "The Windy City". We had met her before; but never really had an opportunity of talking with her. She is an honest person; frank, open-minded, with an unswerving purpose and a fresh viewpoint. Kalamazoo has given the world a most stimulating person! We had seen her at three first nights — dull first nights which we're not even going to mention — so our talk drifted rather naturally to the theatre. Since the time when Miss Ferber started as a reporter at seventeen, through the short story and novel period, it has been her ambition to write plays. True, she collaborated with George V. Hobart in "Our Mrs. McChesney"; but we somehow fancy that she will soon put forth a drama all her own. It is the sketch that she finds most interesting — the character study variant of the short story. Adventurings into the minds of simple people are more fascinating than the construction of clever plots. Now she has gone back to Chicago to work; but we hope that she will return often and that, in spite of short story contracts, she will soon give us another novel as delightful as "The Girls".

Edna Ferber

We had never been in a moving picture studio before. We approached with awe and trembling. At the Famous Players' studio on Long Island

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two films were being made: one by Elsie Ferguson, the other by Alice Brady. About the former was built a hedge of screens, within which soft music was playing; but the latter was hard at work in sight of all. The set was a massive library. "You see", Miss Brady explained, "I've just made a great success and much money as a novelist. In the picture, you understand." Well and good, said we, that makes an excellent reason for our coming to see you act this morning. However, Miss Brady remained standing in a doorway, a striking picture in a flowing black gown and many diamonds. It seemed to us that she was standing there all morning. One remarkable thing we did see, and that was when, after talking conversationally to us, she walked on and at a moment's notice played admirably a tense emotional scene which, though it meant little to us so divorced from the story, was yet admirable. The picture is the screen version of "Anna Ascends", a play in which she acted several seasons ago.

We hear from Los Angeles that Adelaide Manola Hughes, poetess, writer, beauty, and wife of Rupert, has left movieland for a long trip through the Orient. This in spite of the fact that the picture "Gimme", which she wrote and Mr. Hughes directed, is to have its première this fall. Anyone with her feeling for color and atmosphere should bring home some gorgeous material from China and Japan. She is a busy lady with a movie, a new book of poetry, and a seemingly endless journey to cope with all at once.

Not without trepidation did we drop into the box at the Commodore our two tickets to the Women's Activities Exhibit, given us by that new publication, "The Business Woman". We were not the only male being, as we had expected; but we did feel strange among so much lingerie, so many feminine accoutrements. "Pictorial Review", "The Ladies' Home Journal", "Vogue", "Good Housekeeping", and "The Designer" were present in attractive booths and we were grieved that there was no BOOKWOMAN to be at the tea party. We were informed at length concerning the editorial policy of "The Business Woman" which has the amazing circulation of 25,000 to start with. It is a magazine designed for business girls. We found of interest in this first issue the controversy on literary censorship between Mr. Sumner and Stephen Vincent Benét; the long review of "This Freedom"; and several shorter reviews of late fiction in the Book Reviews department, a department which may influence business girls to read better novels than "The Sheik". We have not met Cecile Preston, the editor, but we are hoping to. Nothing could have kept us from staying for the Exhibit's fashion show. We wonder just what would happen if THE BOOKMAN staff were to appear in some of the creations displayed that evening!

We found a number of poems to our liking in the August magazines. Among them: "Field Mouse" by Hilda Conkling (Poetry); "Wisdom" by Robert Roe (Contemporary Verse); "Coal Town" by Malcolm Cowley (North American Review); "An Epilogue" by Wilfred Gibson (Harper's); "The Messboy" by Milton Raison (Scribner's); "Apathy" by Hazel Hall (New Republic); "Classic Dancing" by Anne Goodwin Winslow (Freeman).

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EIGHT AMERICANS

© *Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz*

His "Alice Adams" placed him among the new realists. His later "Gentle Julia" renews his popularity as a novelist of youth and its enchantments.

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Eugene O'Neill.

A playwright of genius who has also achieved popularity with his "Anna Christie" and "The Hairy Ape."

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Mary Roberts Rinehart

Her latest novel, "The Breaking Point," has the sincerity and originality which characterize the author of "K," "The Amazing Interlude," etc.

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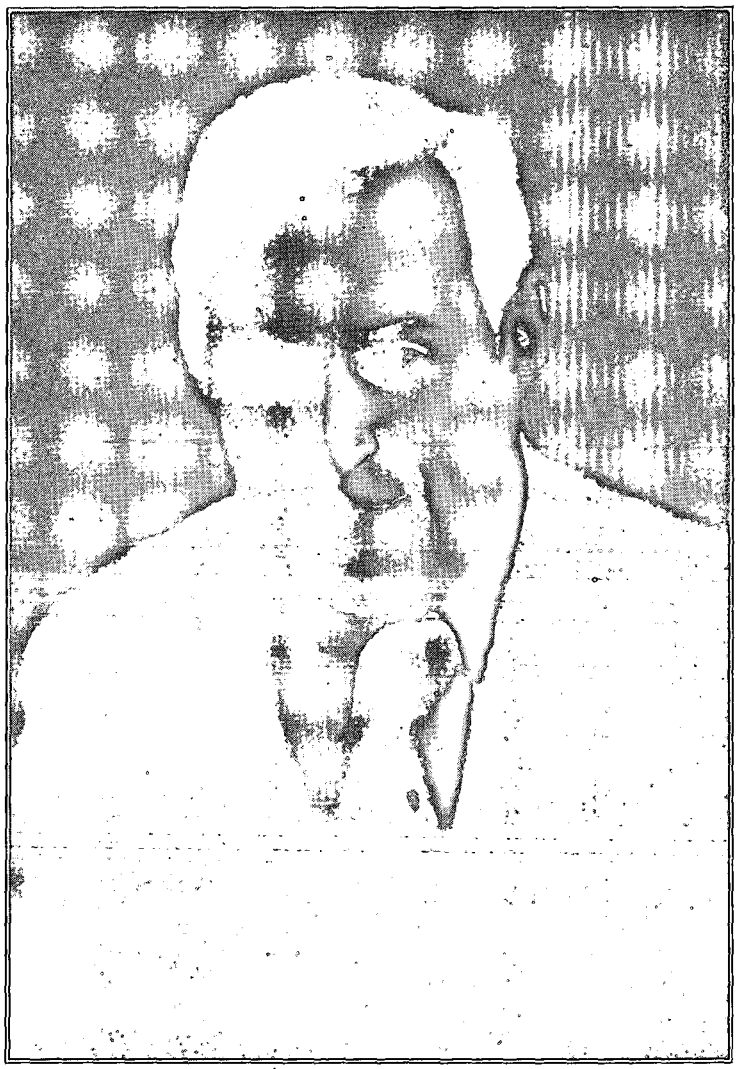

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Heywood Broun

Dramatic critic, sport-writer, essayist, journalist *par excellence*, he has this autumn published his first novel, "The Boy Grew Older."

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Joseph Auslander

"The Bright Shawl," in the manner of an earlier novel, "The Three Black Pennies," is a return from the somewhat more popular vein of "Cytherea."

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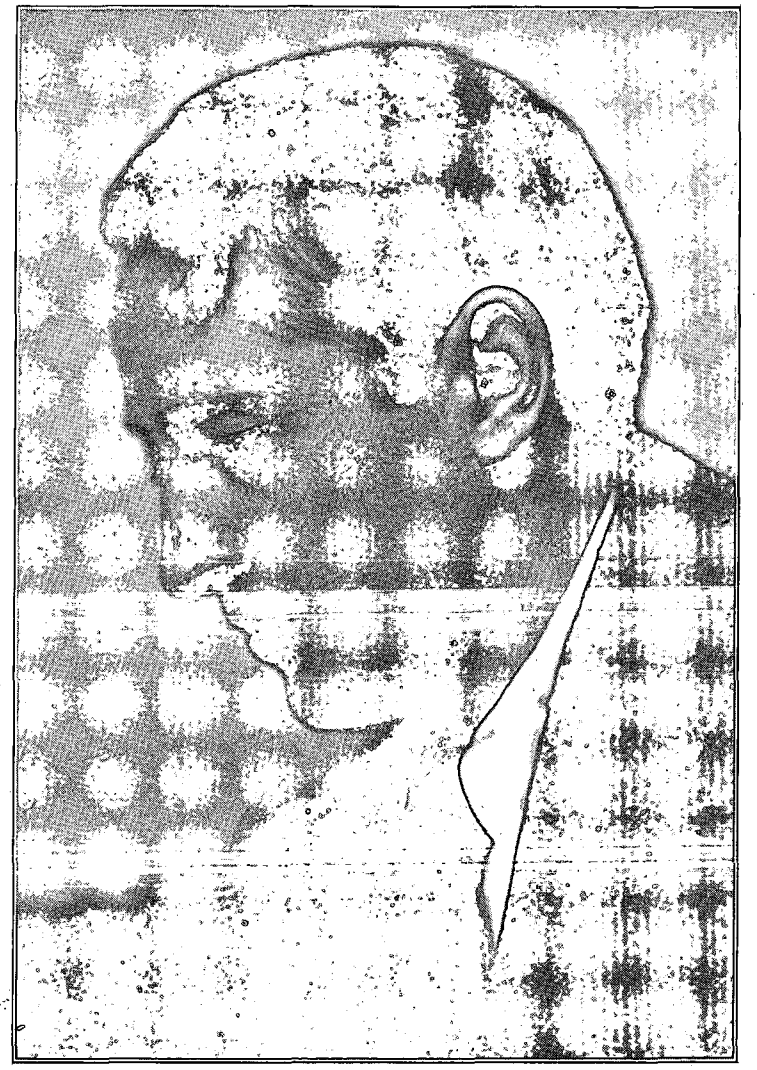

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Hoyt Dell

A critic turned novelist, he achieved immediate recognition with his "Moon-Calf" and its sequel "Briary Bush."

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Mary Austin

Her poetry, essays and plays are nearly as well known as her novels, the most striking of which was "A Woman of Genius."

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Robert Frost

A poet of dramatic power and force, a portrayer of New England character, his best-known volume of verse is "North of Boston."

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